Our Gang

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER COMICS

10¢

No. 19

A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL

Woof Strikes it Rich!

"Wuff!" exclaimed his mother one morning. "Where ARE you going with that pick and shovel?"

"I'm going prospecting, Mother," the little prairie dog replied. "I'm going to hunt for gold. Maybe I'll come back rich, and be the mayor of the Prairie Dog Village."

He tramped happily away, slid down into a dry arroyo and followed it a mile to the creek. By that time his pick and shovel were getting uncomfortably heavy. He laid them down, and had a long drink of creek water.

"Guess I'll rest here awhile," he said to himself. "Anyhow, I haven't seen a sign of gold—so how can I tell where to dig for it? Maybe I should have waited till I'm grown up to lug a heavy old pick and shovel around."

It was cool and shady under the willow bushes by the creek. The grass was thick and green, and the wind sang a dreamy little song through the leaves above him. Little Wuff was almost asleep —when he heard somebody step on a dry twig behind him.

"Who's that?" he squeaked, jumping up.

He was just in time to see the end of his shovel slide out of sight behind a grass-hummock.

"Stop, thief!" he shouted, grabbing his pick-axe. "You let my shovel alone or I'll—"

Jumping clean over the hummock, he almost landed on the fellow. It was a small, gray rat, with two big leather pockets fastened on his back like saddlebags. The pockets looked full.

"D-Don't hit me!" chattered the rat, trembling with fright. "I wasn't stealing your shovel—honest! I was going to leave you something in its place. You see, I'm a trade rat."

"A trade rat!" exclaimed Wuff, scowling fiercely. "Whazzat?"

"A rat who makes trades," replied the other, backing timidly away.

"Huh!" interrupted Wuff. "You don't ask folks if THEY want to trade! But we'll let it go this time. Let's see what you've got in those bags."

It was a queer lot of junk that Wuff pulled out —a cow's tooth, a black-and-white pebble, a speckled bird's egg, a blue medicine bottle, and—

"Say!" cried Wuff, holding up a shiny yellow button. (It was the kind that soldiers wear on their uniforms.) "Where did you get this? It's GOLD—a real nugget, I'll bet!"

(Continued on inside back cover)

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Our Gang

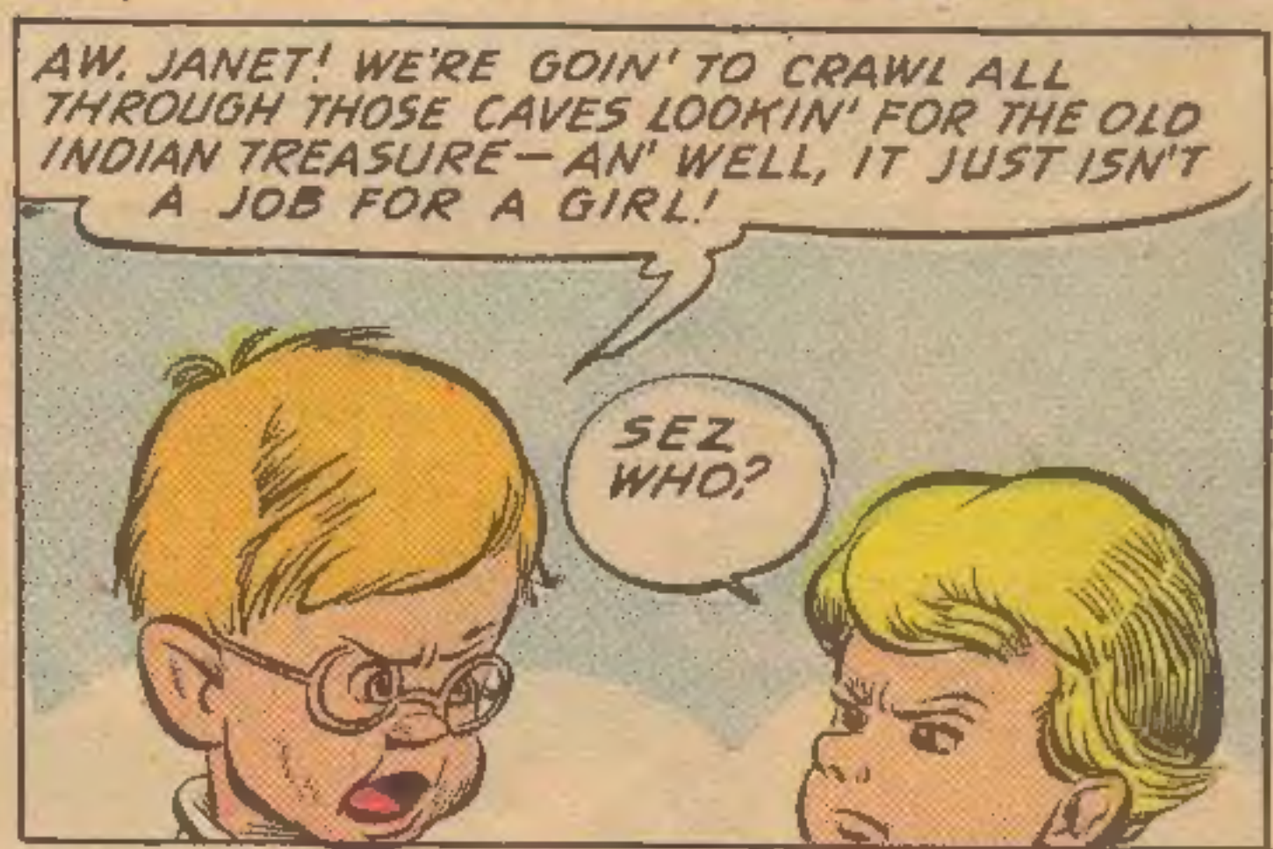
THERE! THAT SHOWS EXACTLY WHERE THOSE CAVES ARE AT INDIAN ROCK... NOW WE'LL GET OUR EXPEDITION TOGETHER!

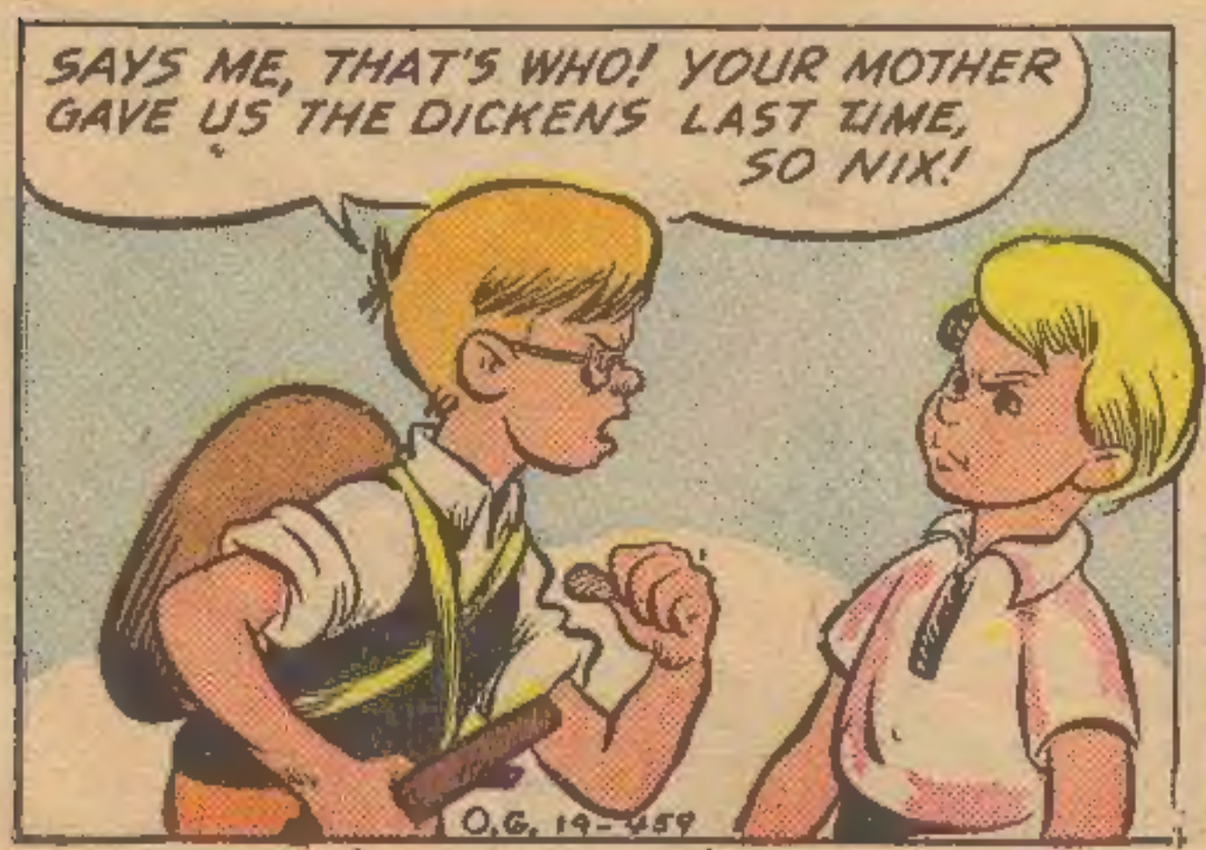
HECK, WE WERE ALL UP THERE— WHY THE MAP?

WHY, NATURALLY, IF ANY OF US ARE KILLED LOOKING FOR THE TREASURE...

THEN THE OTHERS WILL KNOW WHERE IT IS.
BUT IF EVERYBODY ALREADY KNOWS?

HEY—JUST A MINUTE...HERE'S SOMETHING SENSIBLE TO ARGUE ABOUT—HOW ABOUT ME GOIN' ALONG? I WAS UP THERE WHEN WE CAUGHT THE COUNTERFEITERS.


AW, JANET! WE'RE GOIN' TO CRAWL ALL THROUGH THOSE CAVES LOOKIN' FOR THE OLD INDIAN TREASURE—AN' WELL, IT JUST ISN'T A JOB FOR A GIRL!
SEZ WHO?


SAYS ME, THAT'S WHO! YOUR MOTHER GAVE US THE DICKENS LAST TIME, SO NIX!
O.G. 19-459

WE'LL BRING YOU BACK A BAG OF GOLD!
AW; SHUCKS! I RESIGN FROM THE CLUB!

WHAT A LOT OF NONSENSE! FROGGIE IS GETTIN' SOFT... I'LL START MY OWN CLUB—AN' WHAT'S MORE...

I'LL EVEN BEAT 'EM TO THAT TREASURE—AFTER ALL, IT'S "FINDERS KEEPERS."

THE ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS, WHO WILL I GET FOR A GANG... I'LL NEED SOMEBODY!

HELLO, MRS. JANET.

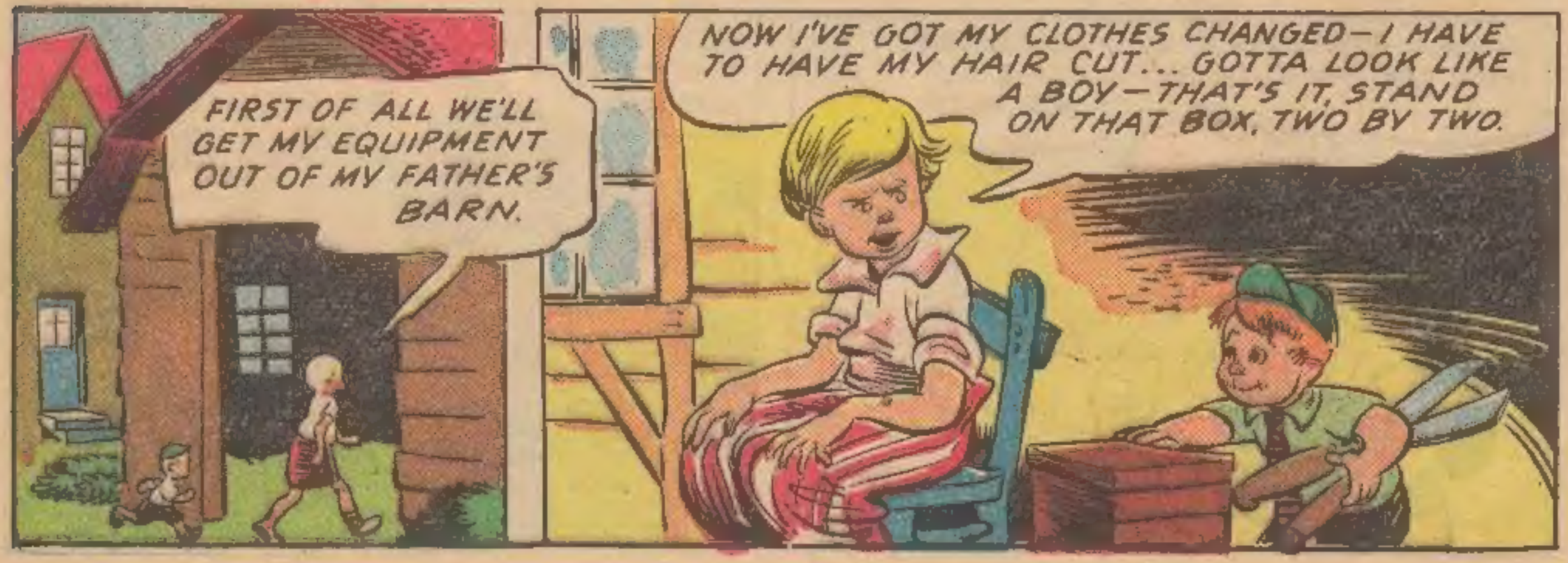
HEY, TWO BY TWO, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE AN ADVENTURER?
MA SAYS I'M AN AMERICAN.

NO, I MEAN BE A GUNMAN—A FIGHTER—FIND BURIED TREASURE—GET INTO GUN FIGHTS—KA POW-KA POW! LIKE THAT.

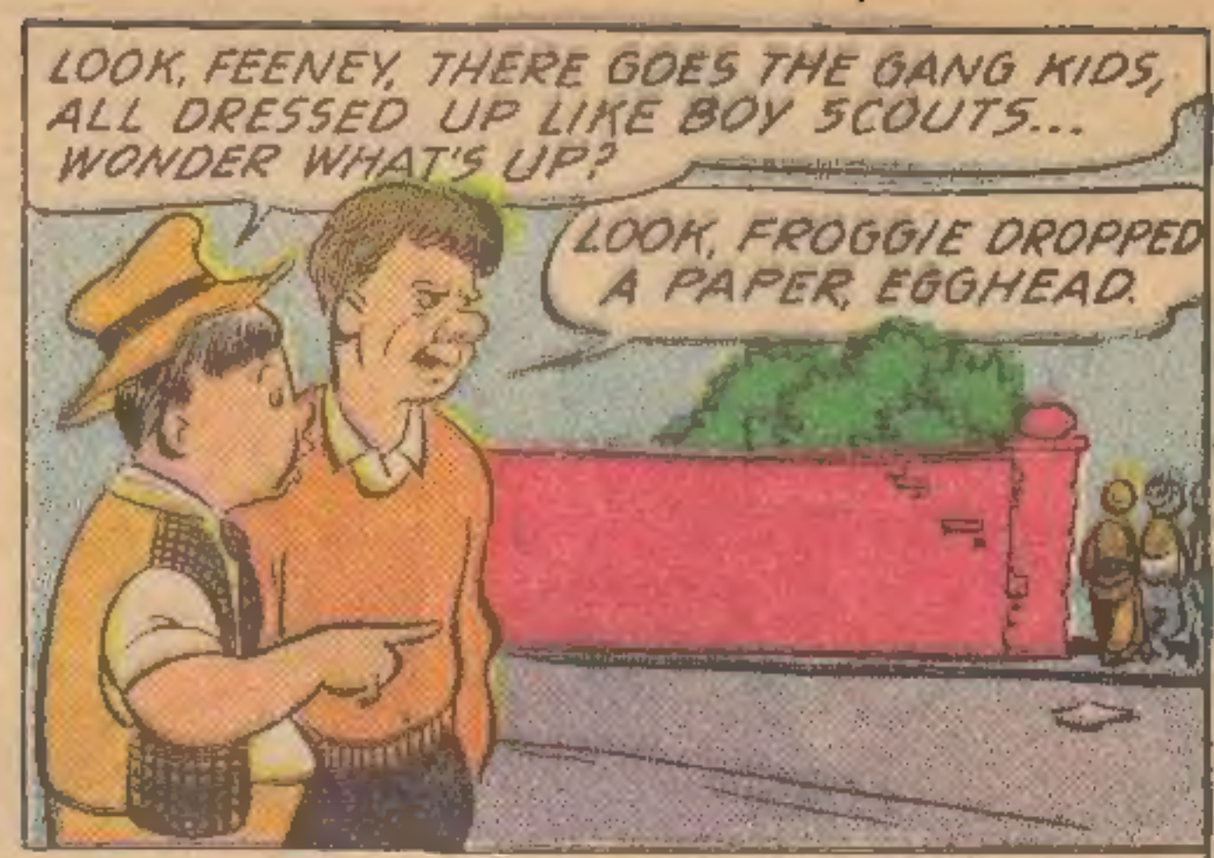
A GOOD TOMMY GUNNER WOULD HAVE GOT YA—SPT-TT-TT—PUT-PODOT-PTTT-SPTTT!

TWO BY TWO, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I NEED—YOU CAN BE CHIEF TOMMY GUNNER!
OH, BOY!

I'M THE CHIEF OF OUR GANG AND WE'RE GOIN' OUT AFTER TREASURE.
OKAY, CHIEF!


FIRST OF ALL WE'LL GET MY EQUIPMENT OUT OF MY FATHER'S BARN.
NOW I'VE GOT MY CLOTHES CHANGED—I HAVE TO HAVE MY HAIR CUT... GOTTA LOOK LIKE A BOY—THAT'S IT, STAND ON THAT BOX, TWO BY TWO.

DO YOU THINK JANET WILL REALLY DROP OUT OF THE CLUB?
MR. MASTERMIND HERE CAN TELL YOU—HE KNOWS EVERYTHING.
IT SURE IS NICE OF YOU TO ADMIT IT, RED.


LOOK, FEENEY, THERE GOES THE GANG KIDS, ALL DRESSED UP LIKE BOY SCOUTS... WONDER WHAT'S UP?
LOOK, FROGGIE DROPPED A PAPER, EGGHEAD.

IT'S A MAP OF SOME KIND—ONE OF INDIAN ROCK! IT'S MARKED "TREASURE." WHAT TH—?

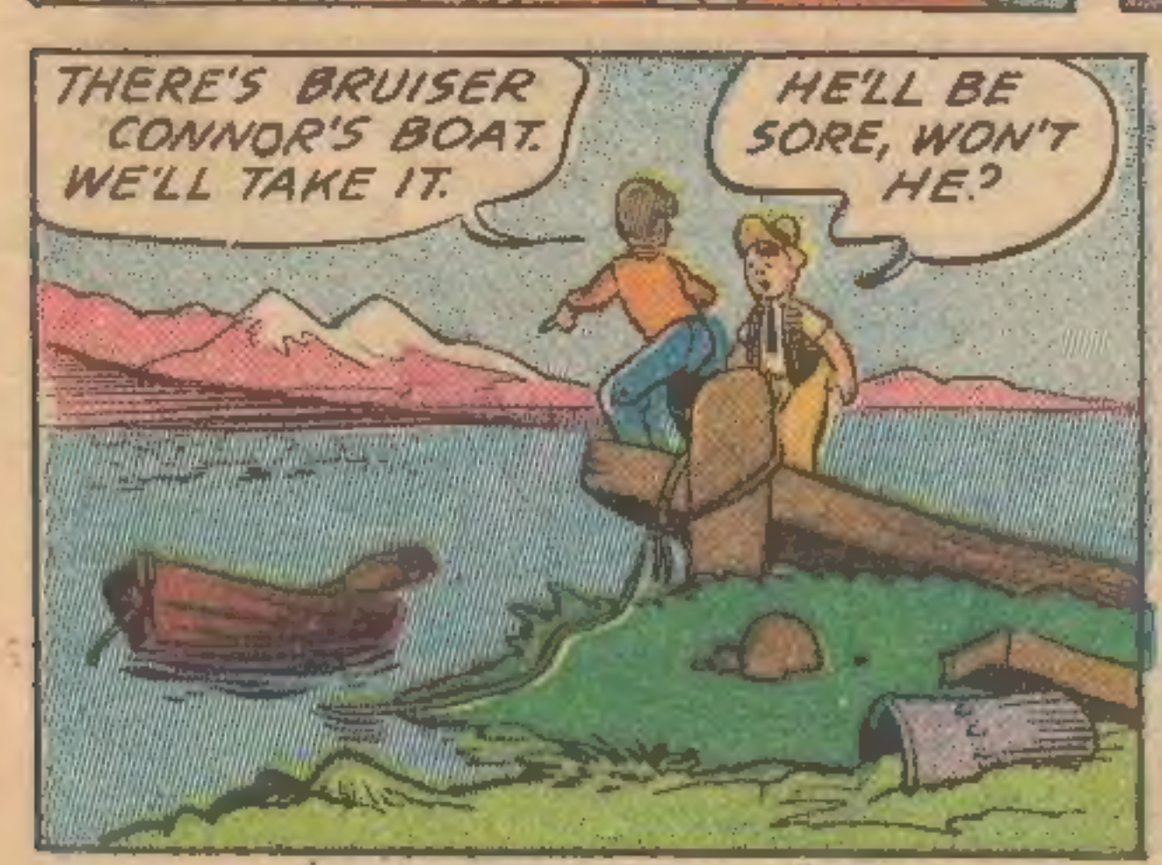
YA KNOW LAST MONTH THOSE KIDS HELPED CATCH SOME COUNTERFEITERS UP AT INDIAN ROCK...
SO WHAT?

THE REASON THEY WERE UP THERE WAS THAT FROGGIE HEARD THERE WAS INDIAN TREASURE BURIED THERE.
AW, FROGGIE'D BELIEVE ANYTHING!

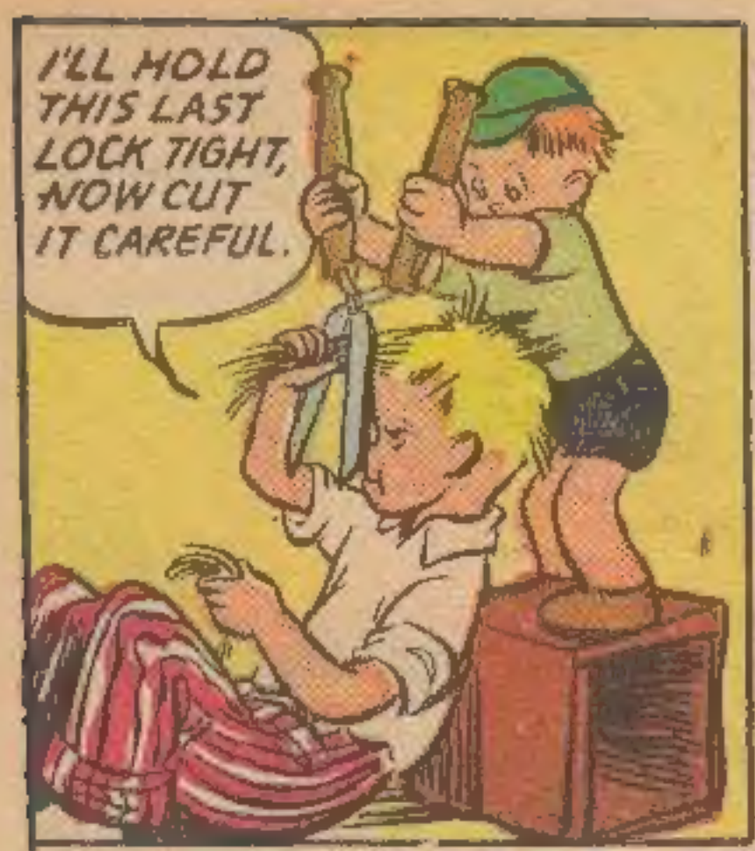
WELL, GET THIS THEN! THE GUY THEY HELPED IN CATCHING THE CROOKS WAS A FEDERAL AGENT, AN INDIAN; AND I BET HE TOLD 'EM WHERE THE TREASURE REALLY IS!
COULD BE, COULD BE...

OF COURSE IT COULD BE! AND HERE WE ARE WITH WITH THE MAP.
OKAY, YA WANNA GO UP THERE?

NATCH! WE CAN GO UP BY BOAT—THEY'RE HIKIN—WE'LL BE AN HOUR AHEAD OF 'EM.


THERE'S BRUISER CONNOR'S BOAT. WE'LL TAKE IT.
HE'LL BE SORE, WON'T HE?

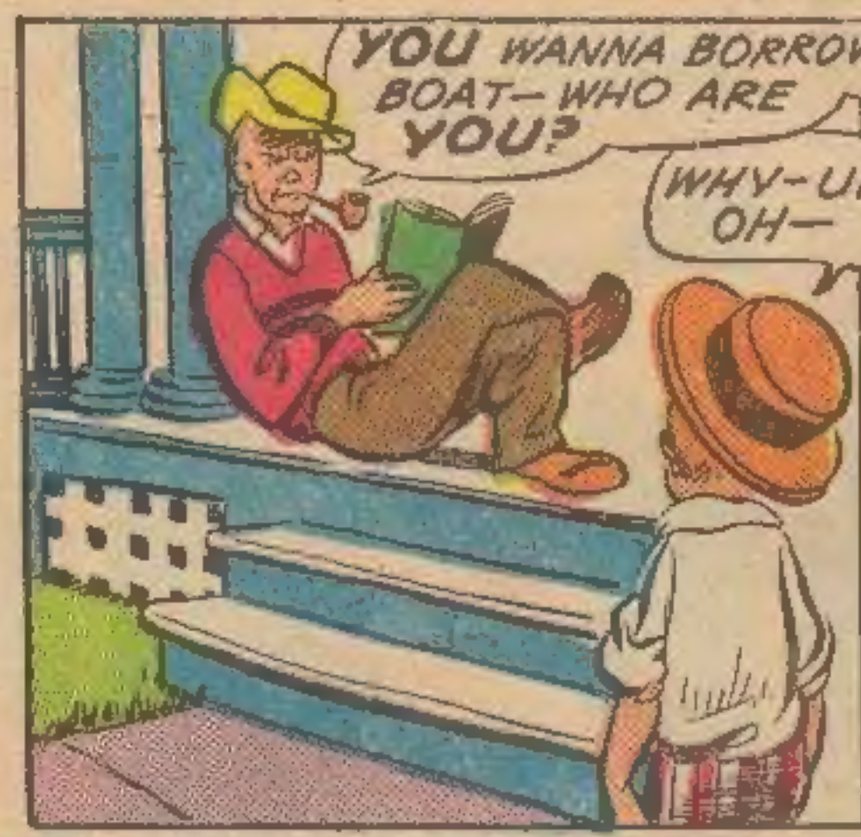
AW, WHO'S AFRAID OF BRUISER CONNOR?
NOBODY—EXCEPT YOU AN' ME AN' ANYBODY ELSE THAT CROSSES HIM.
CONNOR


I'LL HOLD THIS LAST LOCK TIGHT, NOW CUT IT CAREFUL.

THERE, HOW DO I LOOK?
AW, YOU LOOK JUST ABOUT THE SAME—MORE LIKE A BOY, THAT'S ALL.

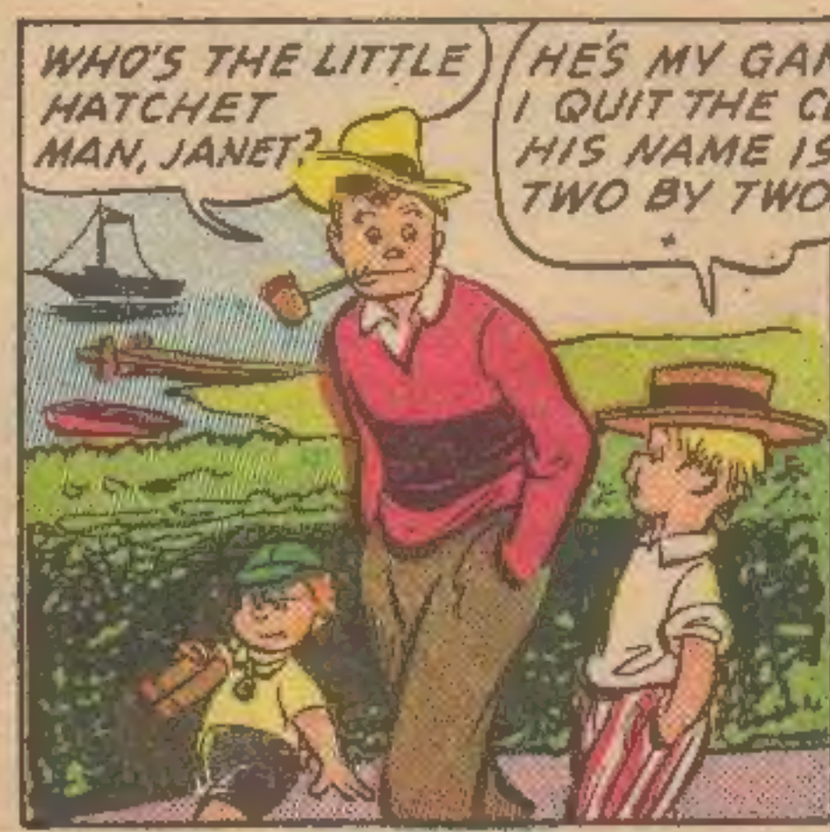
HEY!
DON'T LIKE TIES!

NOW WE'RE ALL SET...WE'LL GO UP TO INDIAN ROCK BY THE RIVER. WE'LL ASK BRUISER 'CONNOR IF WE CAN BORROW HIS BOAT.


YOU WANNA BORROW MY BOAT—WHO ARE YOU?
WHY—UH—? OH—

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY CAN'T TELL IT'S ME? IT'S JANET—CAN'T YOU SEE?

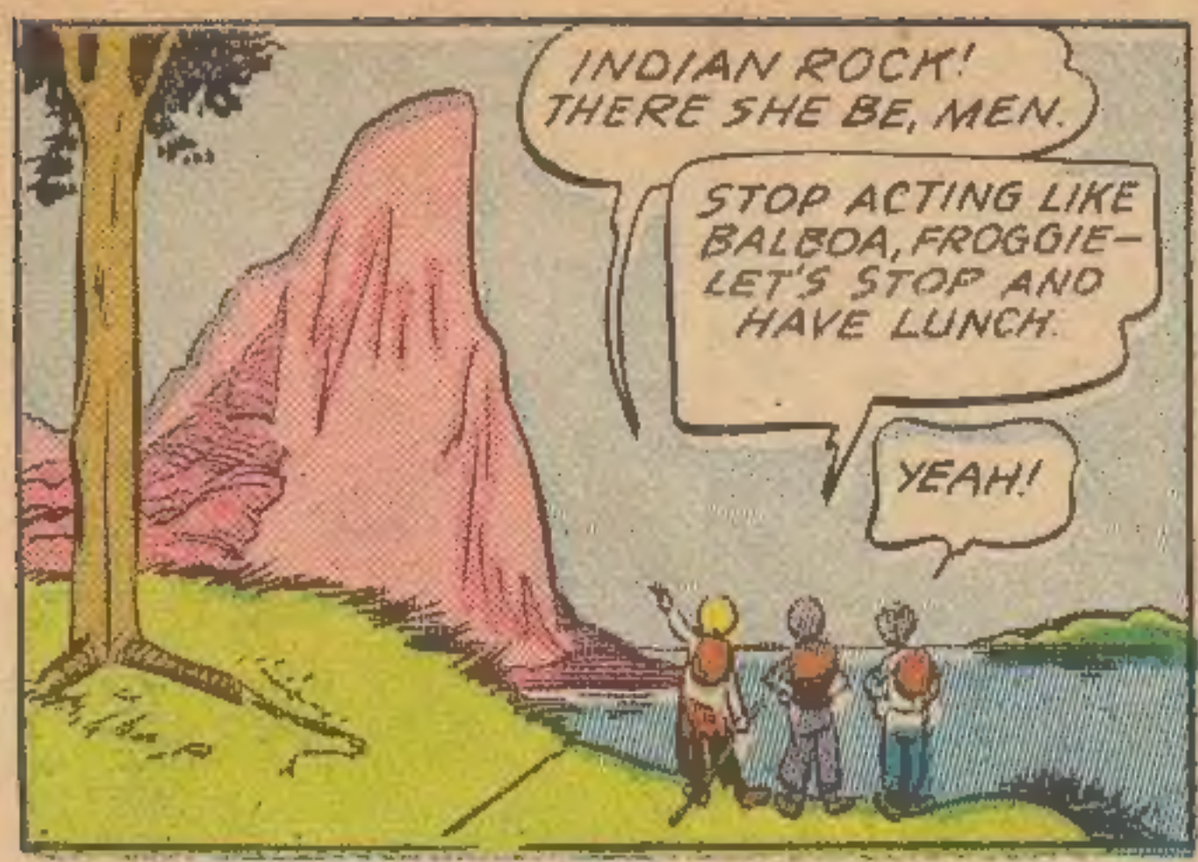
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN! YOU ARE JANET...WHY, YOU LOOK LIKE A BOY—KIND OF A SISSY, BUT A BOY JUST THE SAME
A SISSY! I'LL SLUG YOU!

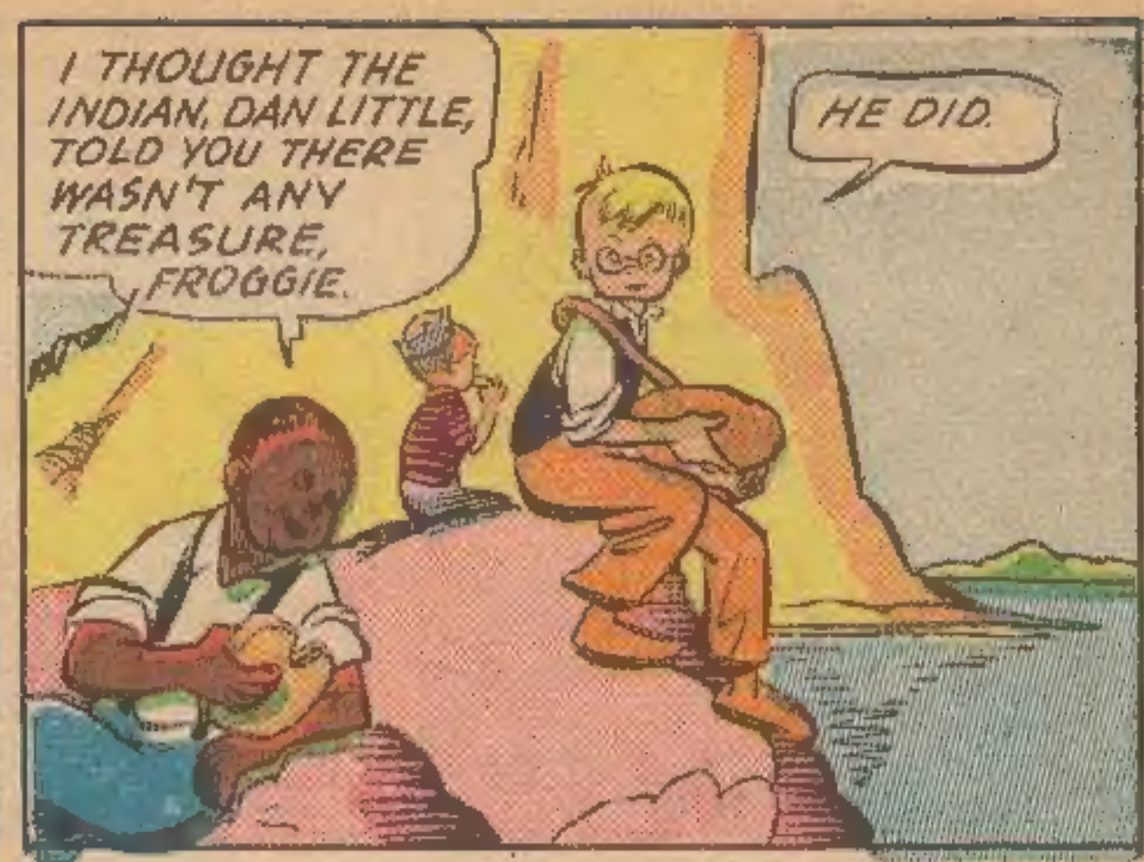

WHO'S THE LITTLE HATCHET MAN, JANET?
HE'S MY GANG—I QUIT THE CLUB. HIS NAME IS TWO BY TWO.

WHY, GOL DING IT, I DON'T SEE MY BOAT!

IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FER YO'RE BOAT, BRUISER, TWO KIDS TOOK IT UPSTREAM.
TWO KIDS! WHY, THE MUGS! LEMME TAKE YOUR SKIFF, CAP—I'LL GO AFTER 'EM.

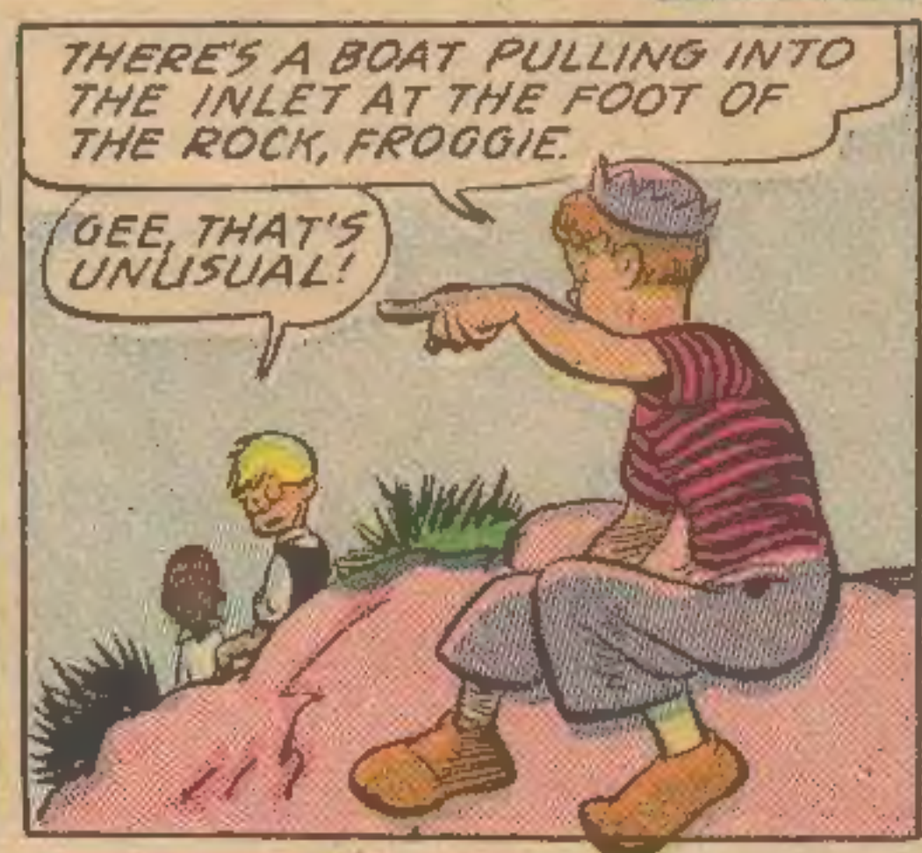
KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR THOSE KIDS, JANET... IF I GET HOLD OF 'EM THEY'RE GONNA WALK BACK!
DAISY NO. 12

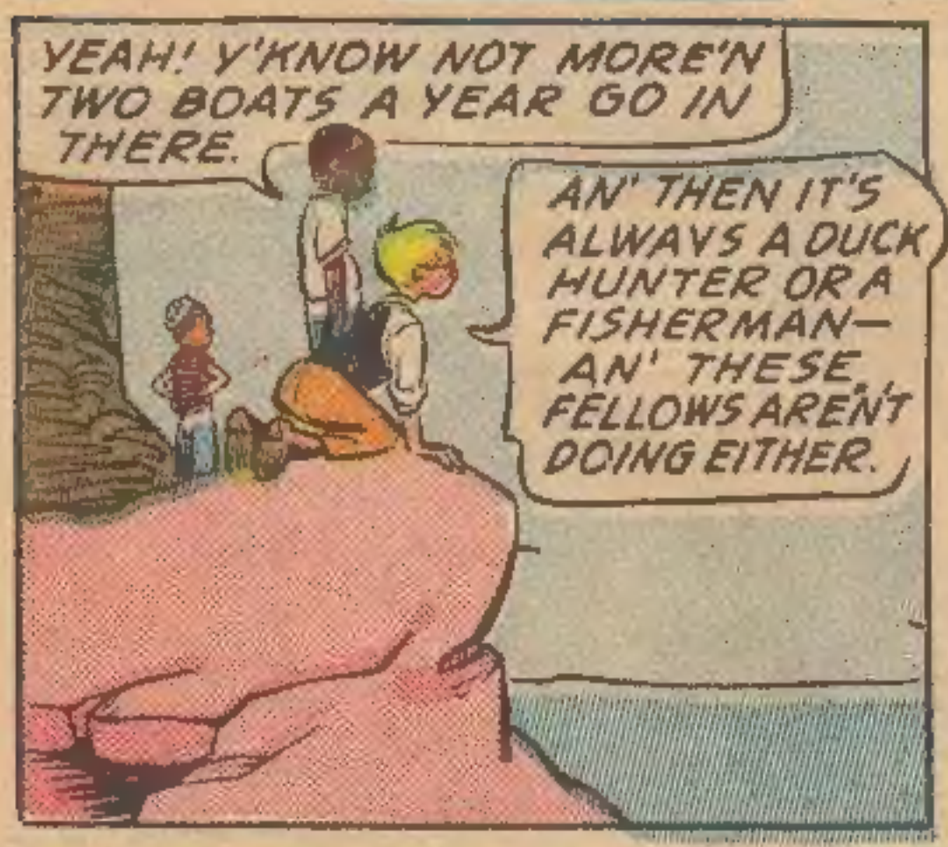

INDIAN ROCK! THERE SHE BE, MEN.
STOP ACTING LIKE BALBOA, FROGGIE— LET'S STOP AND HAVE LUNCH.
YEAH!


I THOUGHT THE INDIAN, DAN LITTLE, TOLD YOU THERE WASN'T ANY TREASURE, FROGGIE.
HE DID.

HE SAID THERE COULD BE NO REAL TREASURE IN METALS BUT THERE MIGHT BE SOME RELICS, ARROW HEADS OR A SKELETON OR TWO... SO I ASKED THE COUNTY MUSEUM IF THEY'D BUY THE STUFF WE FOUND.

AND THEY SAID THEY WOULD?
SURE! OFFERED US A GOOD PRICE, TOO.


THERE'S A BOAT PULLING INTO THE INLET AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCK, FROGGIE.
GEE, THAT'S UNUSUAL!


YEAH! Y'KNOW NOT MORE'N TWO BOATS A YEAR GO IN THERE.
AN' THEN IT'S ALWAYS A DUCK HUNTER OR A FISHERMAN— AN' THESE FELLOWS AREN'T DOING EITHER.

DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S THOSE COUNTERFEIT MEN? COULD THEY HAVE ESCAPED?

I DUNNO, BUT LET'S SHAKE ON UP THERE.

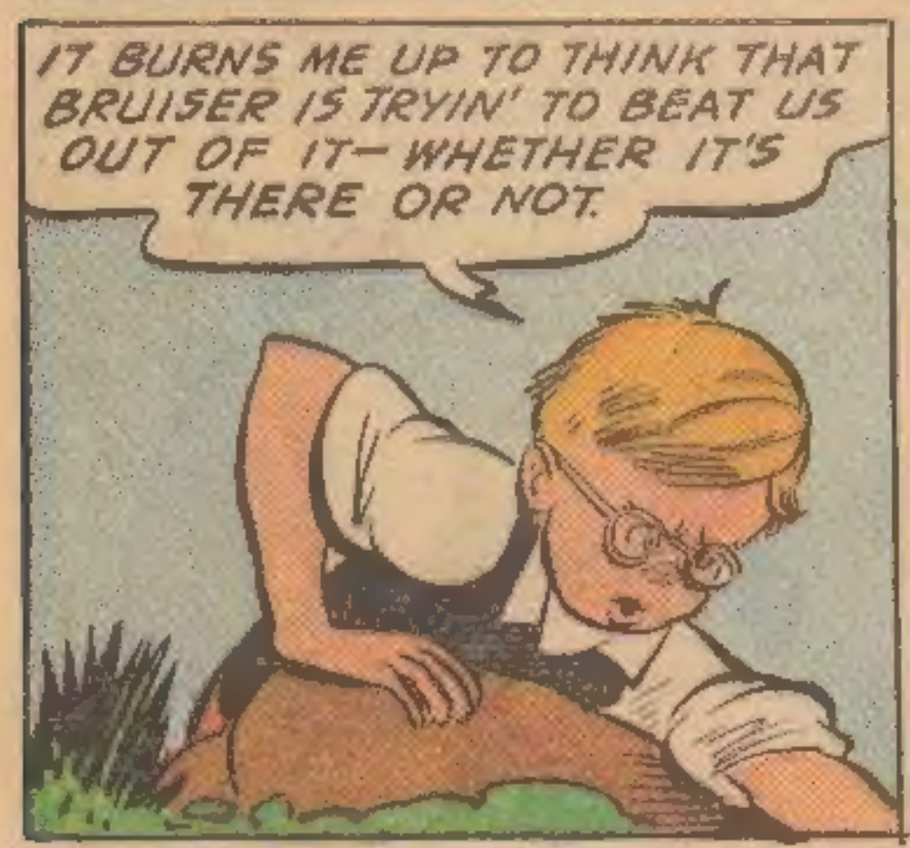
SHH—THERE'S NOBODY NEAR.
CONNOR

HEY! IT'S BRUISER CONNOR'S BOAT... WONDER WHAT HE'S DOIN' UP HERE?
CONNOR

HEY, LOOKY THERE, FROGGIE, IT'S OUR MAP! HOW'D IT GIT UP HERE?

YA KNOW, THAT BRUISER FOUND OUR MAP AN' HE'S UP THERE NOW, AFTER OUR TREASURE!

BUT YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT THERE ISN'T A TREASURE.
I KNOW THAT, BUT—

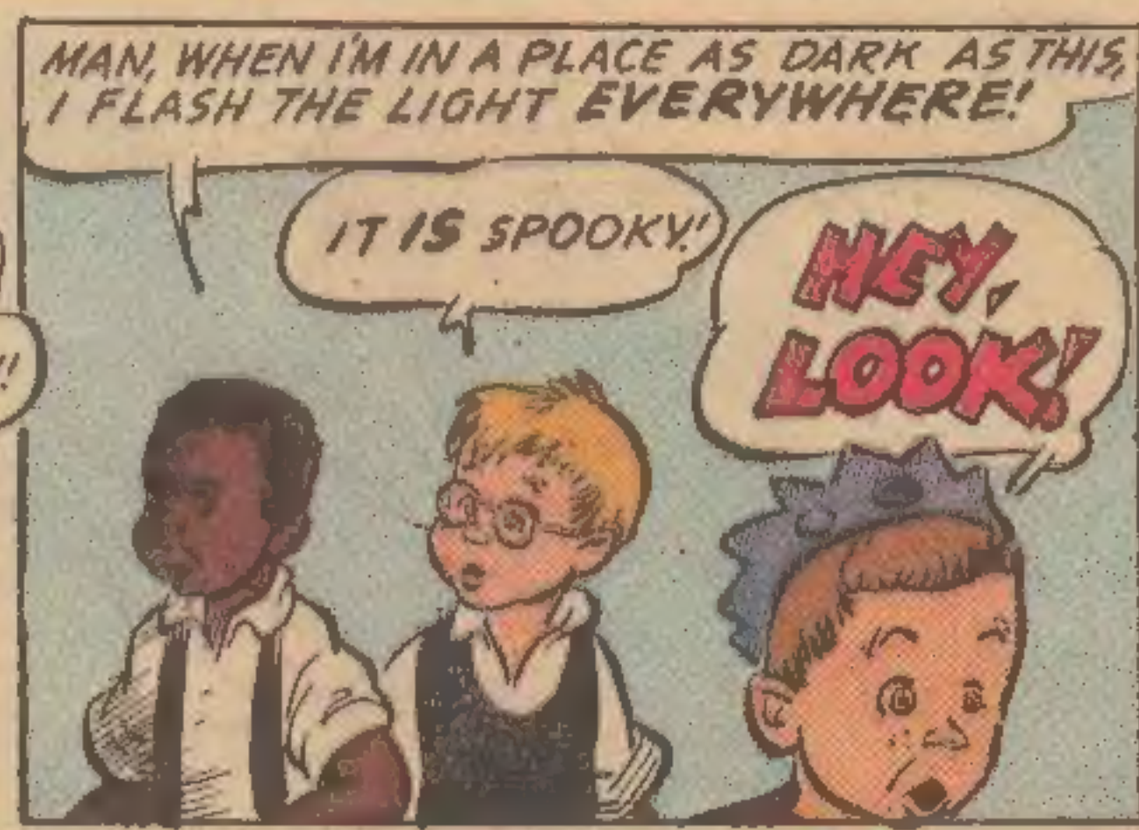

IT BURNS ME UP TO THINK THAT BRUISER IS TRYIN' TO BEAT US OUT OF IT—WHETHER IT'S THERE OR NOT.

GOLLY, HERE COMES THE GANG! AN' WE LOST THE MAP—WE DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO.
LET'S DUCK AND FOLLOW THEM.

SEE ANYBODY, RED?
NAW, THEY MUST BE UP IN THE CAVES.

THEY'RE IN THIS ONE SOME PLACE—COME ON!

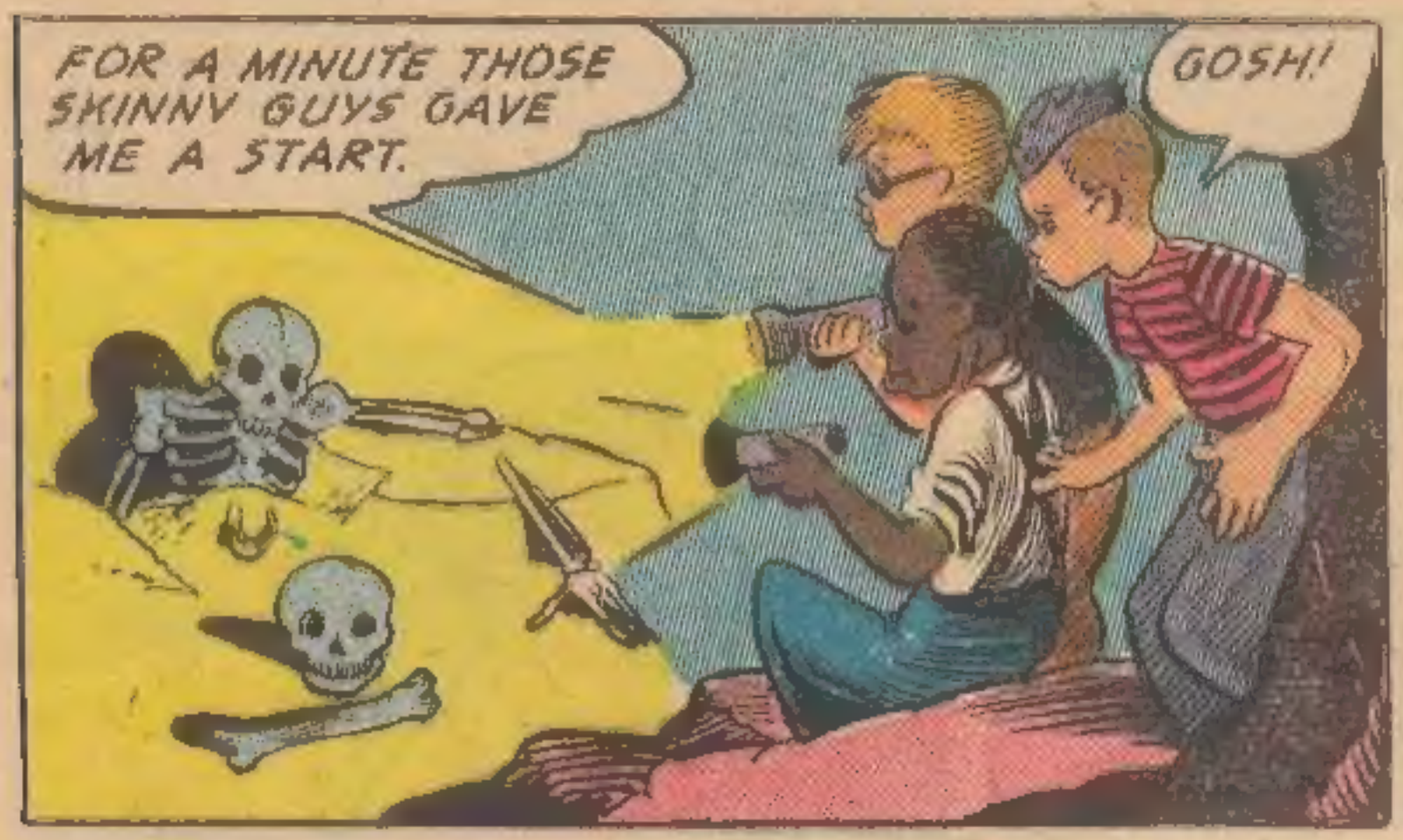
FLASH YER LIGHTS AROUND.
GOLLY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK ON THE CEILING, BUCKY!

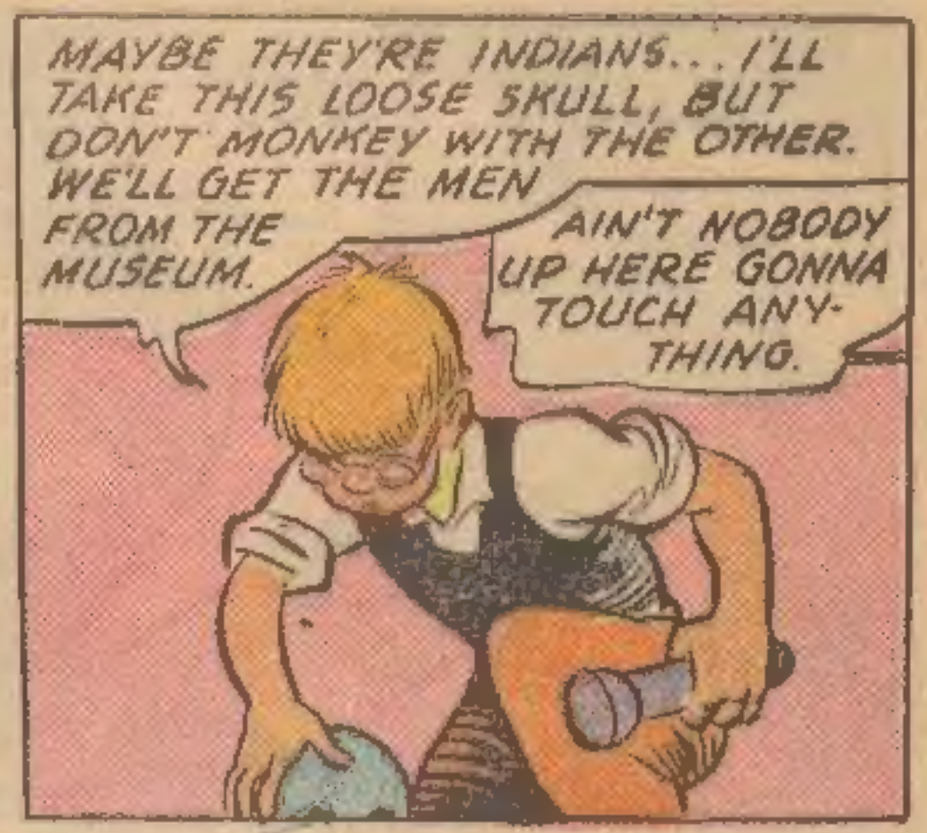

MAN, WHEN I'M IN A PLACE AS DARK AS THIS, I FLASH THE LIGHT EVERYWHERE!
IT IS SPOOKY!
HEY, LOOK!

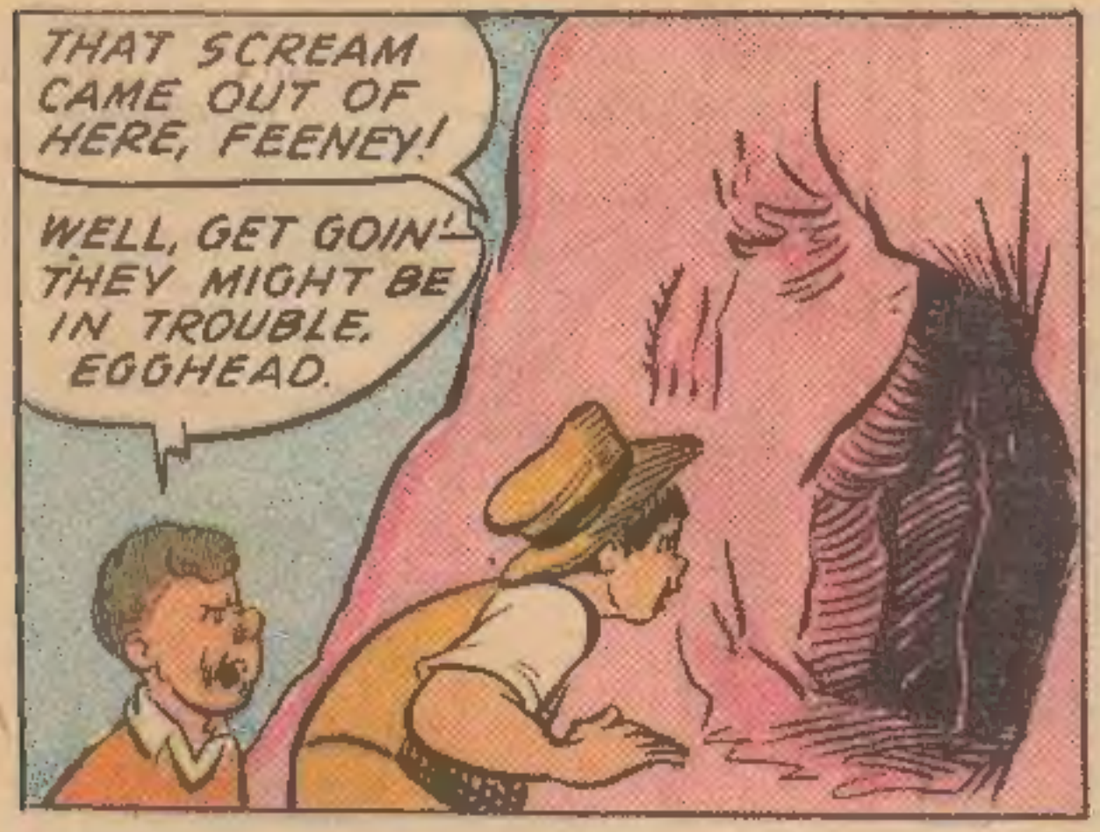
IT'S A STAIRWAY.

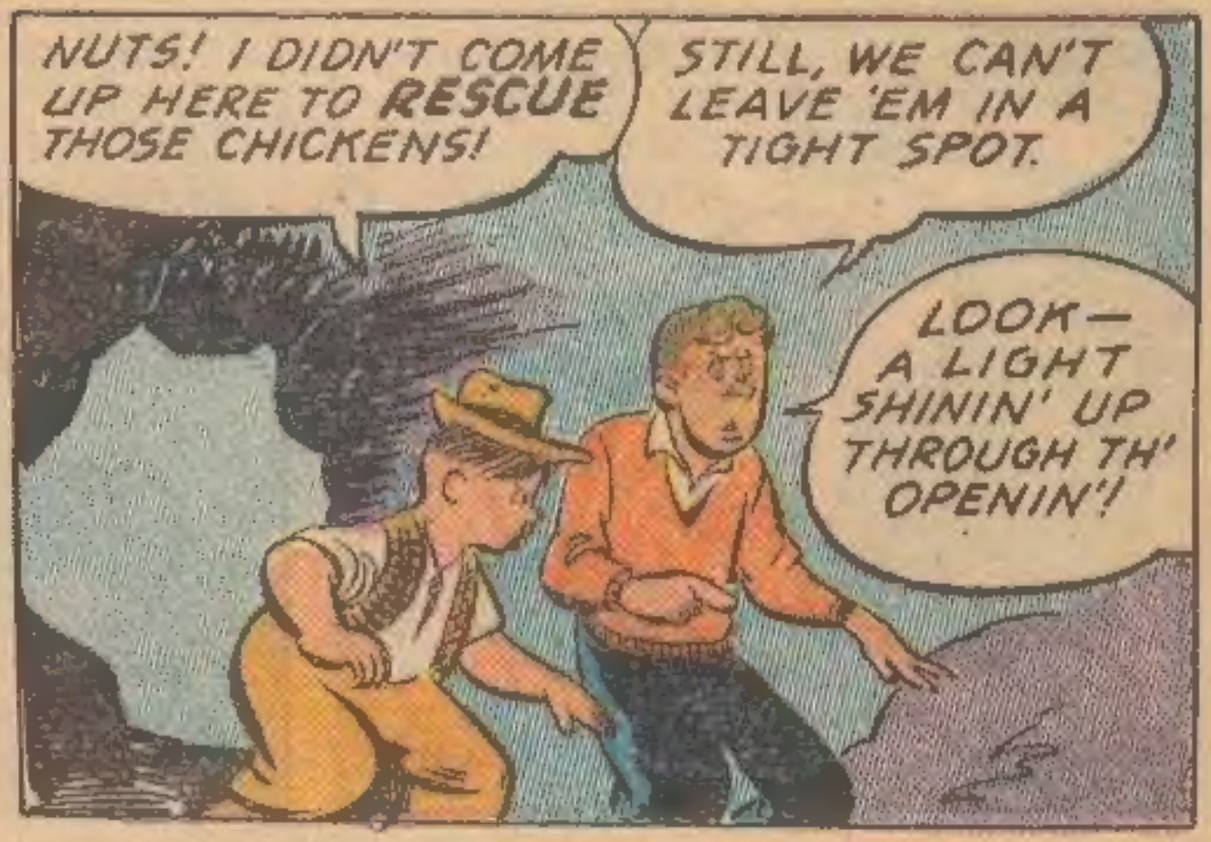
'TAIN'T REALLY A STAIRWAY— IT'S JUST THE WAY THE ROCKS CRACKED...

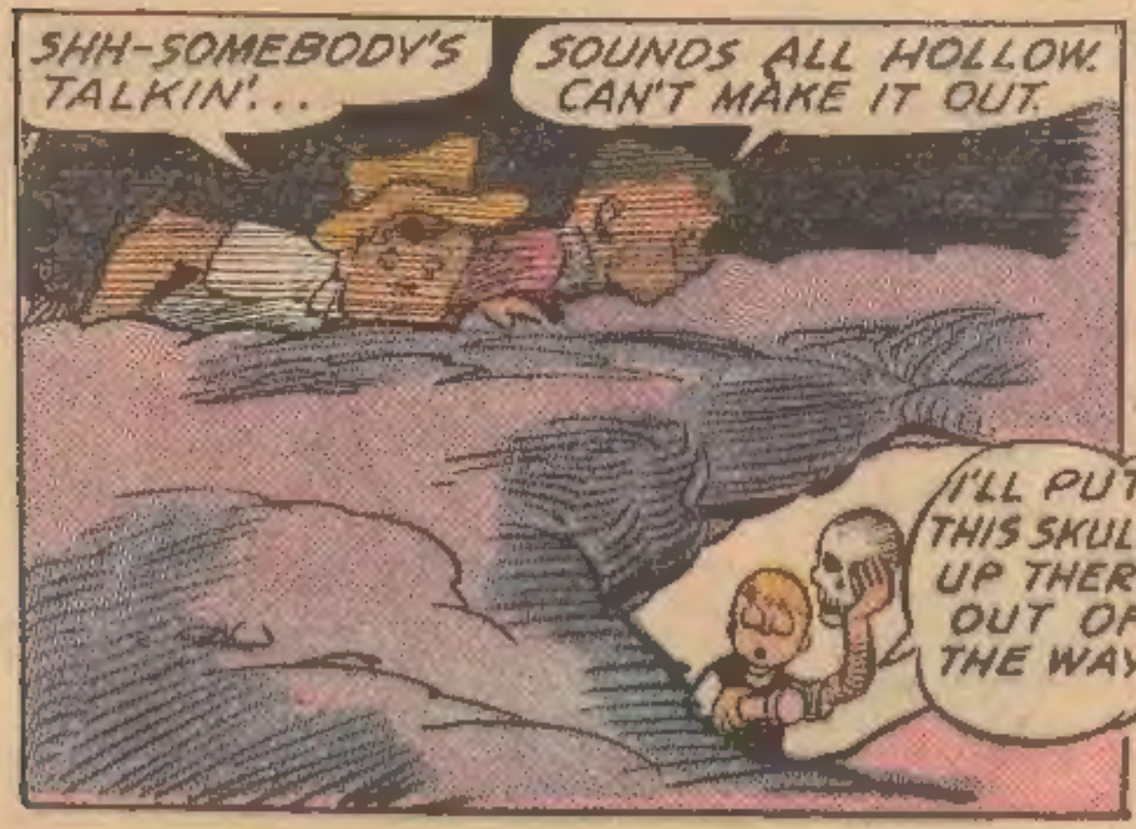
YEOW!

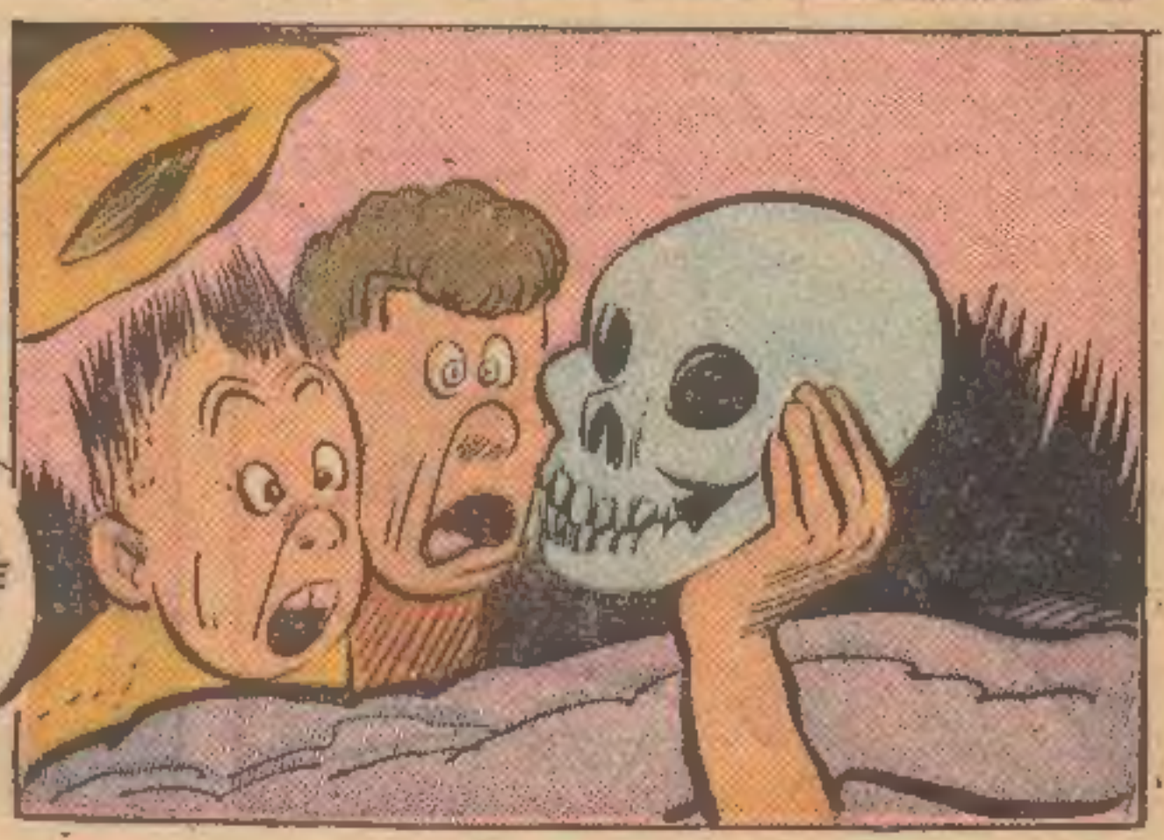

FOR A MINUTE THOSE SKINNY GUYS GAVE ME A START.
GOSH!


MAYBE THEY'RE INDIANS... I'LL TAKE THIS LOOSE SKULL, BUT DON'T MONKEY WITH THE OTHER. WE'LL GET THE MEN FROM THE MUSEUM.
AIN'T NOBODY UP HERE GONNA TOUCH ANY-THING.


THAT SCREAM CAME OUT OF HERE, FEENEY!
WELL, GET GOIN'— THEY MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE, EGGHEAD.


NUTS! I DIDN'T COME UP HERE TO RESCUE THOSE CHICKENS!
STILL, WE CAN'T LEAVE 'EM IN A TIGHT SPOT.
LOOK— A LIGHT SHININ' UP THROUGH TH' OPENIN'!

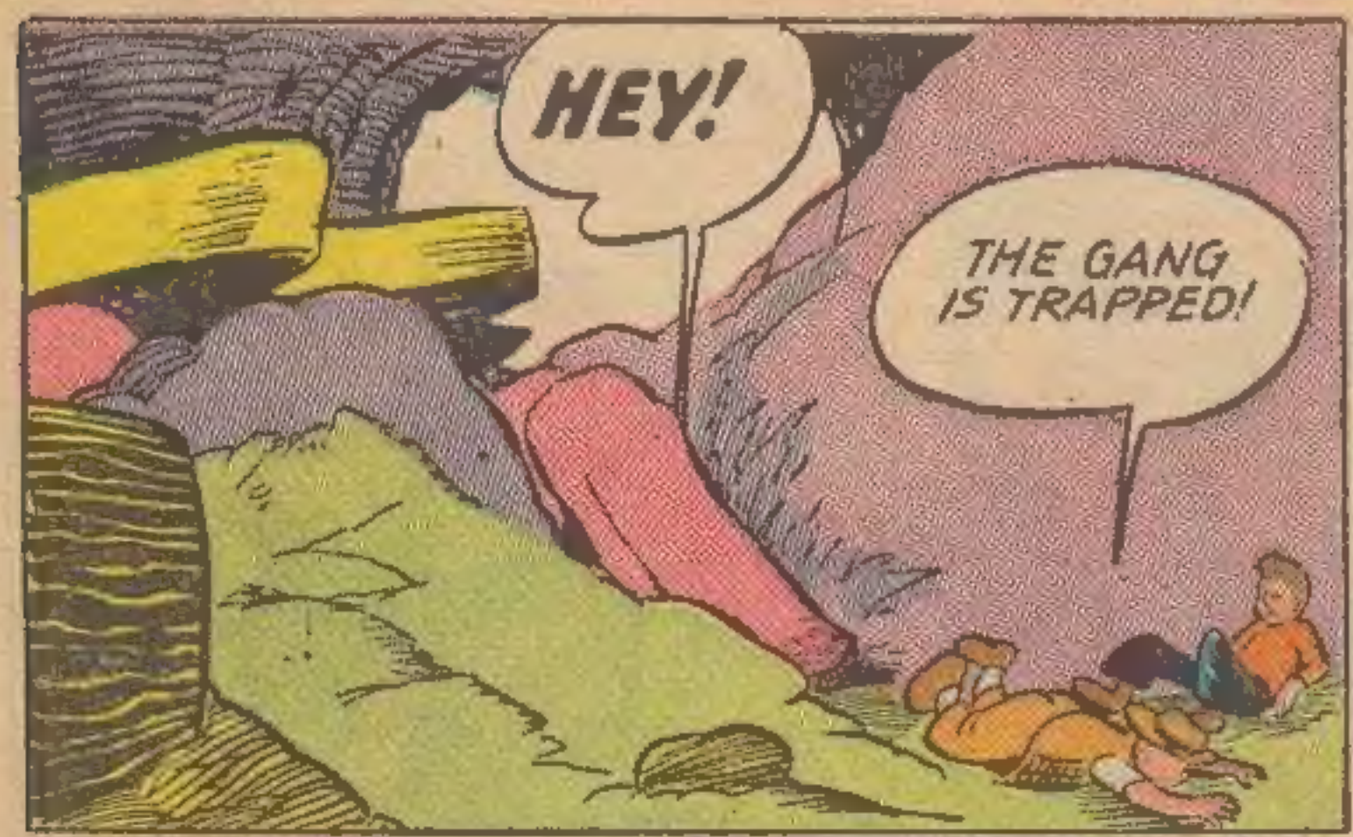

SHH-SOMEBODY'S TALKIN'...
SOUNDS ALL HOLLOW. CAN'T MAKE IT OUT.
I'LL PUT THIS SKULL UP THERE OUT OF THE WAY.



A SKULL!
WAIT A MINUTE, EGGHEAD...

THE KIDS DID THAT—TRYIN' TO SCARE US!

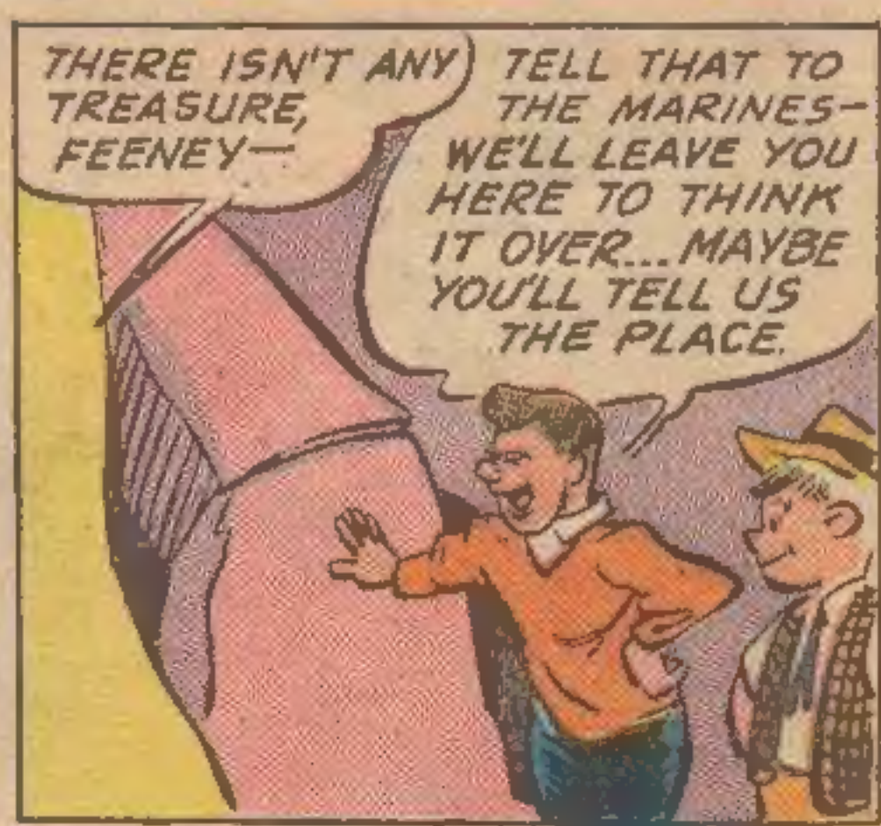
HEY, THE STONES ARE CAVIN IN!


HEY!
THE GANG IS TRAPPED!

THIS IS FEENEY AND EGGHEAD— ANYBODY HURT?
NO!
WE BETTER GET HELP, FEENEY.

LISTEN, YOU— YOU TRIED TO SCARE US OFF WITH THAT SKULL...

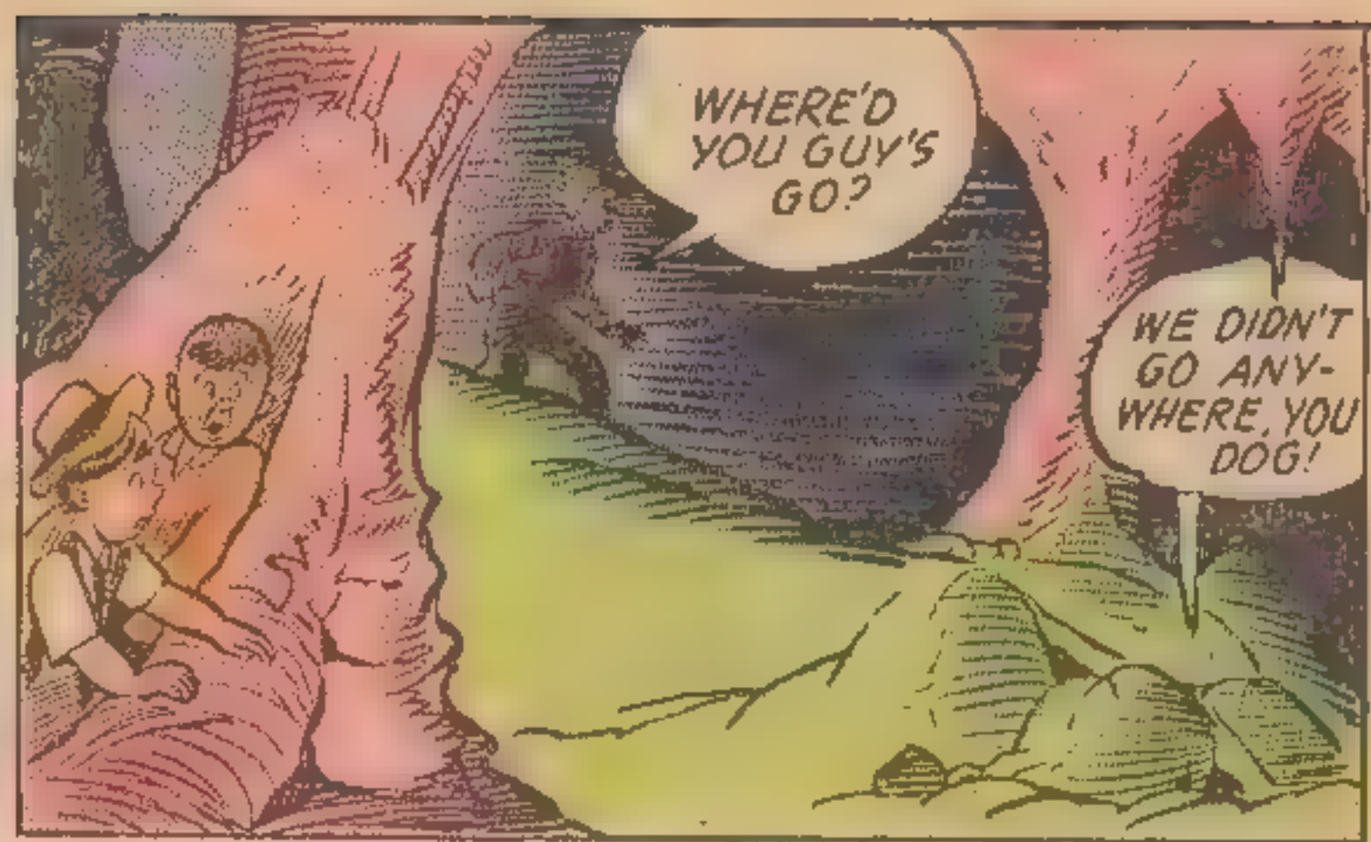
SO YOU CAN TELL US WHERE THE TREASURE IS BEFORE WE GO GET HELP TO DIG YOU OUT!

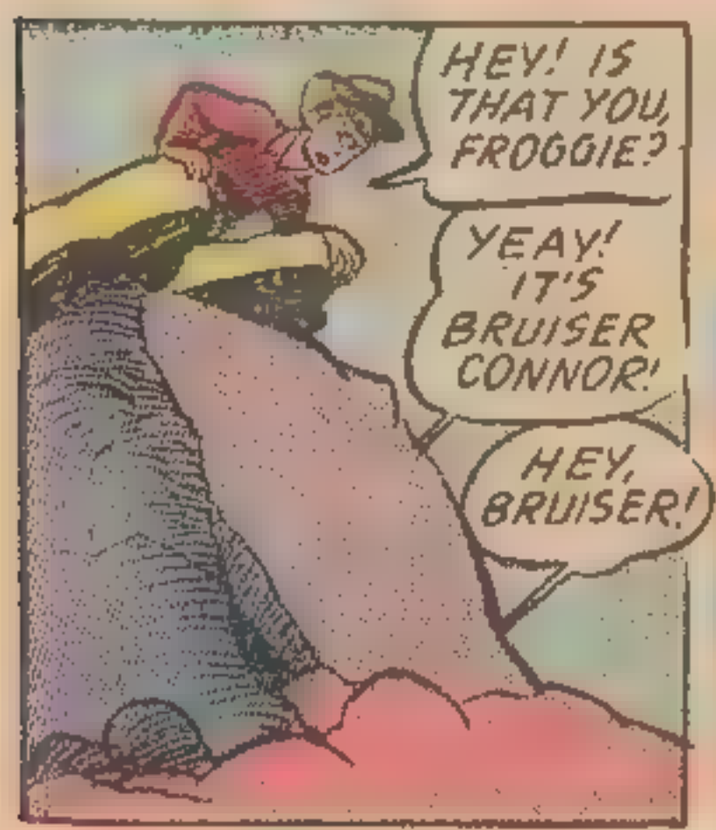

THERE ISN'T ANY TREASURE, FEENEY—
TELL THAT TO THE MARINES— WE'LL LEAVE YOU HERE TO THINK IT OVER... MAYBE YOU'LL TELL US THE PLACE.

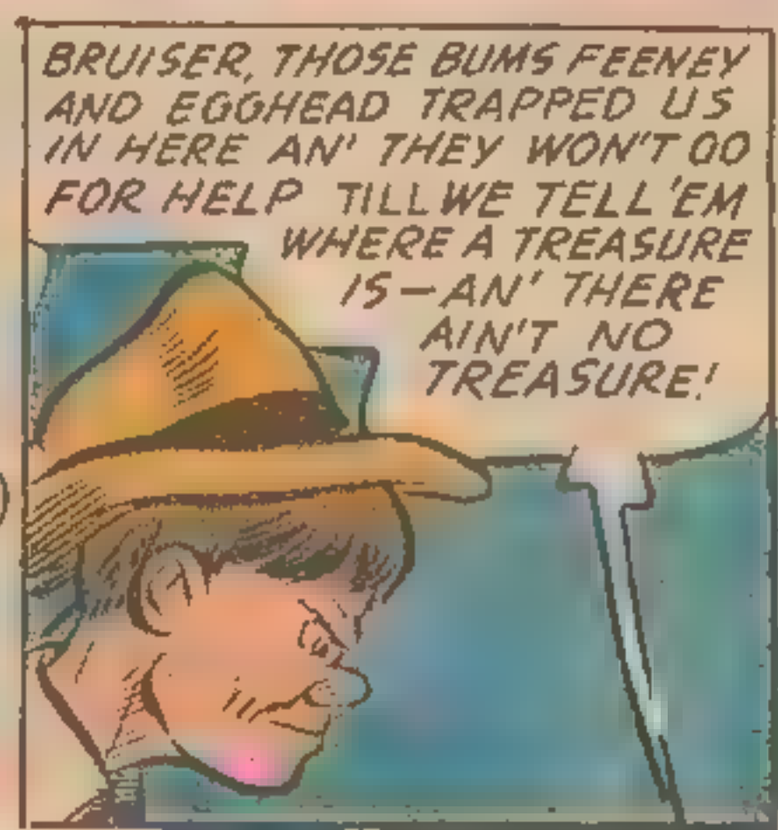
COME ON OUT FOR A WHILE, EGGY—A FEW MINUTES OF THAT AN' THEY'LL GIVE UP.
FEENEY, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

LOOK! IT'S BRUISER!
OH, BOY— HE'S SORE OR HE WOULDN'T CLIMB UP HERE AFTER US!
YOU CROOKS!

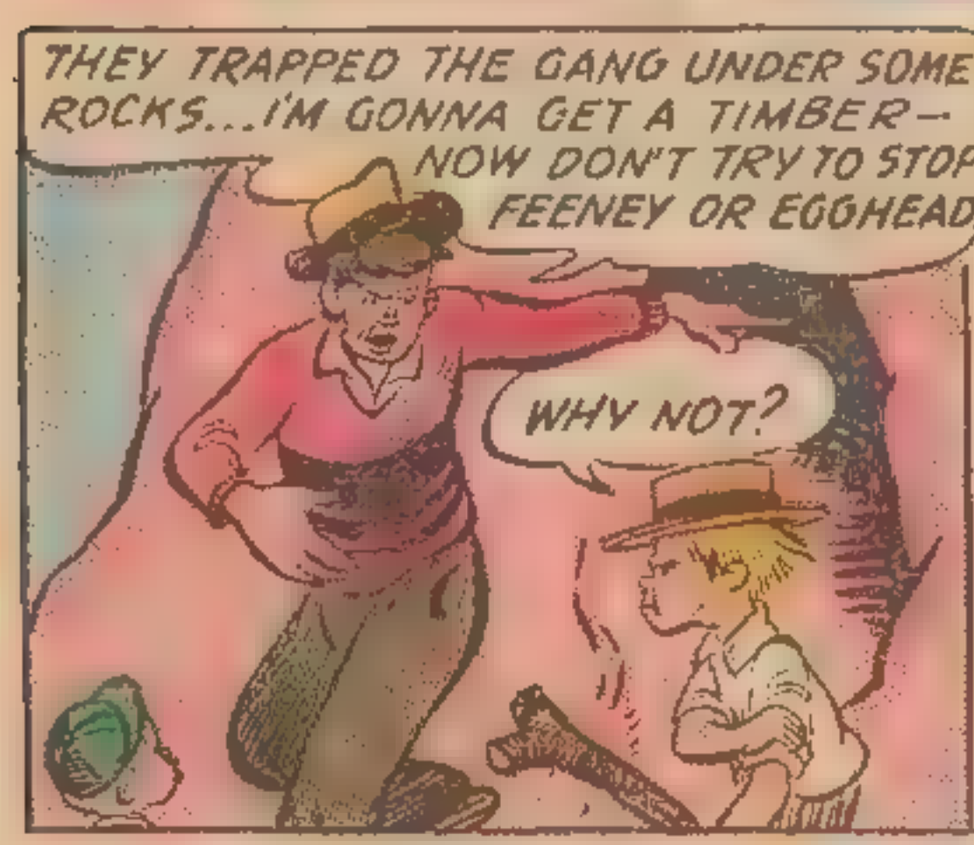
DUCK INTO THE CAVE!


WHERE'D YOU GUY'S GO?
WE DIDN'T GO ANY-WHERE, YOU DOG!

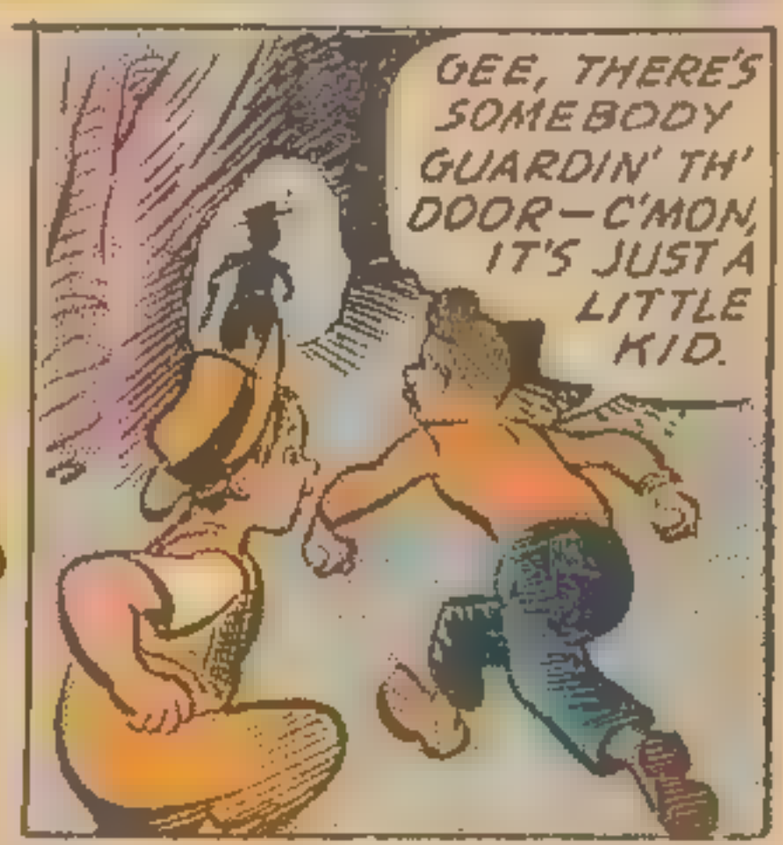

HEY! IS THAT YOU, FROGGIE?
YEAY! IT'S BRUISER CONNOR!
HEY, BRUISER!

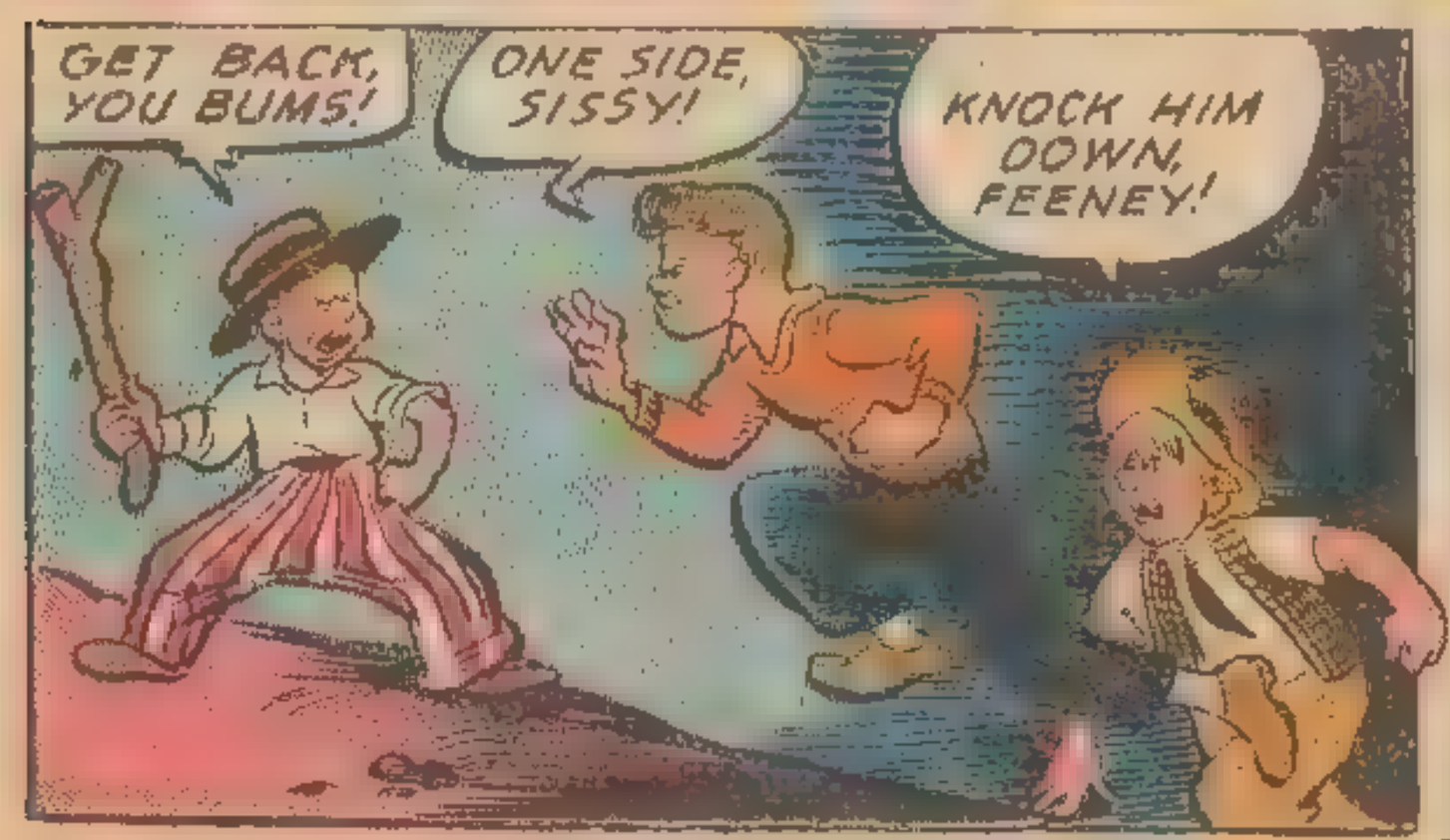

BRUISER, THOSE BUMS FEENEY AND EGGHEAD TRAPPED US IN HERE AN' THEY WON'T GO FOR HELP TILL WE TELL 'EM WHERE A TREASURE IS—AN' THERE AIN'T NO TREASURE!

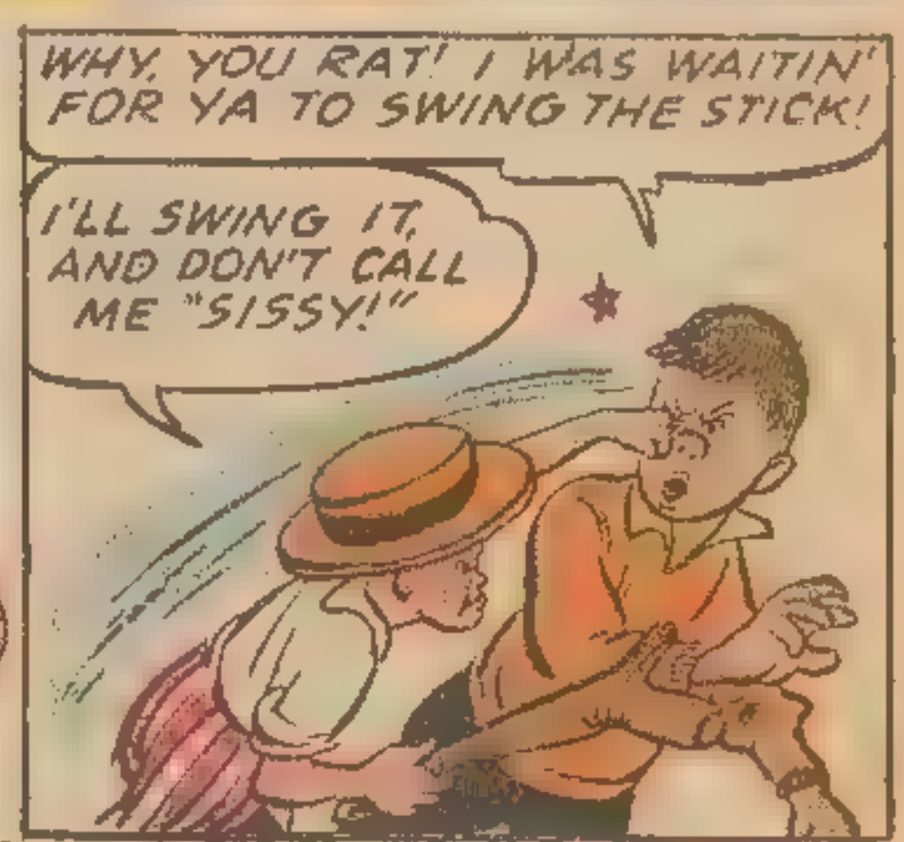
I'LL GO GET A TIMBER AN' PRY AWAY THE ROCKS— THOSE MUGS'LL GET THEIR LUMPS LATER.

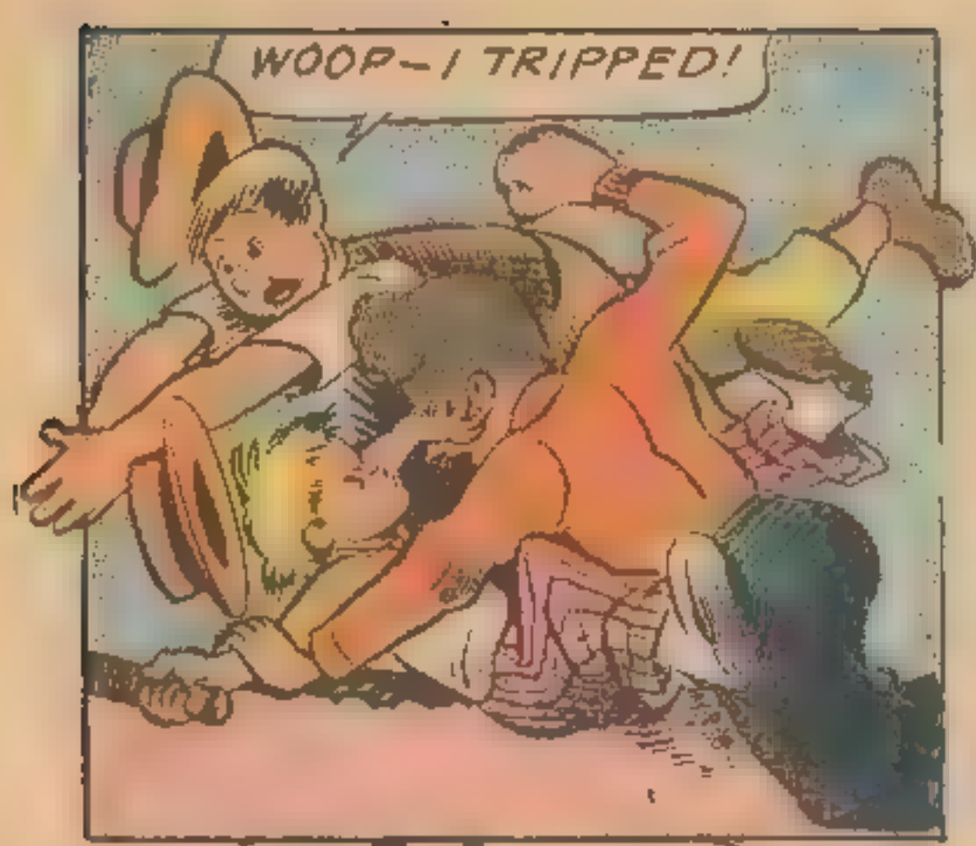

THEY TRAPPED THE GANG UNDER SOME ROCKS...I'M GONNA GET A TIMBER— NOW DON'T TRY TO STOP FEENEY OR EGGHEAD.
WHY NOT?

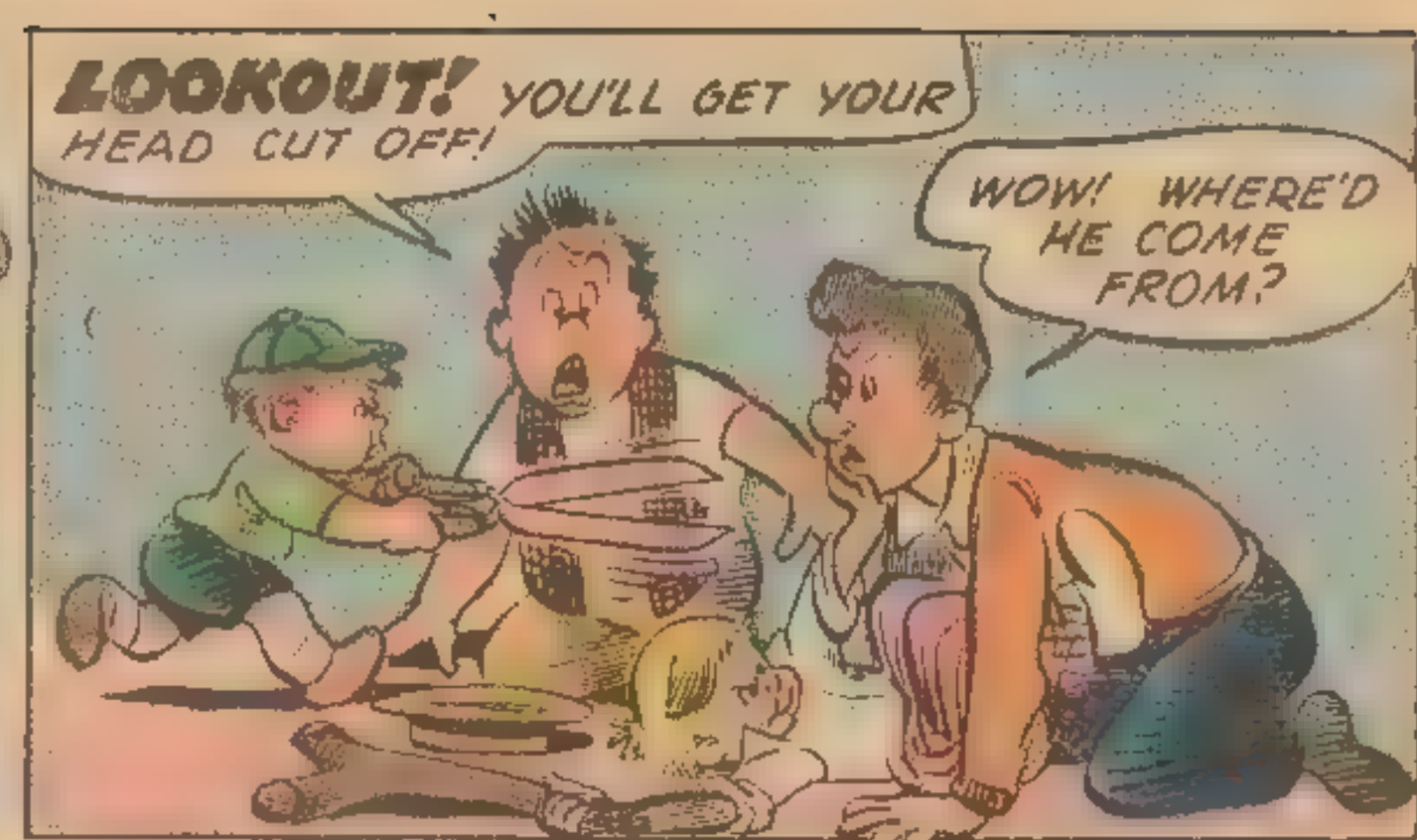
BECAUSE IF YOU GET RASSLIN' AROUND OUT HERE, YOU MIGHT FALL DOWN THE SLOPE AN' BREAK YOUR NECK.
THEN WE BETTER RASSLE INSIDE.

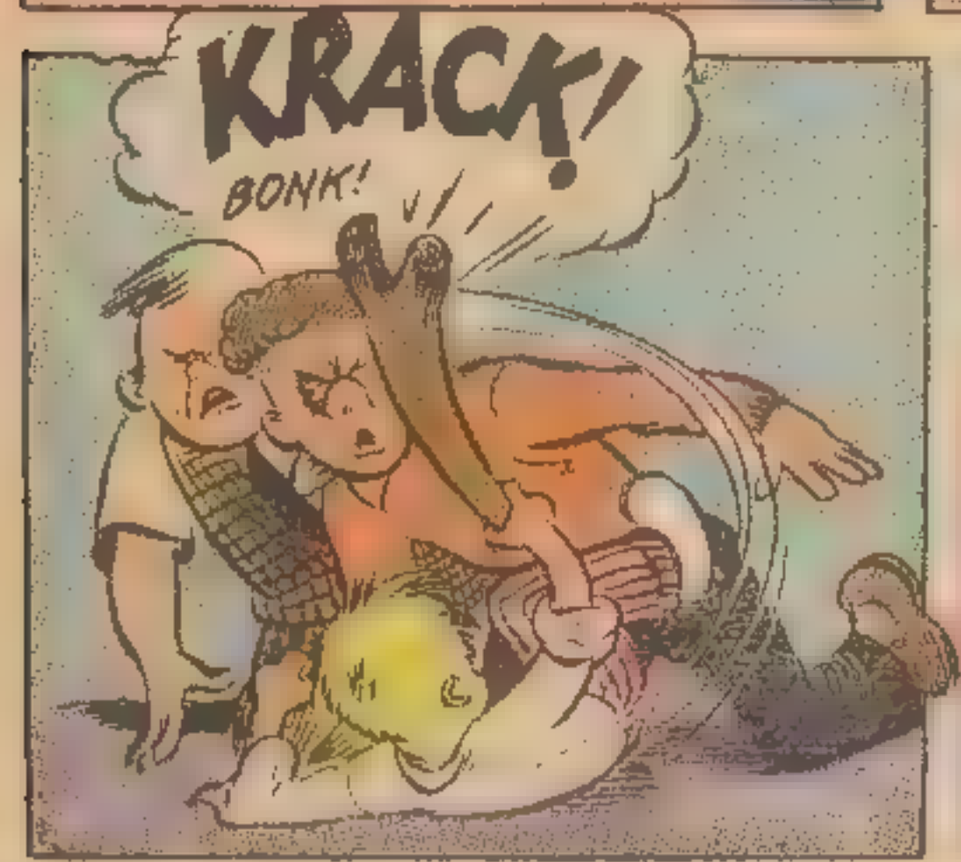

GEE, THERE'S SOMEBODY GUARDIN' TH' DOOR—C'MON, IT'S JUST A LITTLE KID.

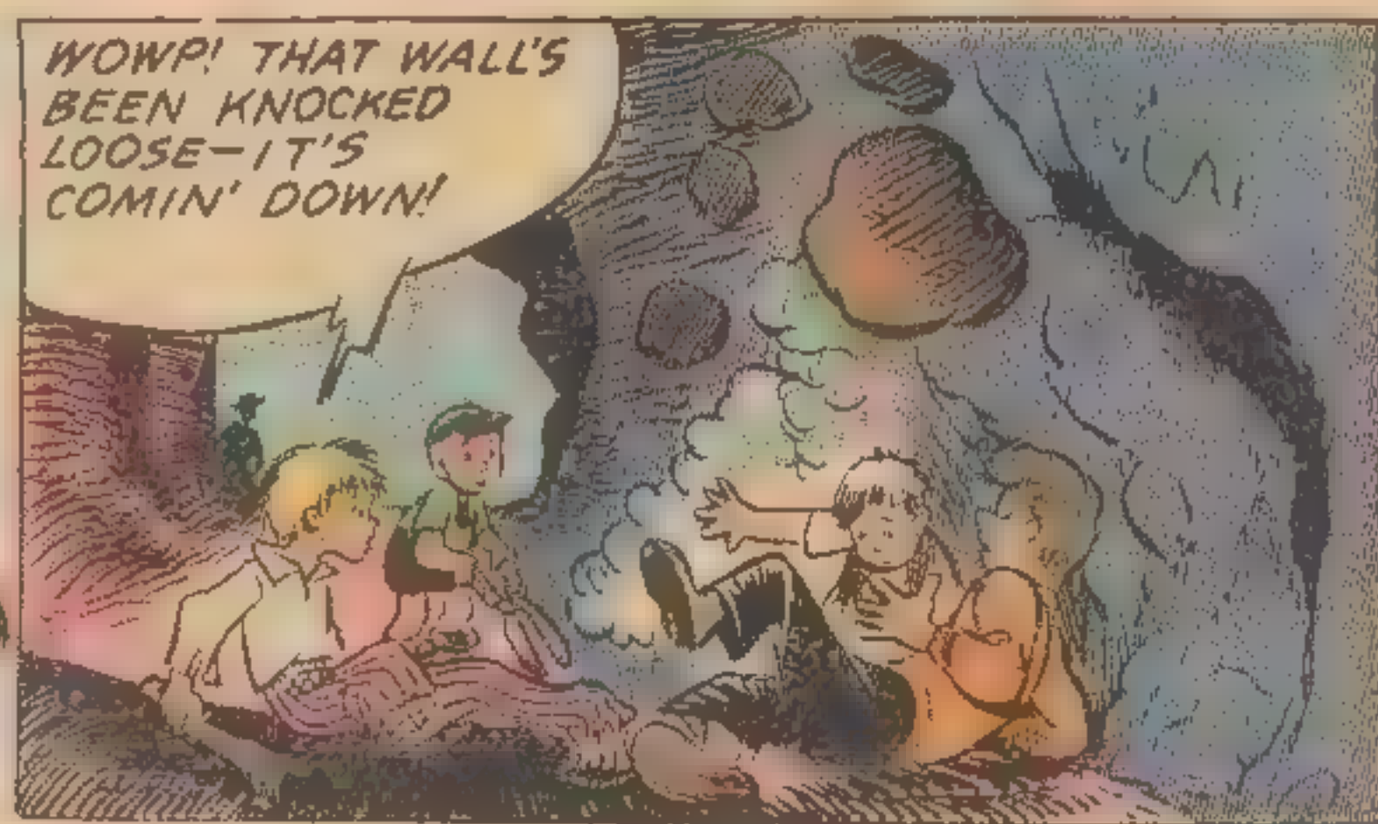

GET BACK, YOU BUMS!
ONE SIDE, SISSY!
KNOCK HIM OOWN, FEENEY!

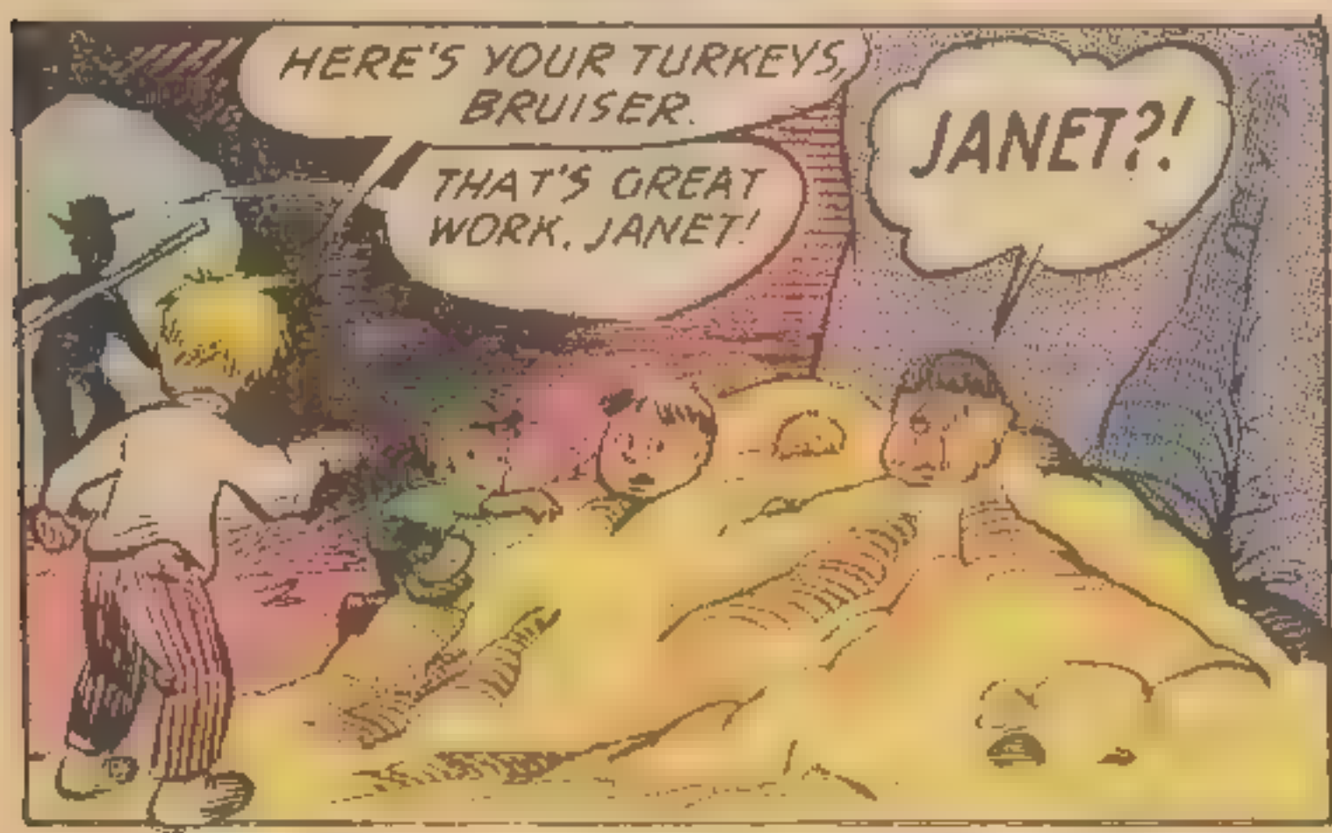

WHY, YOU RAT! I WAS WAITIN' FOR YA TO SWING THE STICK!
I'LL SWING IT, AND DON'T CALL ME "SISSY!"

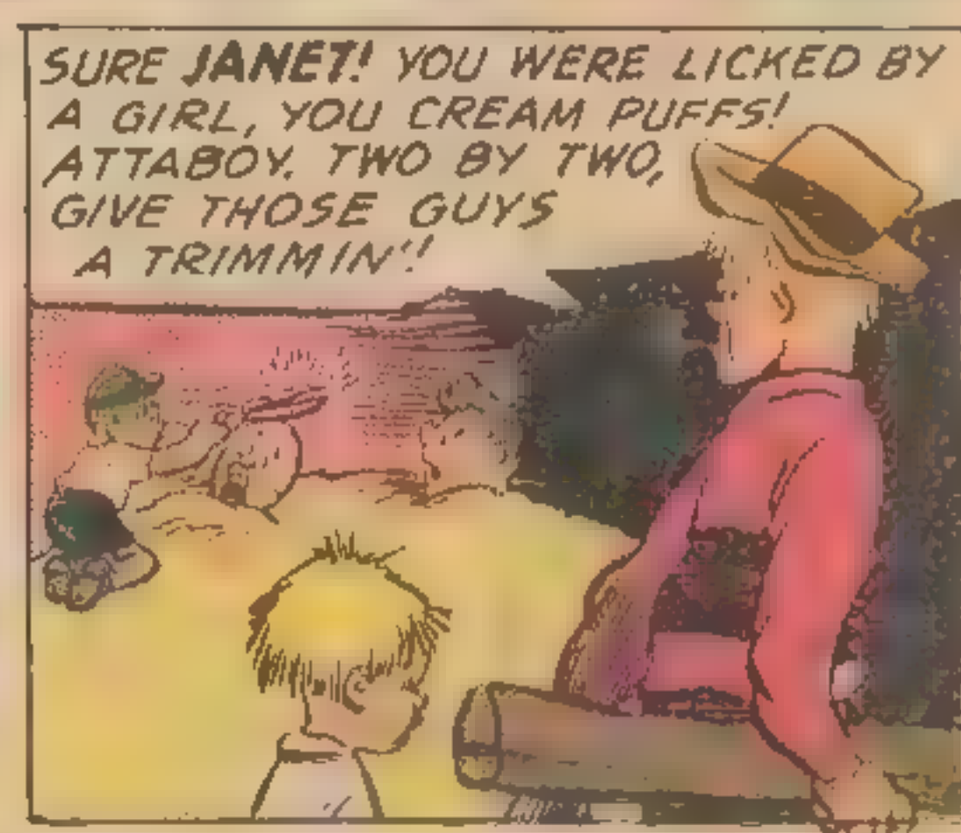


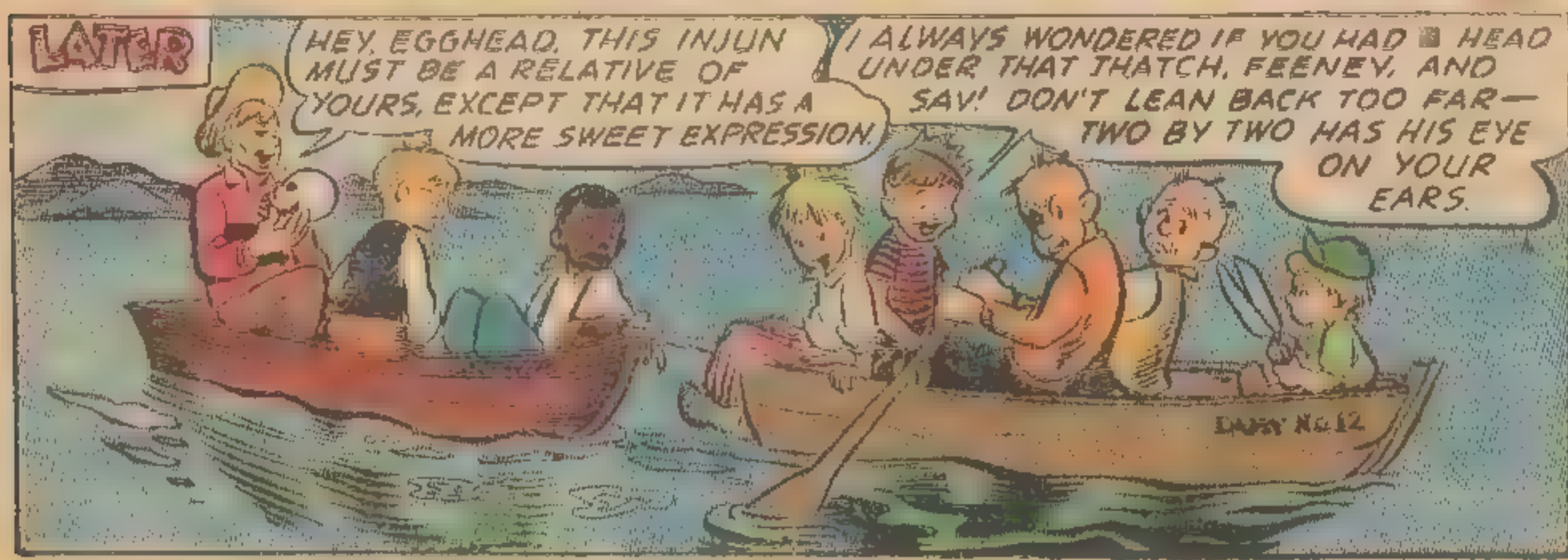












OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures.

M-G-M PRESENTS

TOM and Jerry

WE HAD TH' PANTRY TO OURSELVES TODAY--- THERE WAS NO SIGN OF OL' TOM CAT AROUND!

GUESS HE'S GIVEN UP TRYIN' TO CATCH US!

WE'RE JUST TOO TOUGH FOR HIM!

PUT TH' STUFF DOWN OVER HERE!

YESSIR ---WE SURE ARE A COUPLA SMART MICE!

ME TOO!

SMACK! SMACK!

HEY!! WHAT'S THAT?

THERE'S SOMEONE UNDER TH' BED!

HEY YOU!!

COME OUTA THERE!

OR WE'LL BUST YA ONE!

HE WONT COME OUT! LISTEN - ZZZZZZ - ZZZ

OKAY!

READY!

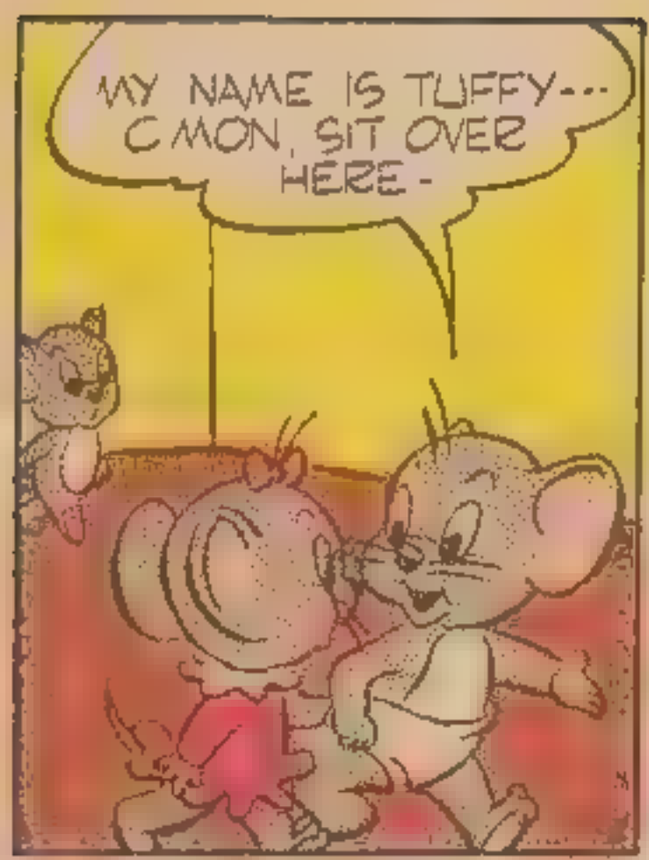
HUP!

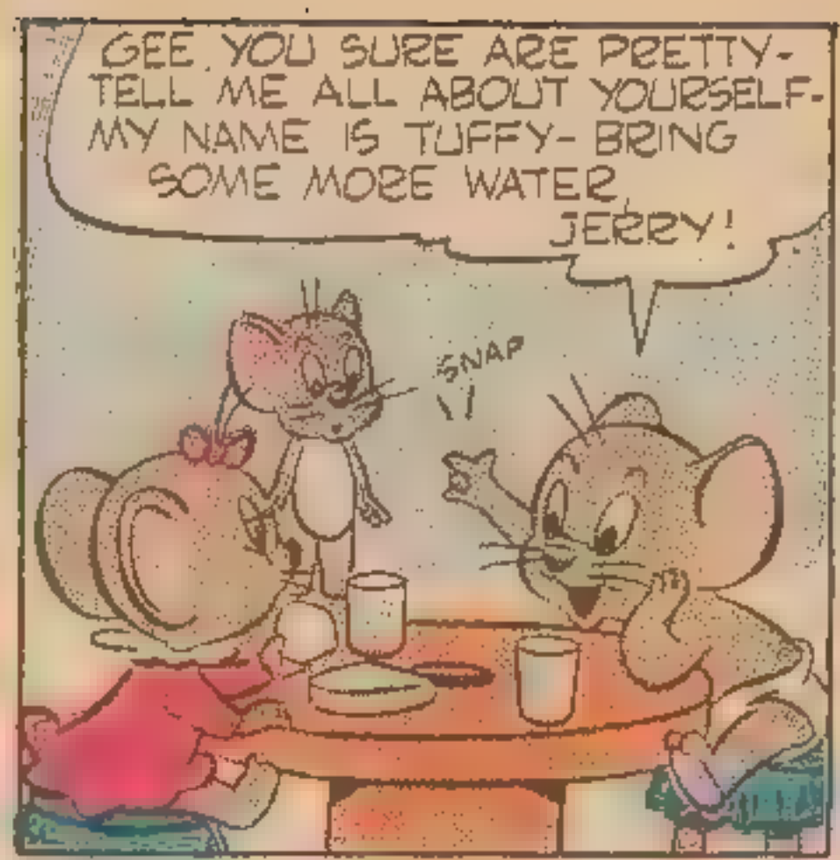
♪ HELLO!

WH - WHO ARE YOU?

♪ I'M GIGGLES-- AN I'M LOST ♪ AN' HUNGRY!

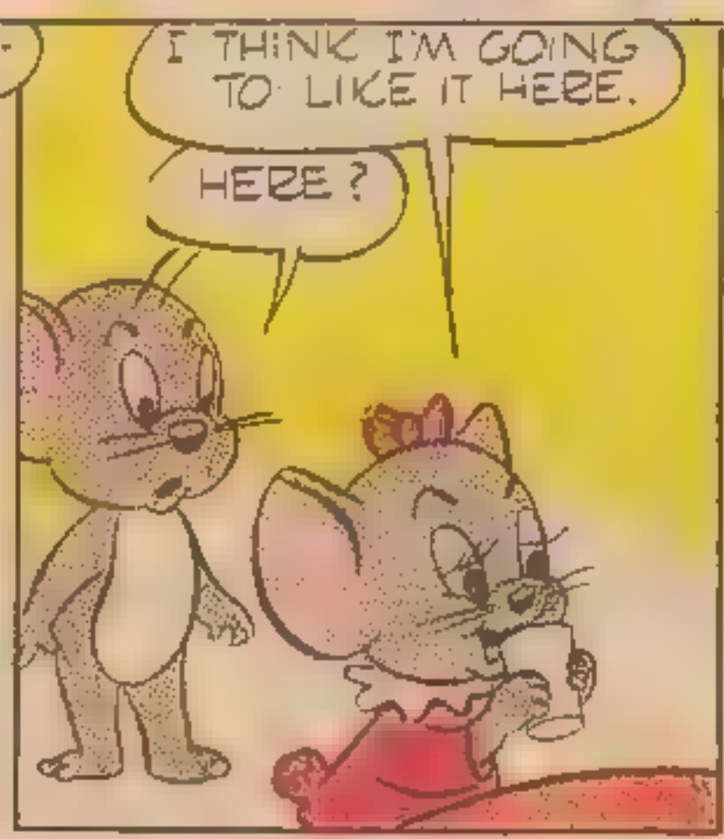
GOSH!

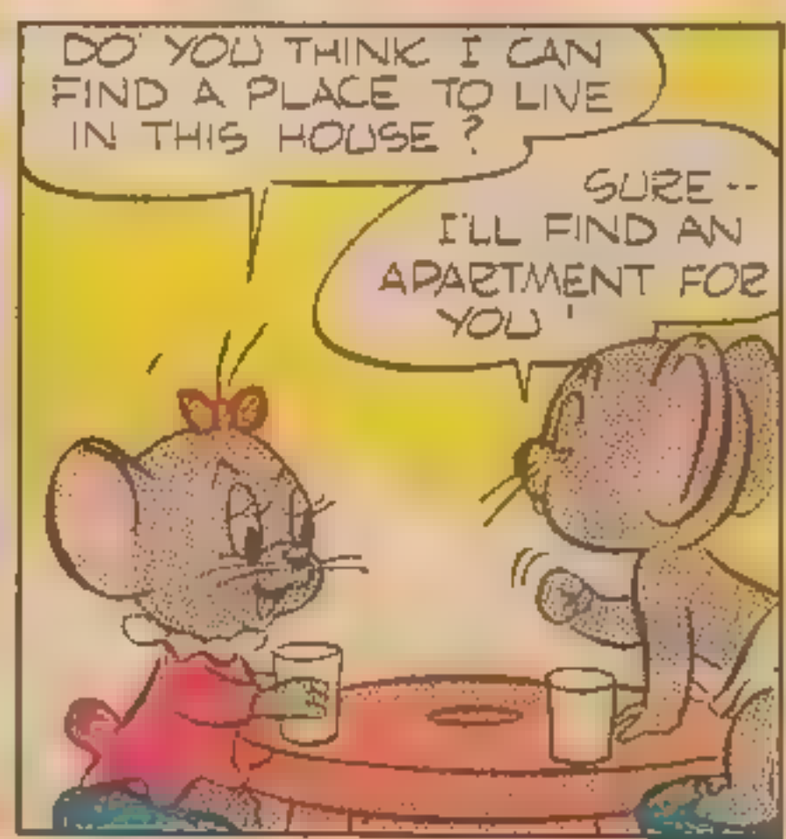

MY NAME IS TUFFY--- C'MON, SIT OVER HERE -

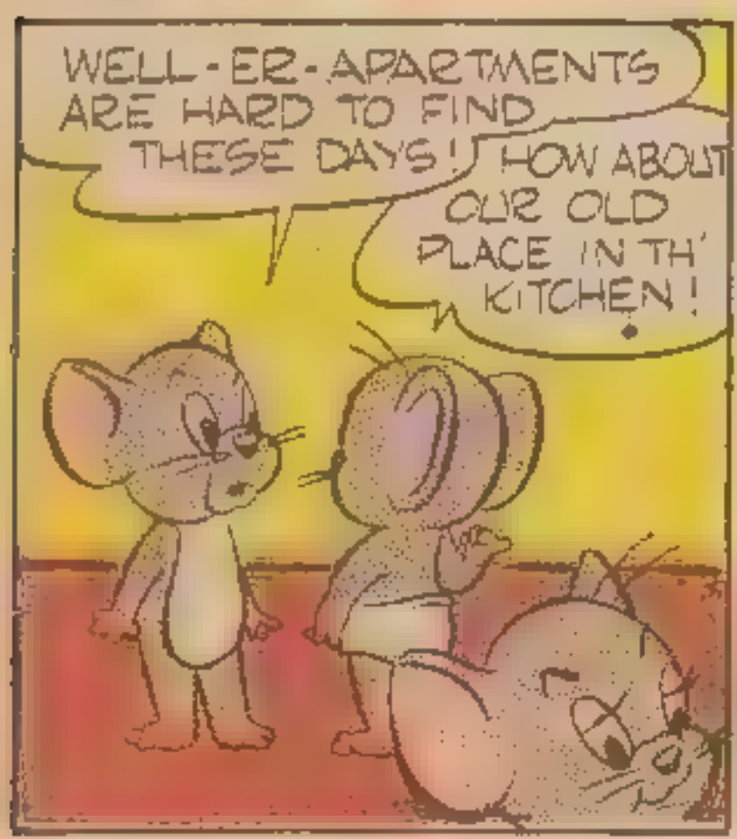

GEE, YOU SURE ARE PRETTY- TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF- MY NAME IS TUFFY- BRING SOME MORE WATER, JERRY!
SNAP

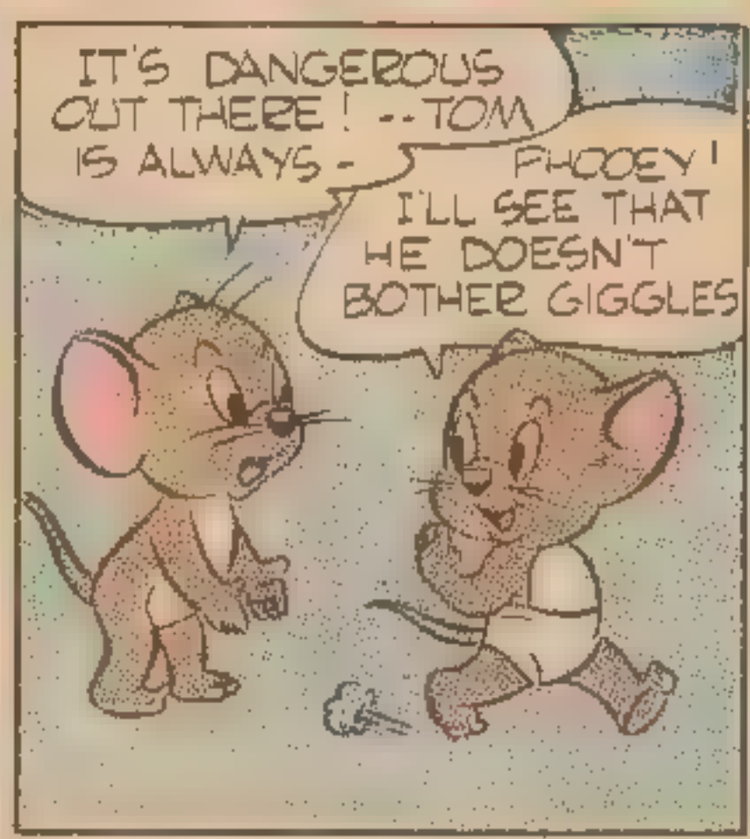
THEY CALL ME TUFFY 'CAUSE I'M TOUGH---TOM CAT IS SCARED TO DEATH OF ME!

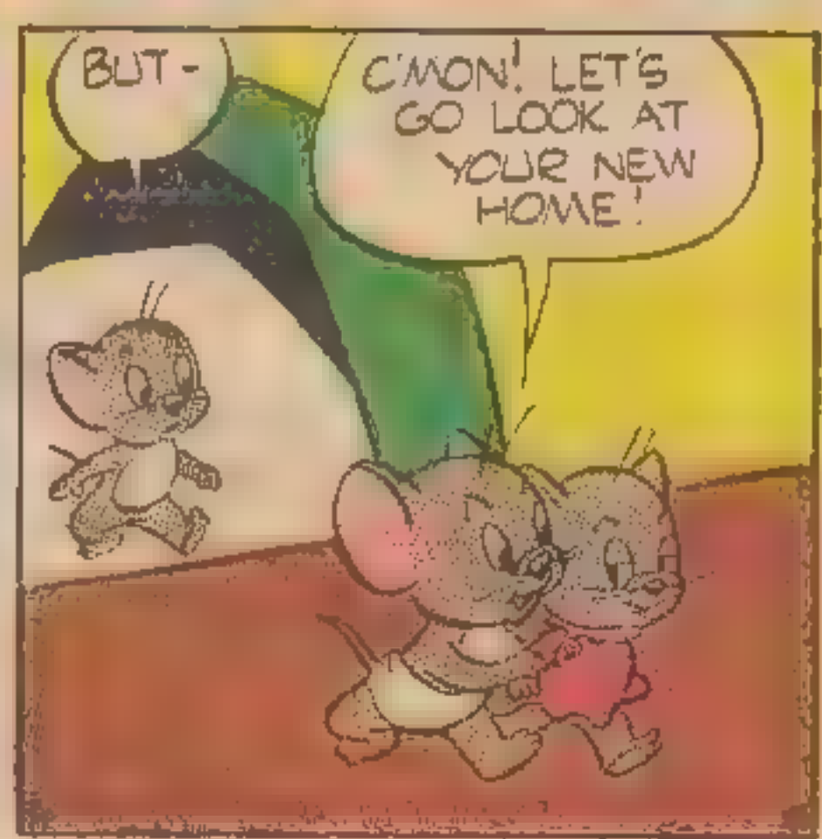
WHO'S HE?
HE'S JUS' JERRY-- ONE TIME I MET OL' TOM IN TH' PANTRY --

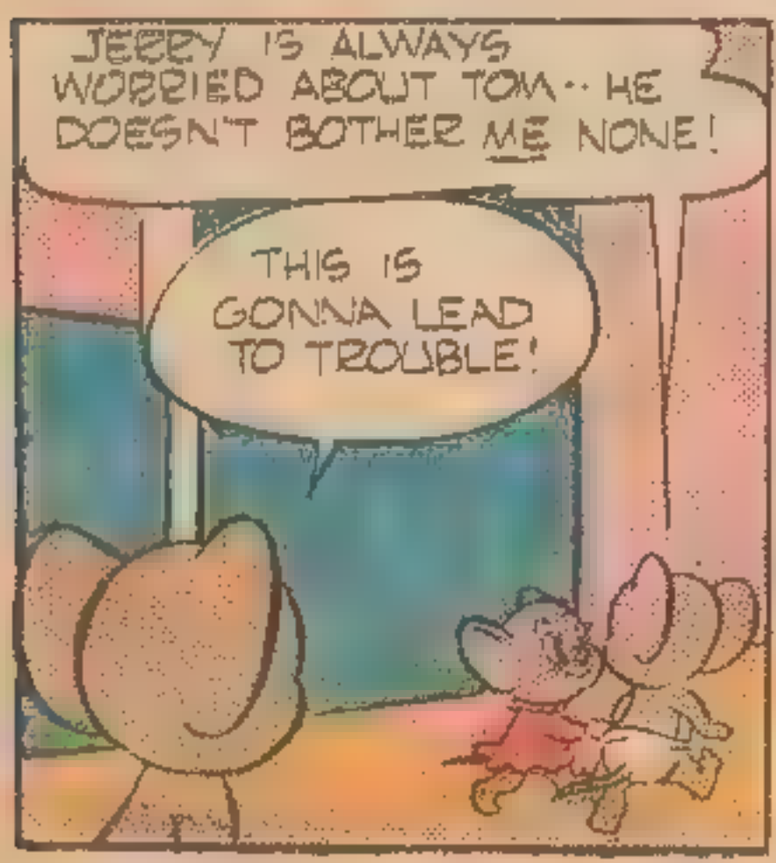

I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE IT HERE.
HERE?


DO YOU THINK I CAN FIND A PLACE TO LIVE IN THIS HOUSE?
SURE -- I'LL FIND AN APARTMENT FOR YOU!

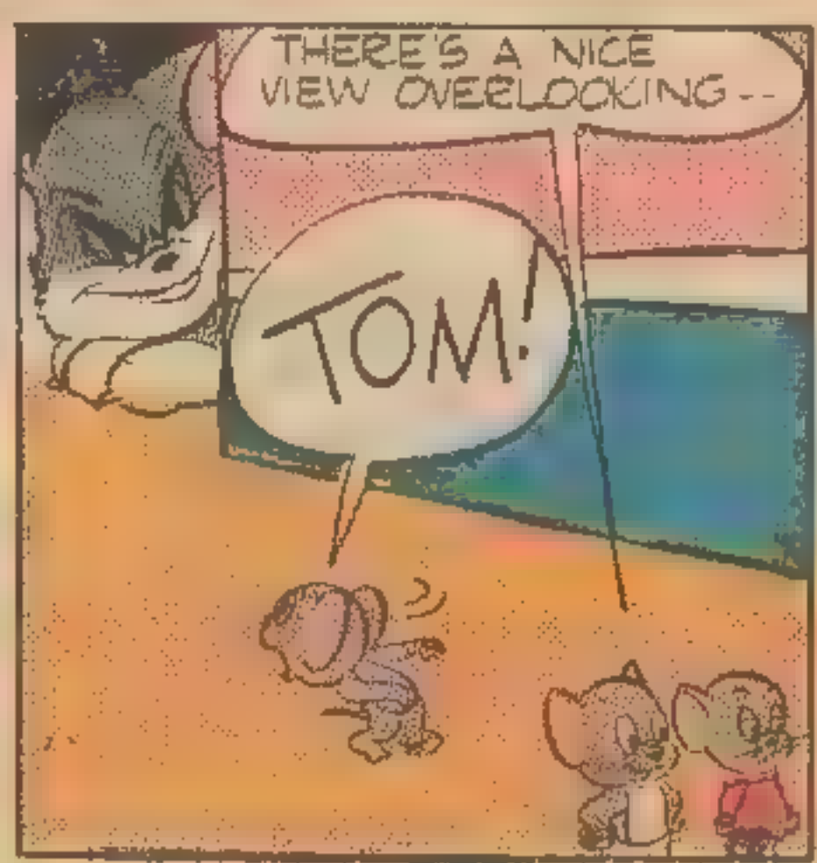

WELL-ER-APARTMENTS ARE HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS! HOW ABOUT OUR OLD PLACE IN TH' KITCHEN!

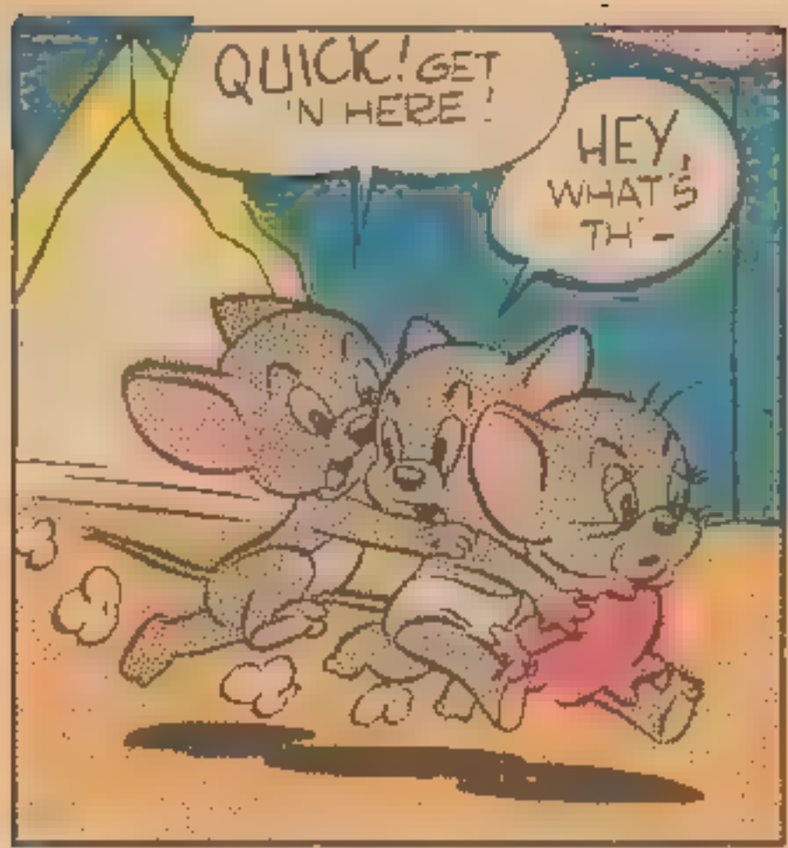

IT'S DANGEROUS OUT THERE! --TOM IS ALWAYS -
PHOOEY! I'LL SEE THAT HE DOESN'T BOTHER GIGGLES


BUT -
C'MON! LET'S GO LOOK AT YOUR NEW HOME!

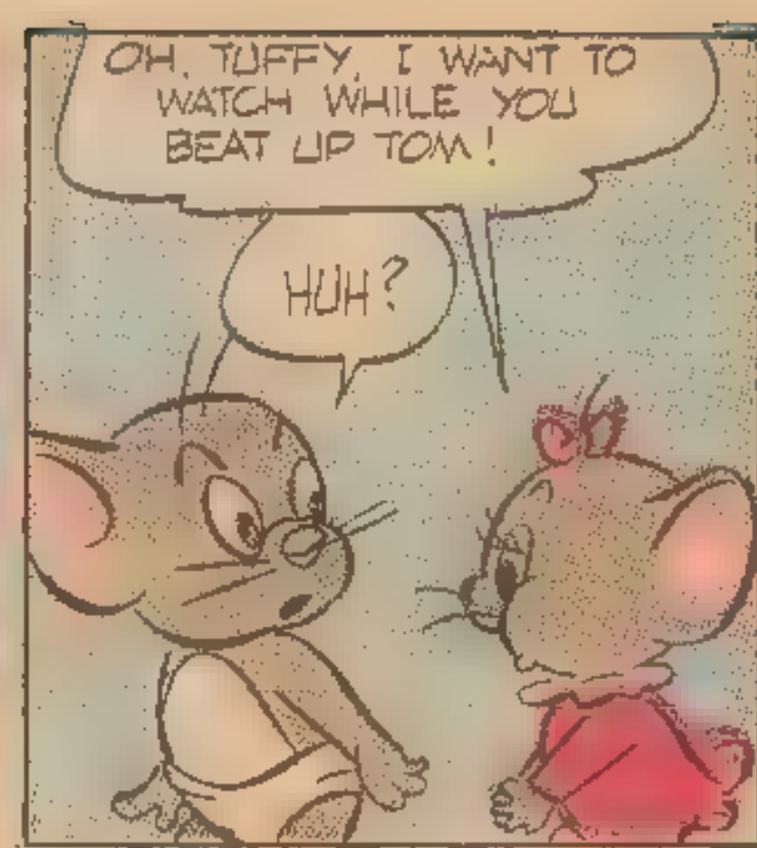

JERRY IS ALWAYS WORRIED ABOUT TOM-- HE DOESN'T BOTHER ME NONE!
THIS IS GONNA LEAD TO TROUBLE!

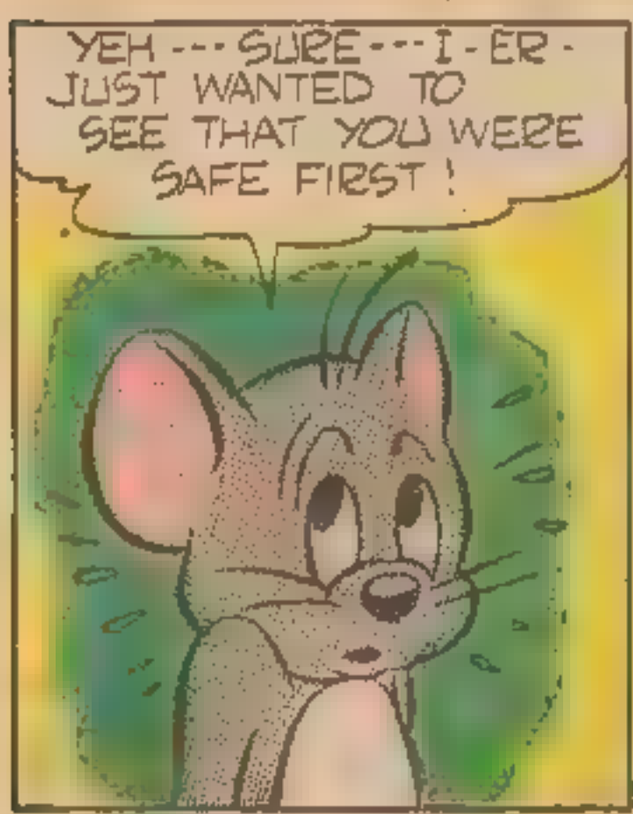
HERE IT IS-- NOT BAD, EH?
IT'S LOVELY!


THERE'S A NICE VIEW OVERLOOKING --
TOM!

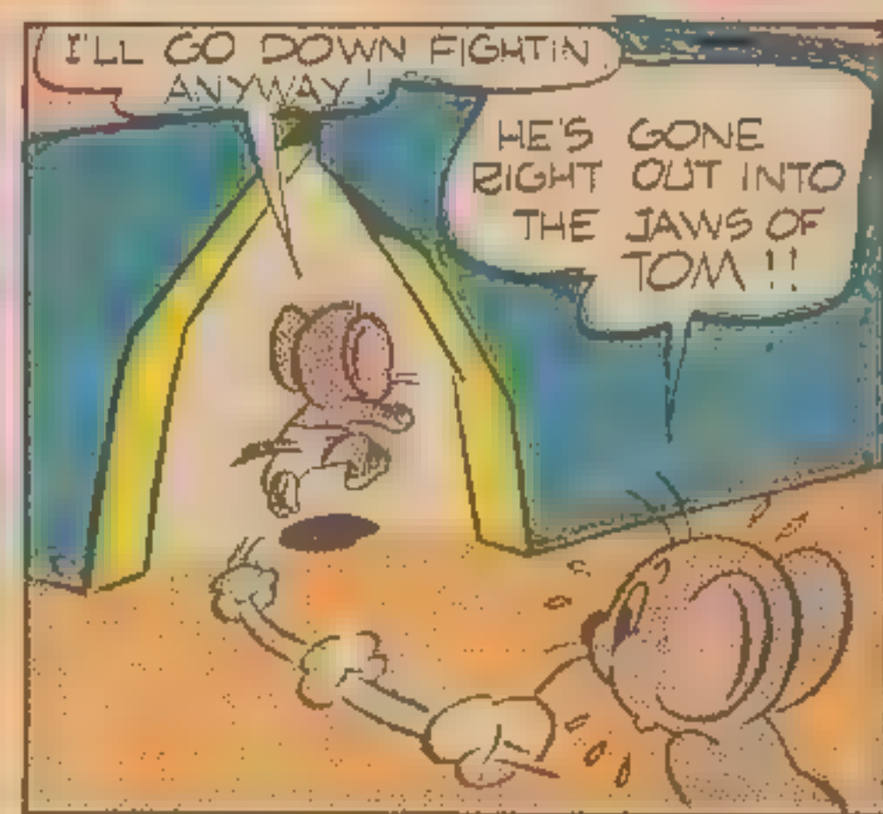

QUICK! GET 'N HERE!
HEY, WHAT'S TH' -

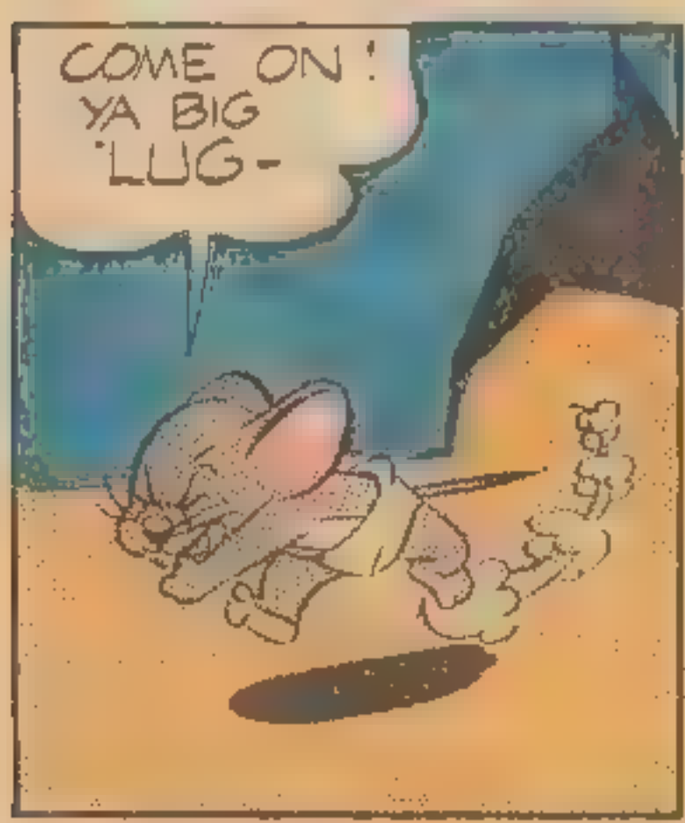
I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME INTO TH' KITCHEN!
IS IT TOM?


OH, TUFFY, I WANT TO WATCH WHILE YOU BEAT UP TOM!
HUH?


YEH --- SURE --- I - ER - JUST WANTED TO SEE THAT YOU WERE SAFE FIRST!

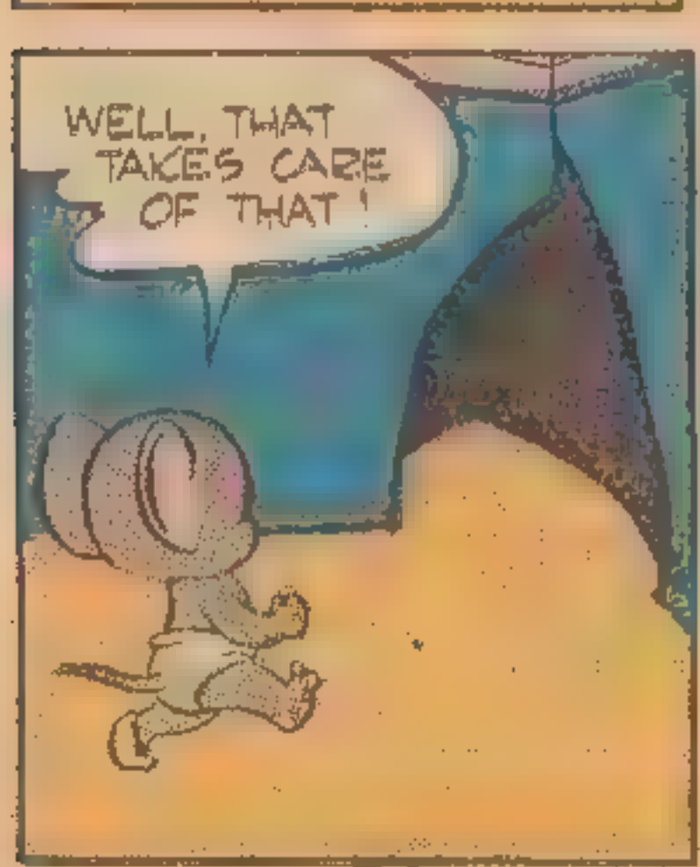
HOW'D I EVER GET MYSELF INTO THIS?
HEY! WHADDYA GONNA DO?

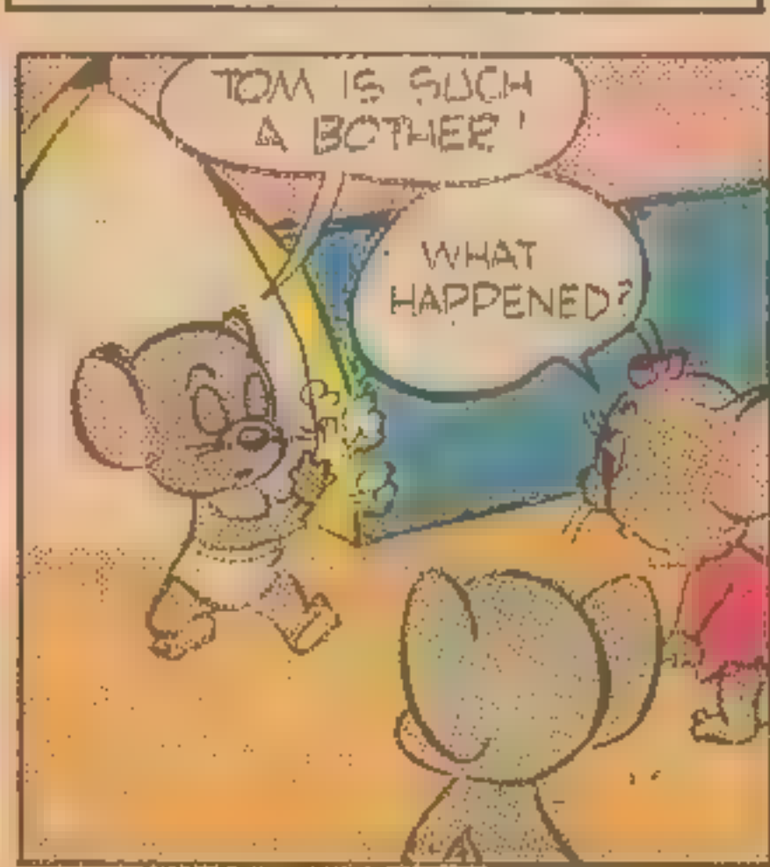

I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTIN' ANYWAY!
HE'S GONE RIGHT OUT INTO THE JAWS OF TOM!!

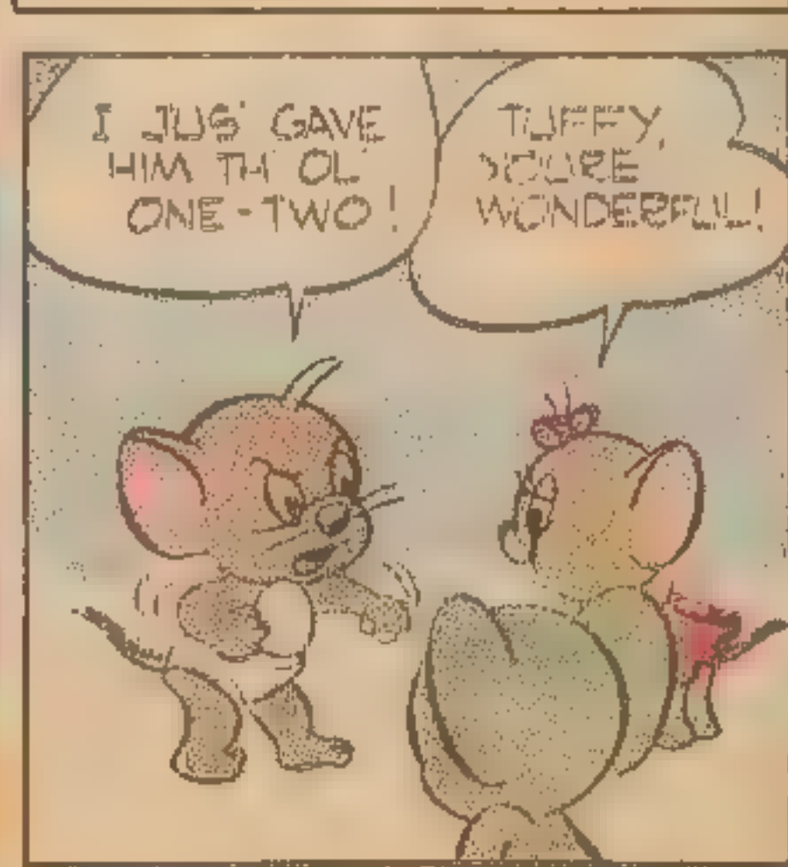

COME ON! YA BIG 'LUG -

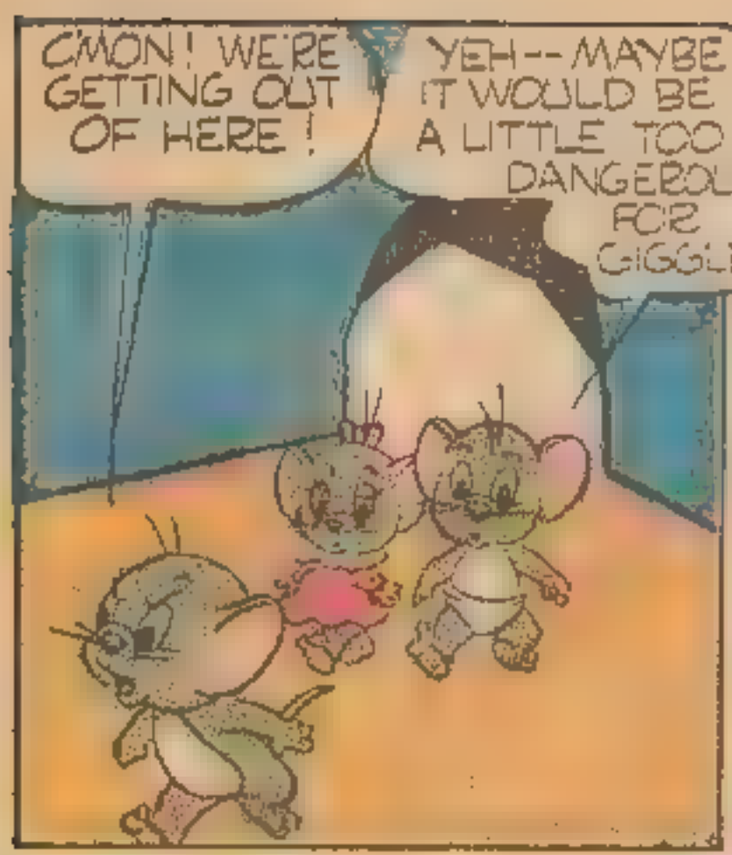
TAKE THAT, AN' THAT, AN THAT -

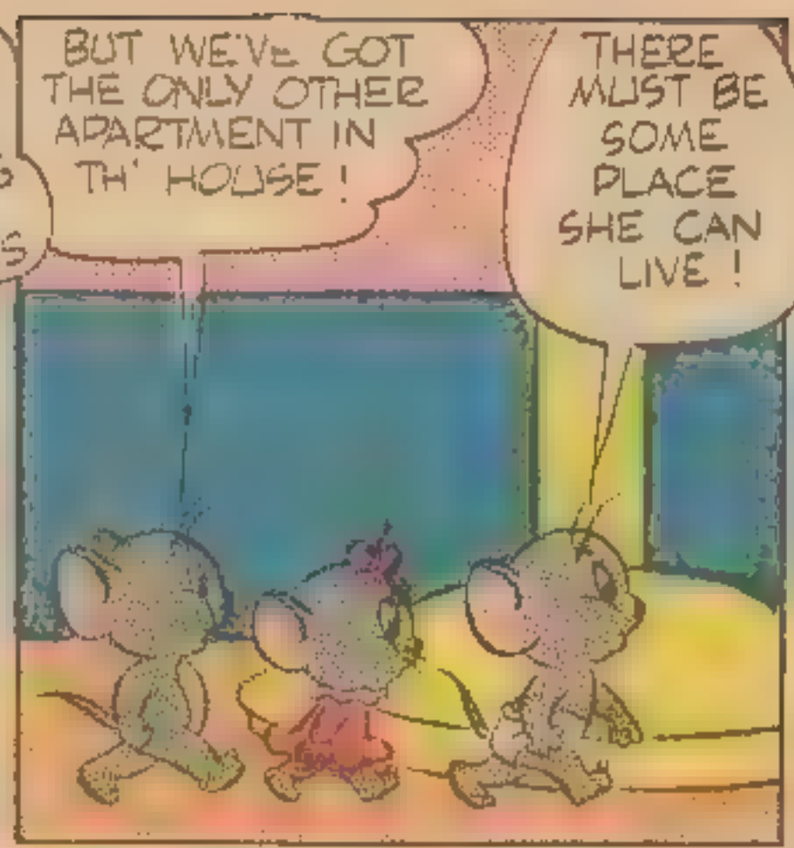
WH-WHERE IS HE?
HE'S GONE!

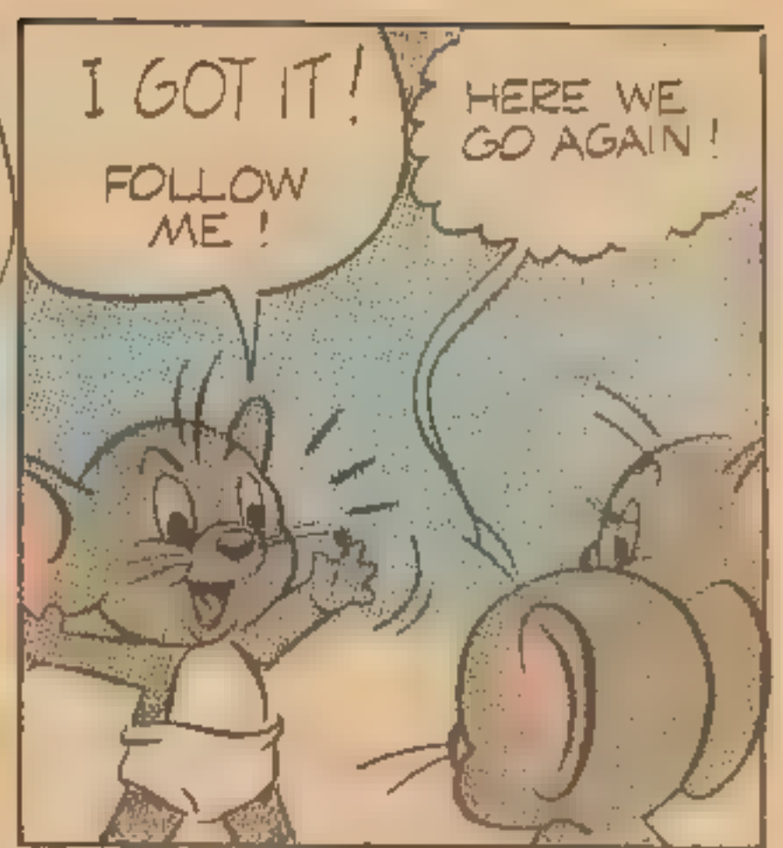

WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!


TOM IS SUCH A BOTHER!
WHAT HAPPENED?

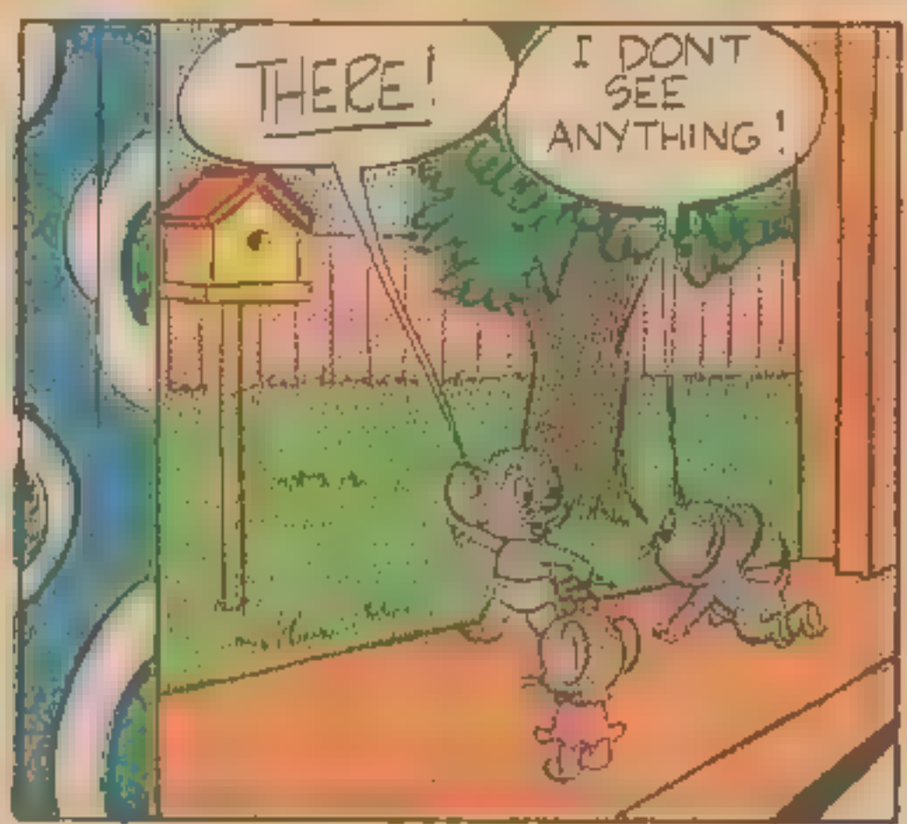

I JUS' GAVE HIM TH' OL' ONE-TWO!
TUFFY, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

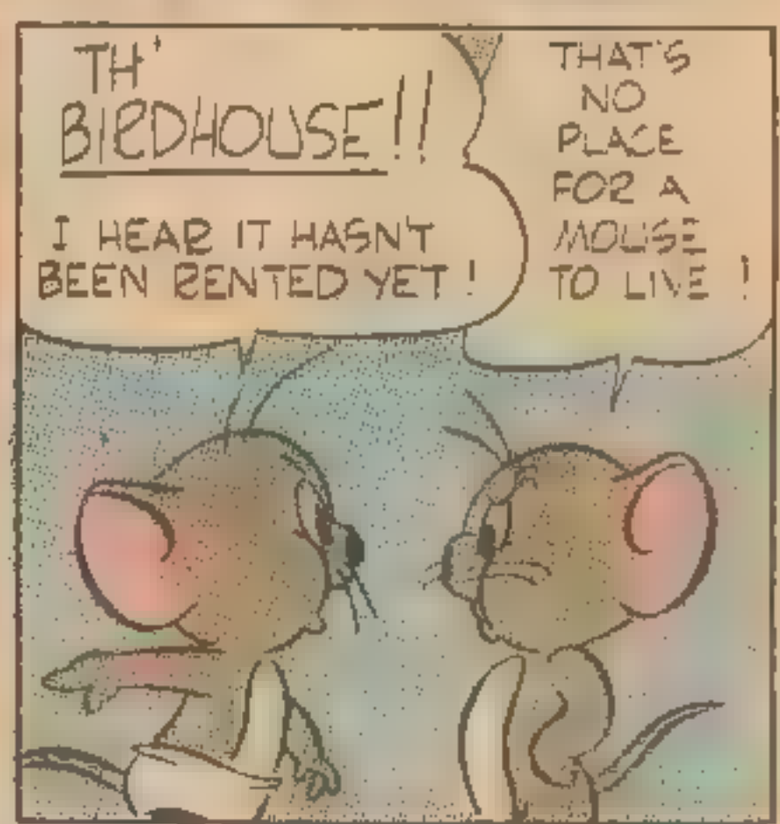

C'MON! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
YEH--MAYBE IT WOULD BE A LITTLE TOO DANGEROUS FOR GIGGLES


BUT WE'VE GOT THE ONLY OTHER APARTMENT IN TH' HOUSE!
THERE MUST BE SOME PLACE SHE CAN LIVE!

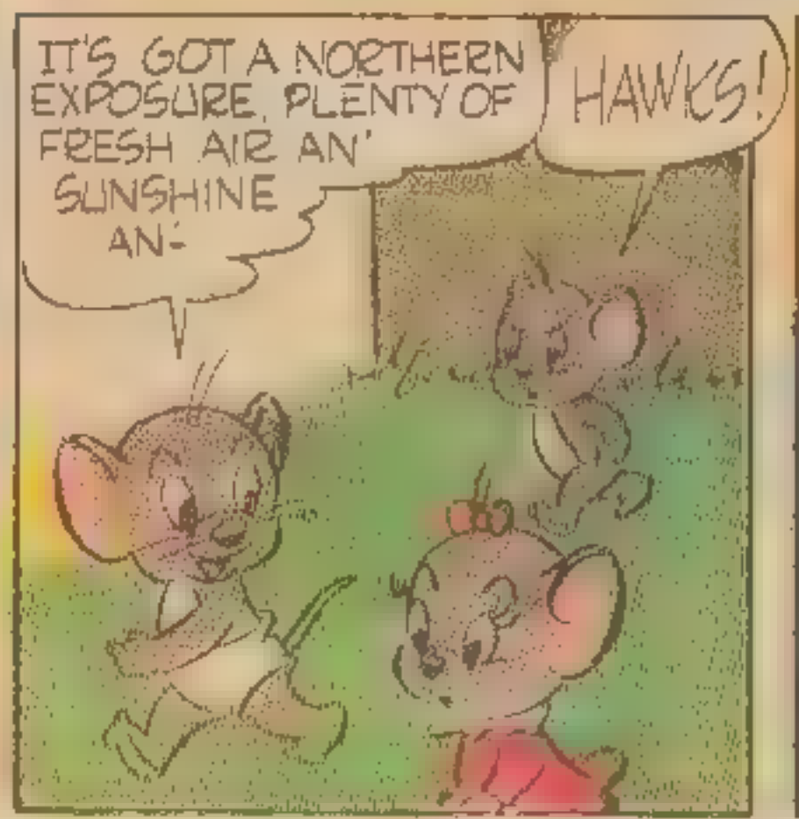

I GOT IT! FOLLOW ME!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

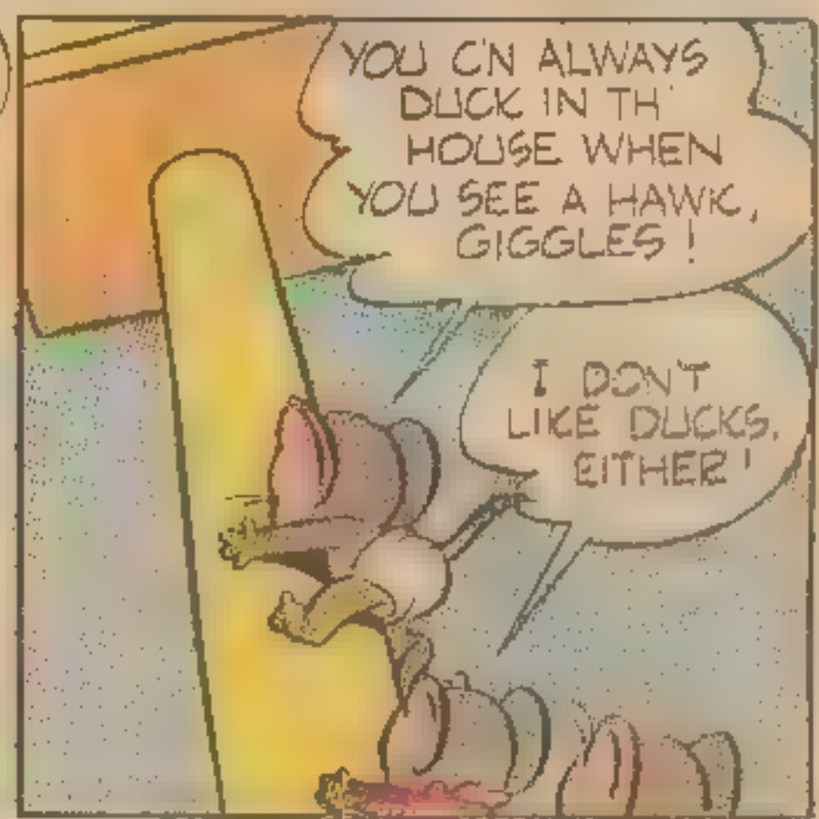
THIS IS JUST TH' PLACE TO SPEND TH' SUMMER!

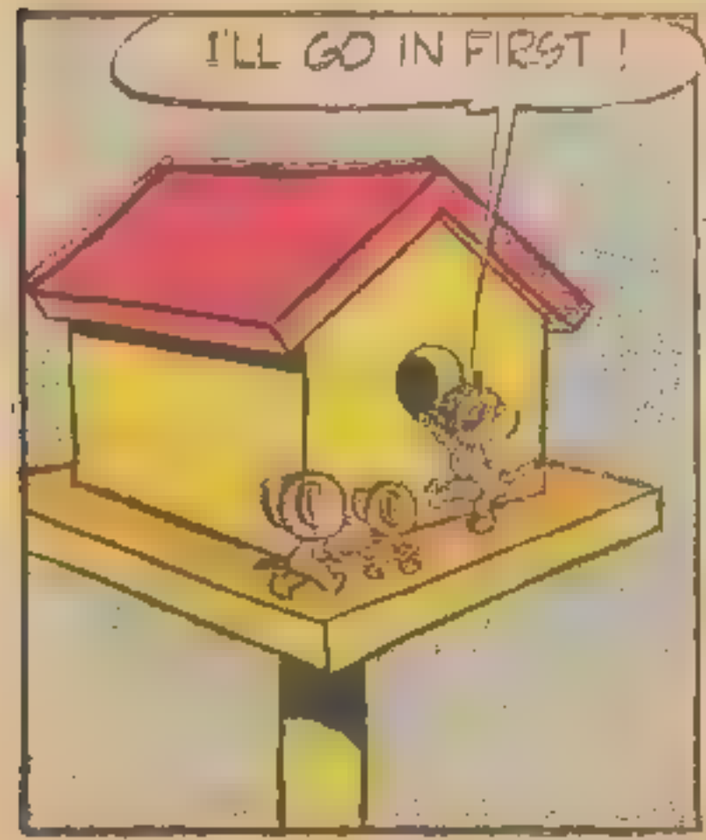

THERE!
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

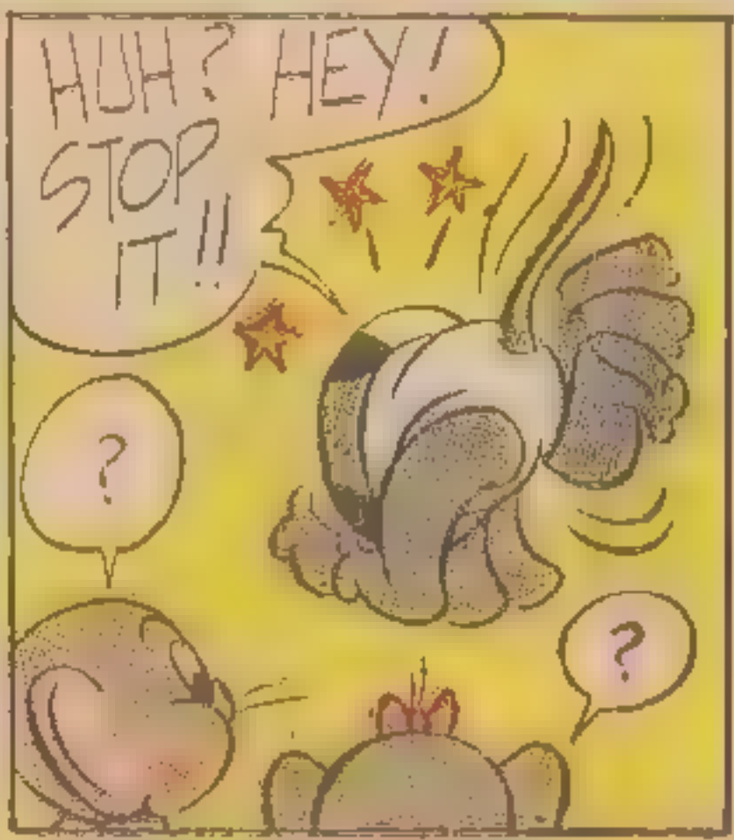

TH' BIRDHOUSE!!
I HEAR IT HASN'T BEEN RENTED YET!
THAT'S NO PLACE FOR A MOUSE TO LIVE!

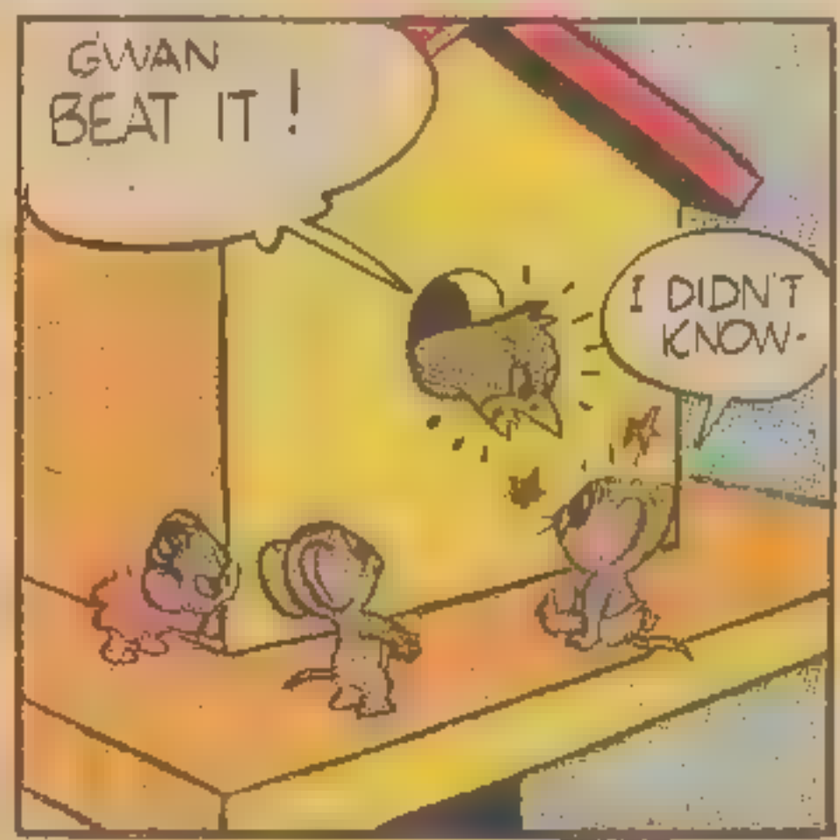
WHY NOT? LET'S GO!

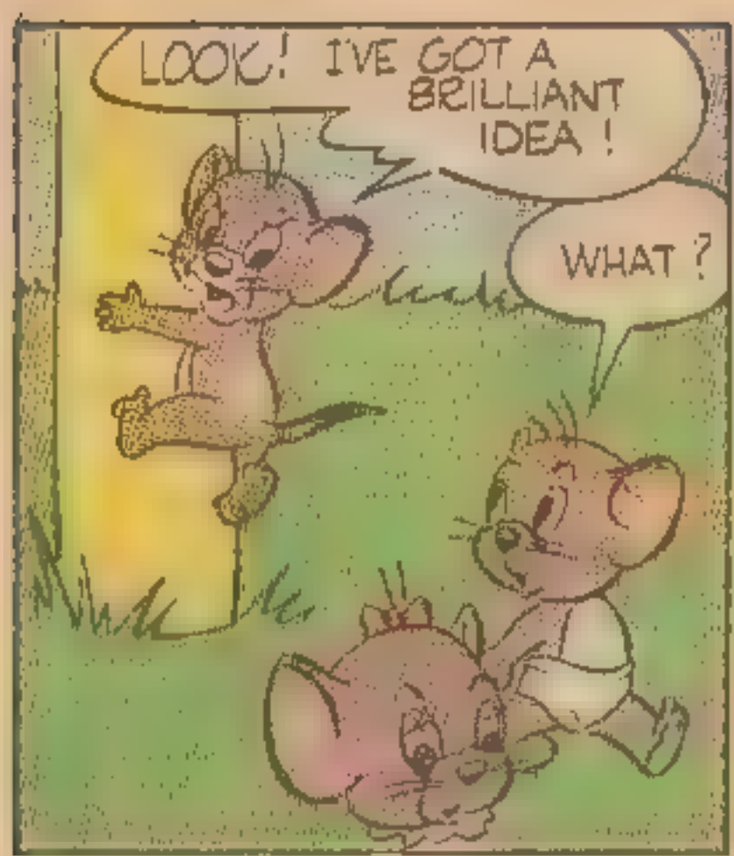

IT'S GOT A NORTHERN EXPOSURE, PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AN' SUNSHINE AN-
HAWKS!

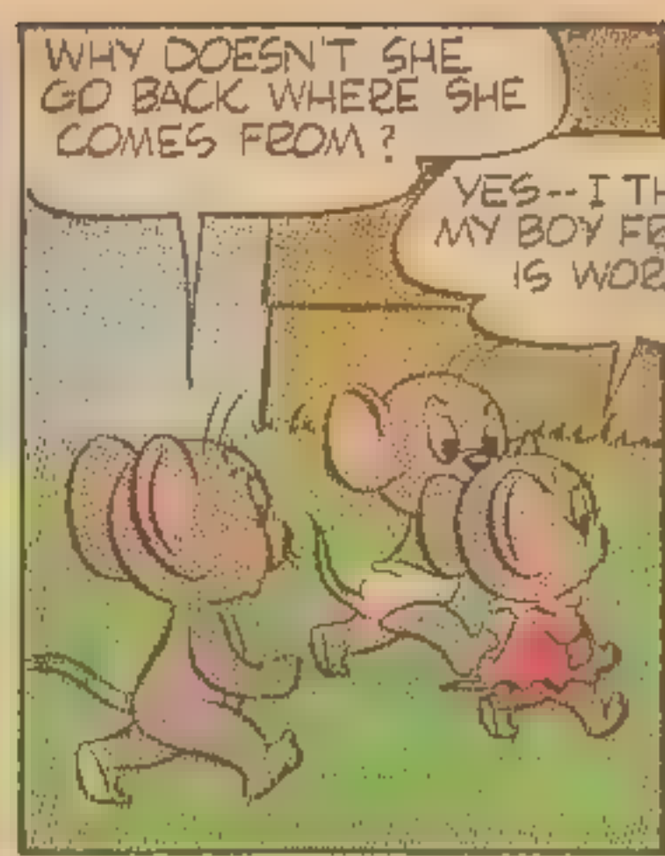

YOU C'N ALWAYS DUCK IN TH' HOUSE WHEN YOU SEE A HAWK, GIGGLES!
I DON'T LIKE DUCKS, EITHER!

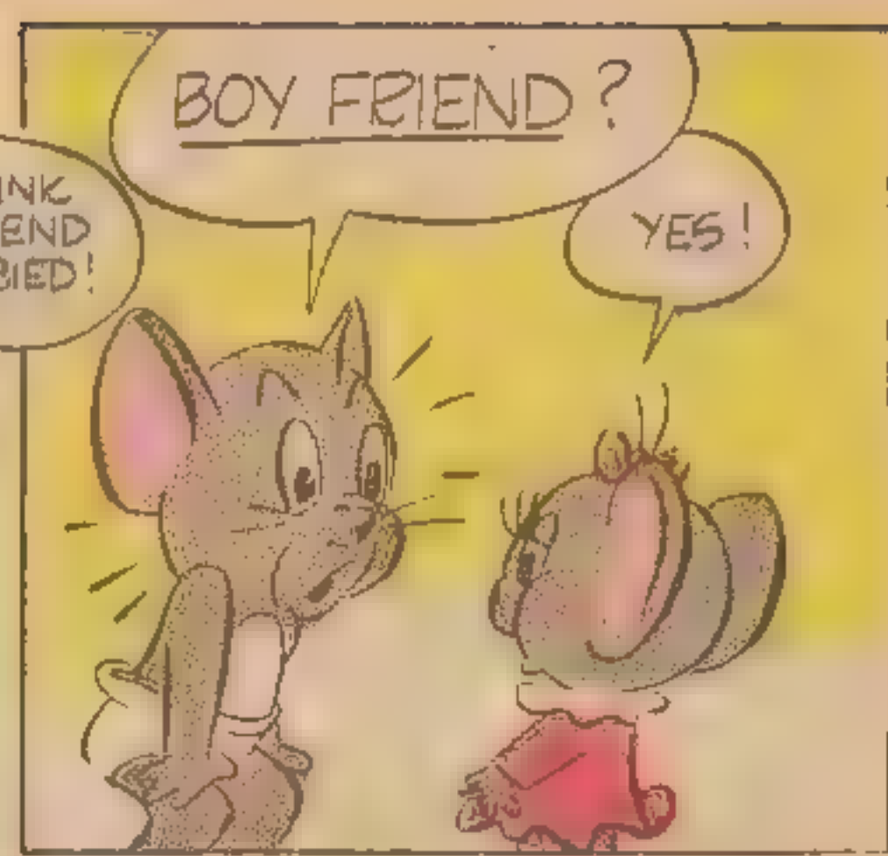

I'LL GO IN FIRST!

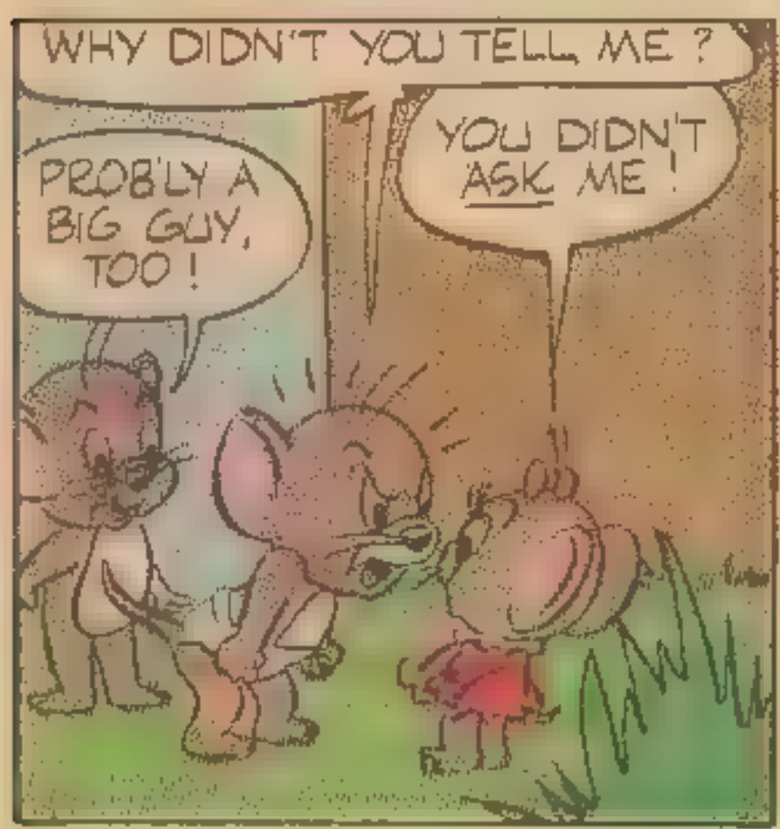

HUH? HEY! STOP IT!!
?
?

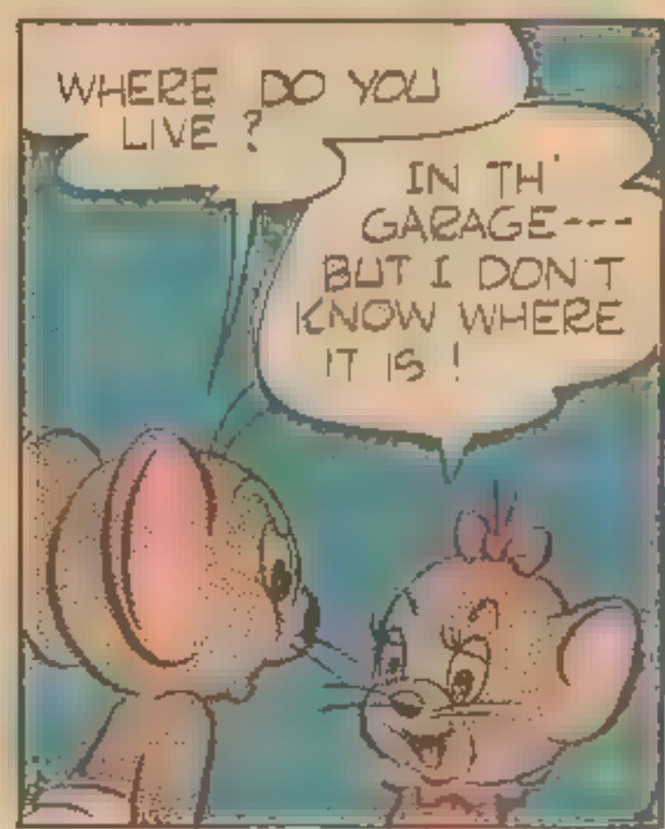

GWAN BEAT IT!
I DIDN'T KNOW-

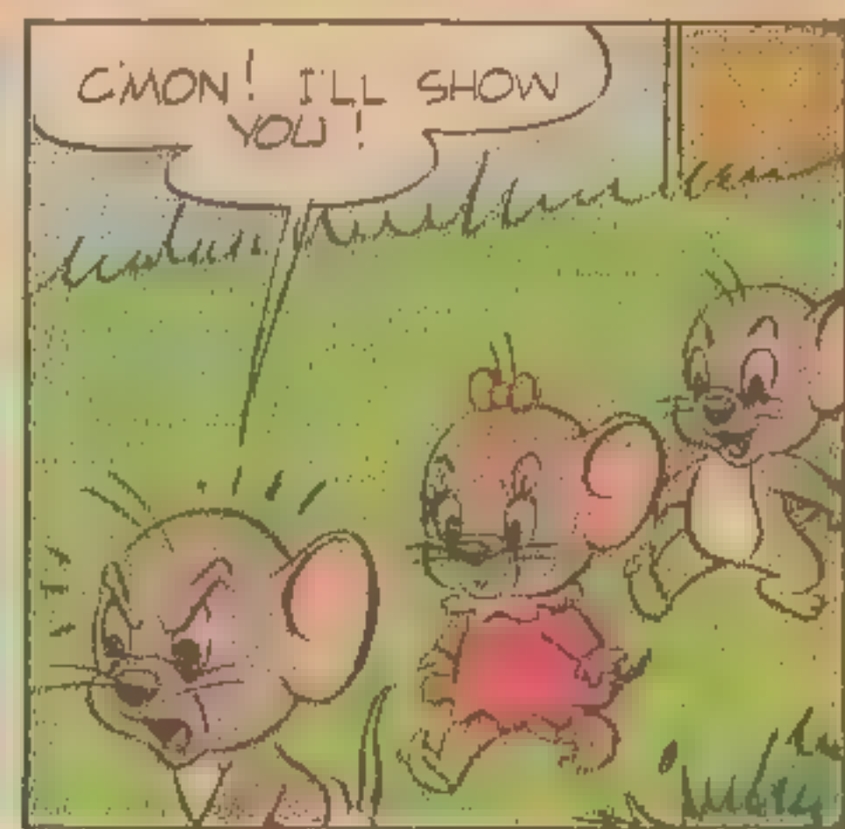

LOOK! I'VE GOT A BRILLIANT IDEA!
WHAT?

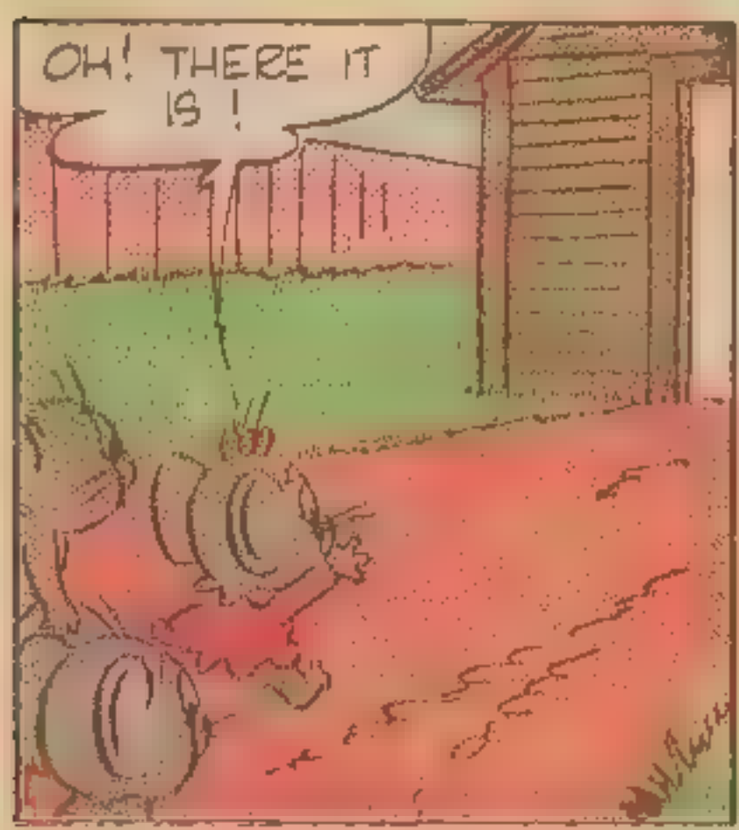

WHY DOESN'T SHE GO BACK WHERE SHE COMES FROM?
YES--I THINK MY BOY FRIEND IS WORRIED!


BOY FRIEND?
YES!

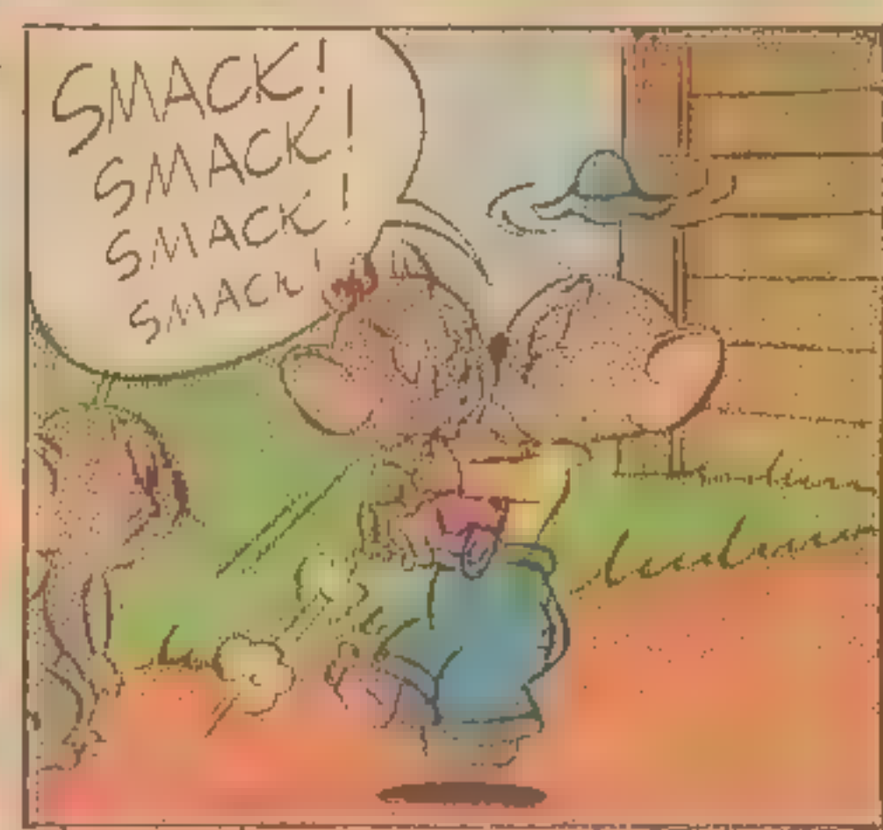

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
PROB'LY A BIG GUY, TOO!
YOU DIDN'T ASK ME!

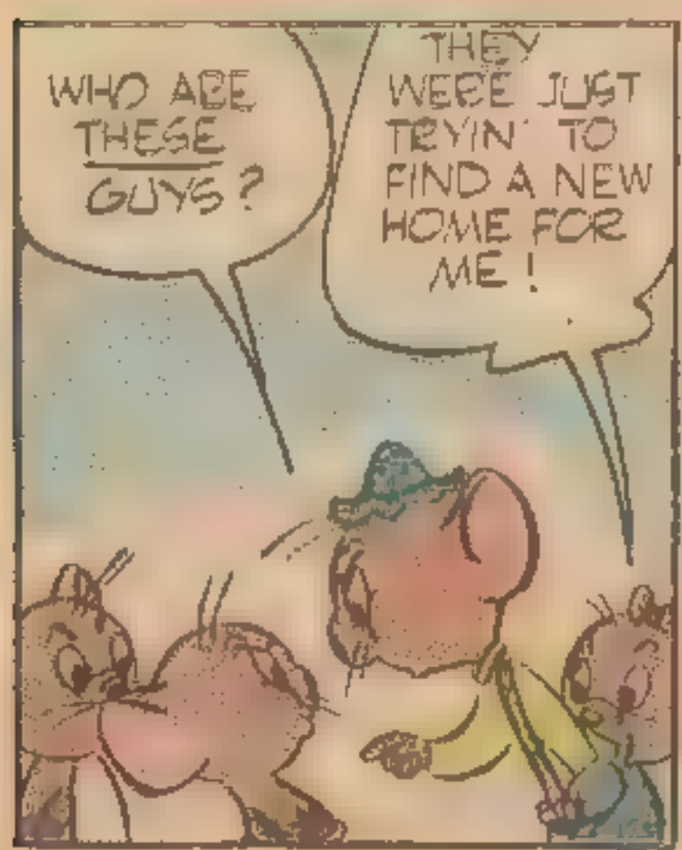

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
IN TH' GARAGE--- BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS!

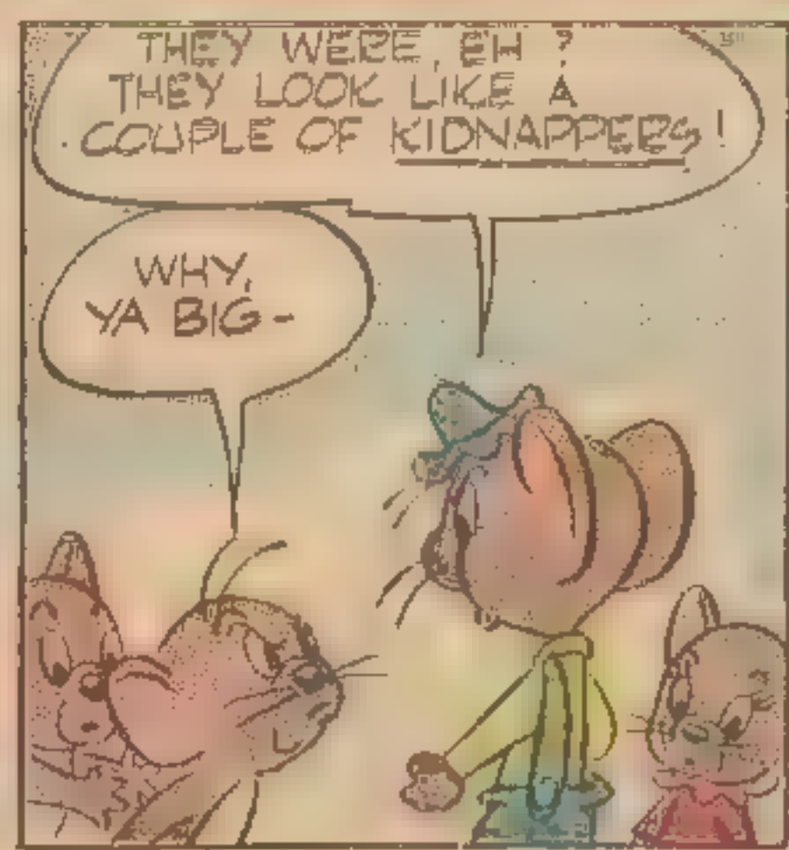

C'MON! I'LL SHOW YOU!

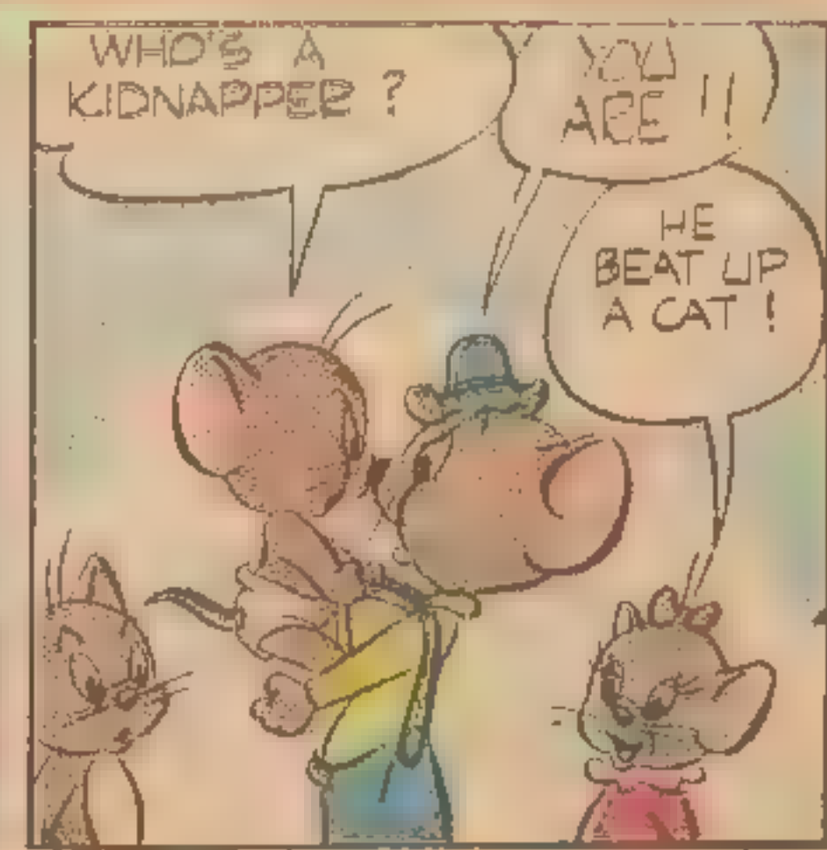

OH! THERE IT IS!

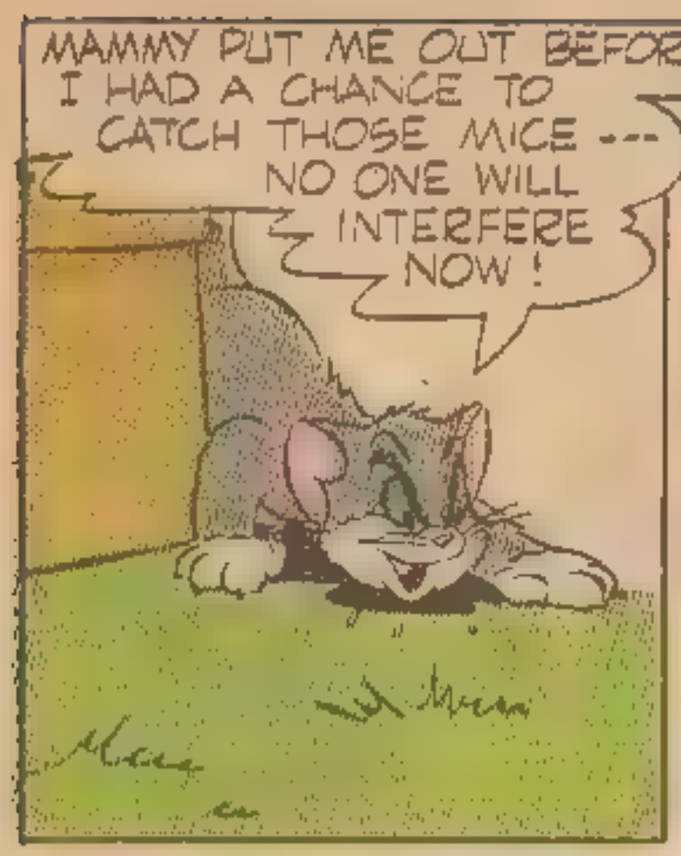
AN' THERE'S ABNER!
GIGGLES

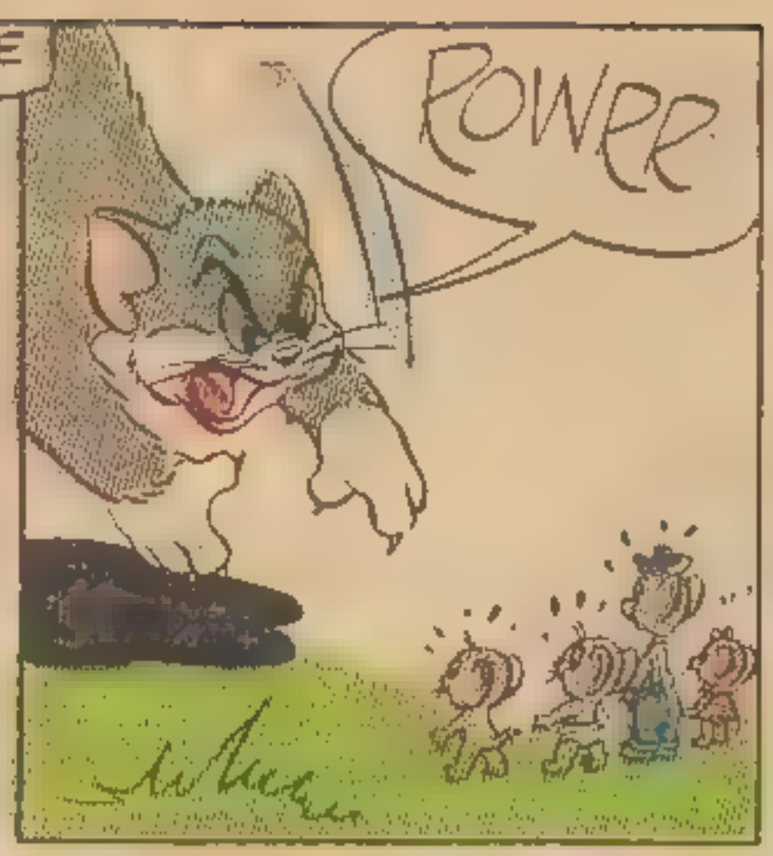

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

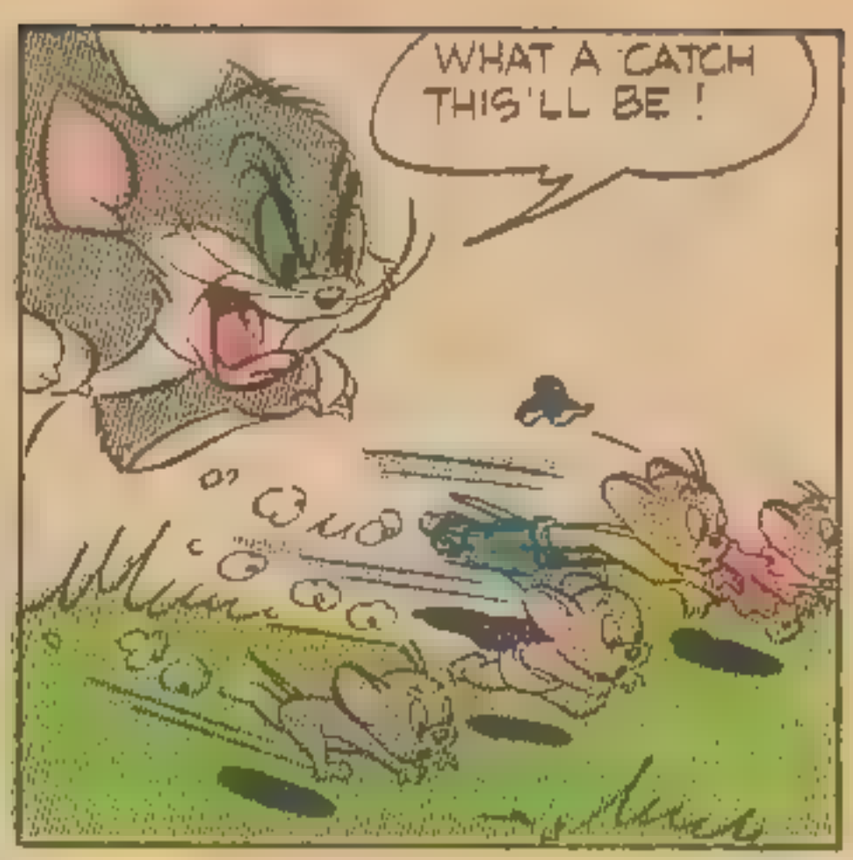

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?
THEY WERE JUST TRYIN' TO FIND A NEW HOME FOR ME!

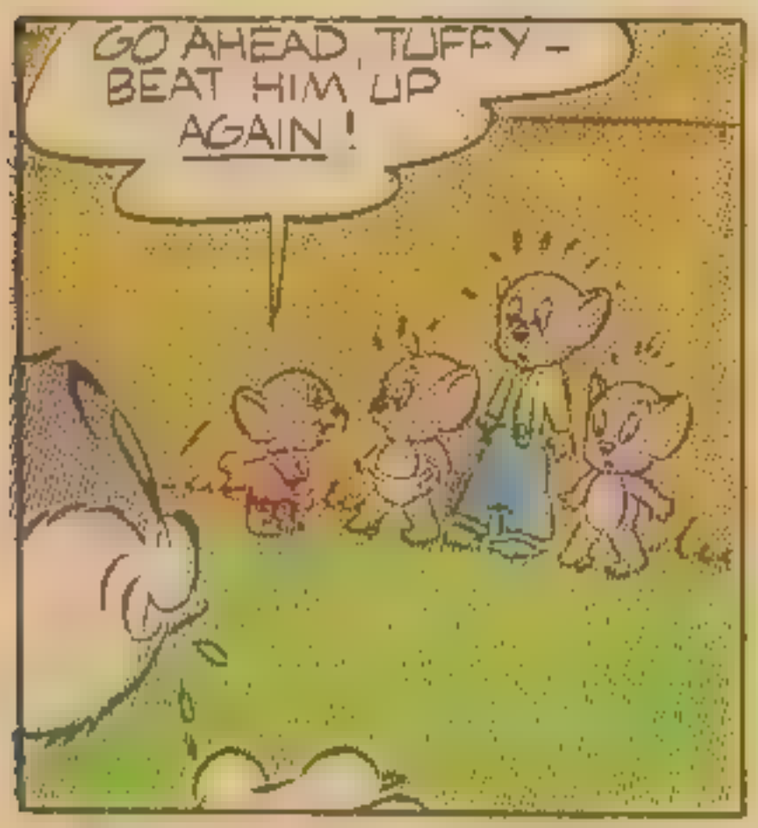

THEY WERE, EH? THEY LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF KIDNAPPERS!
WHY, YA BIG-

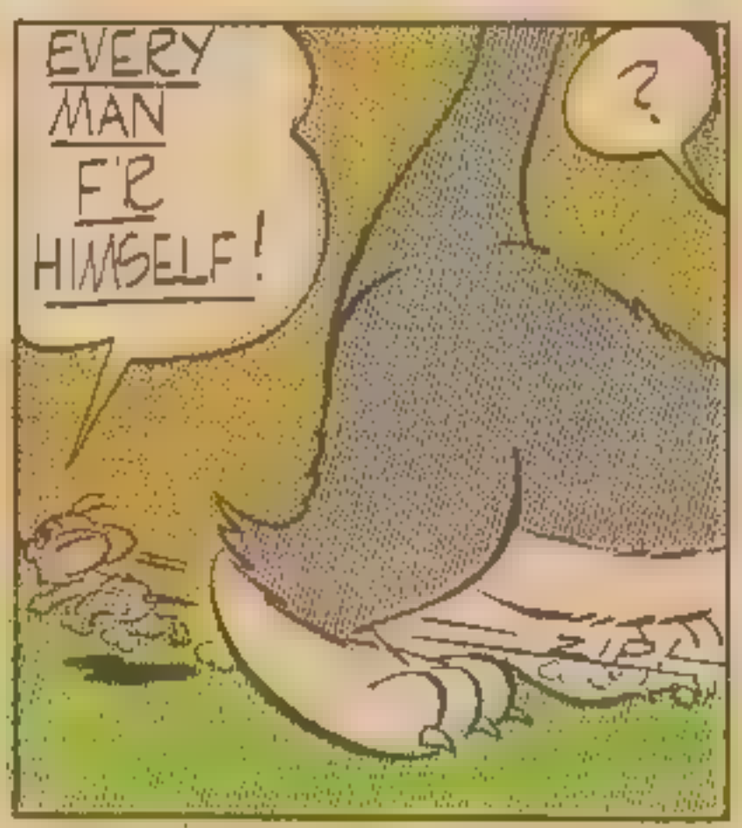

WHO'S A KIDNAPPER?
YOU ARE!!
HE BEAT UP A CAT!

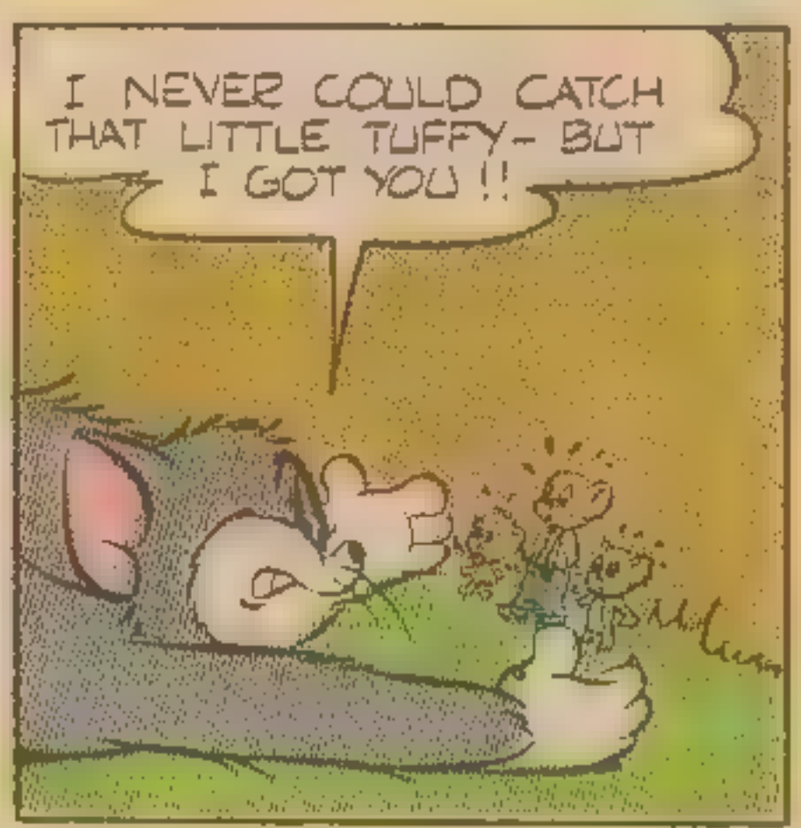


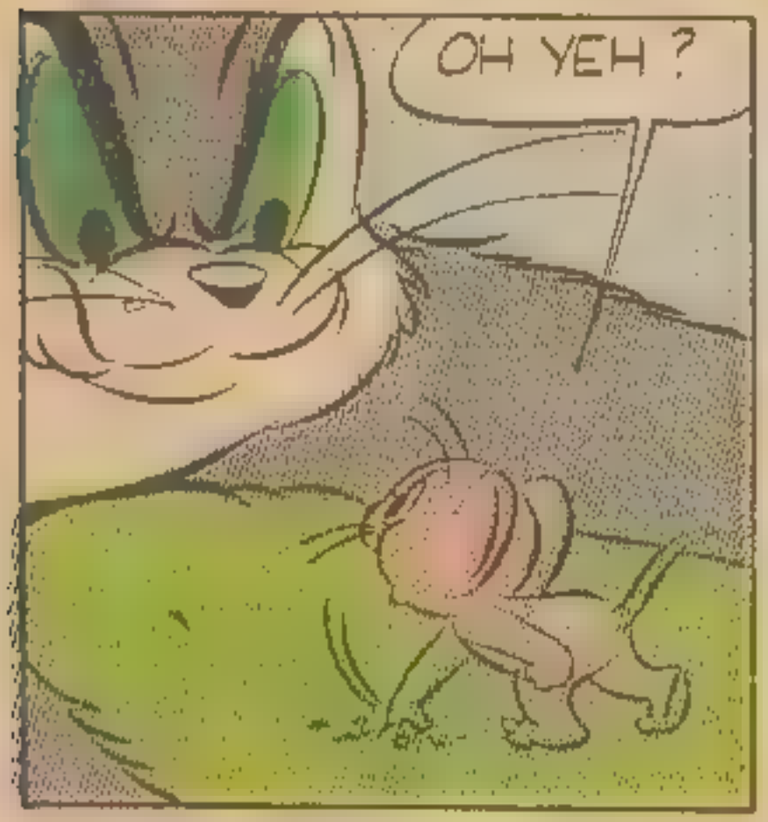


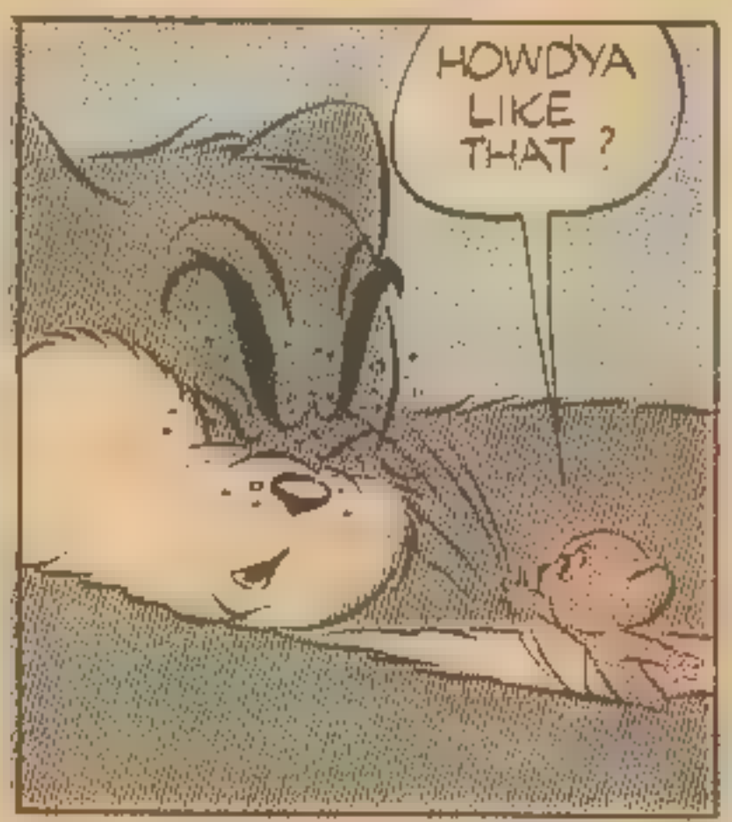


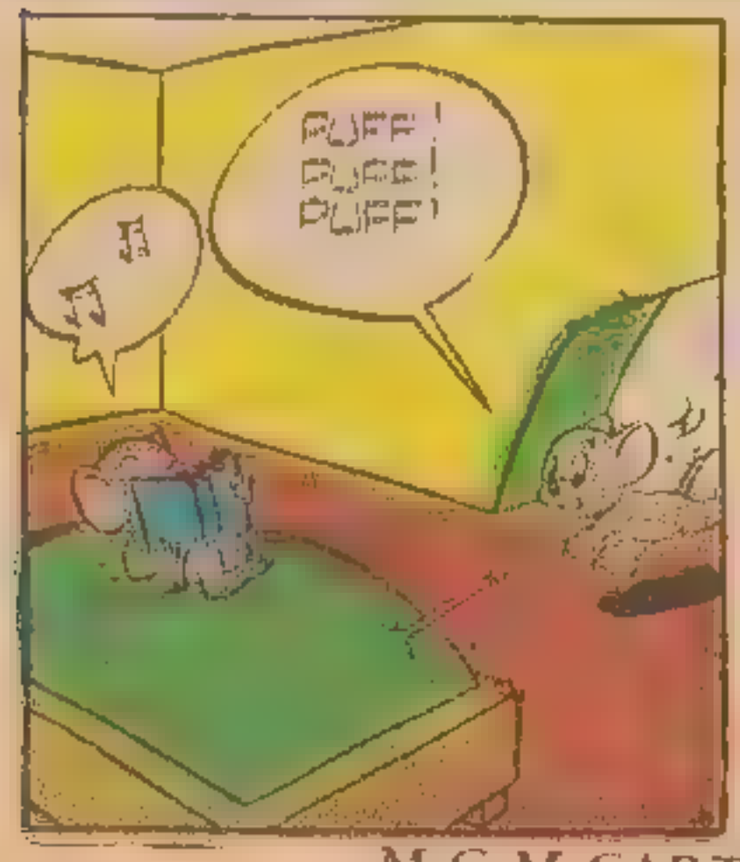


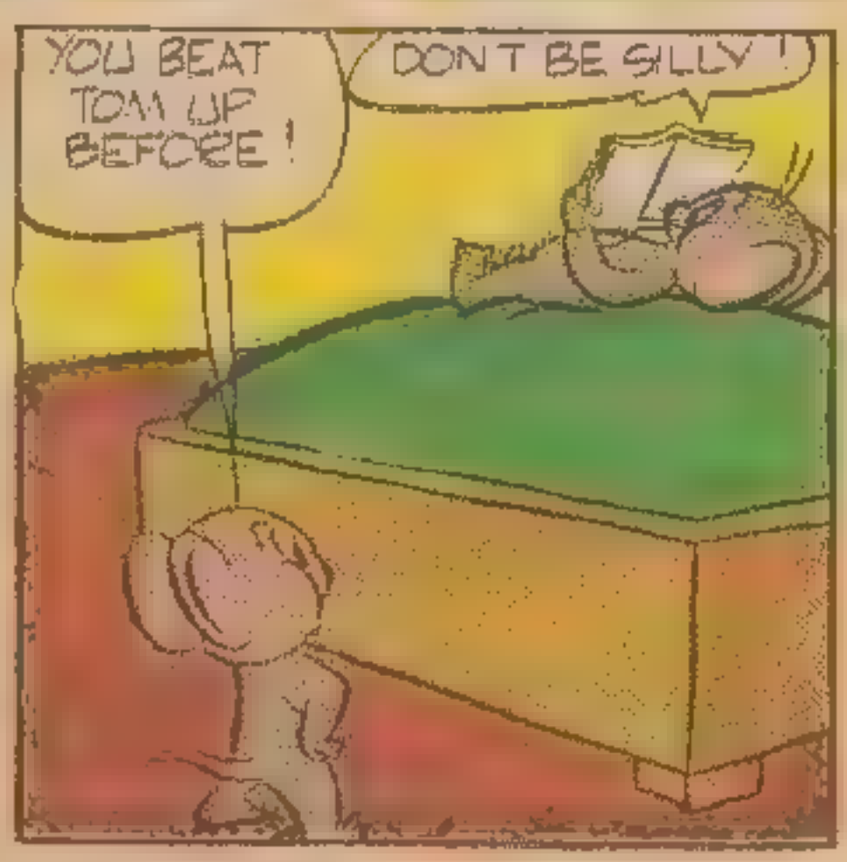






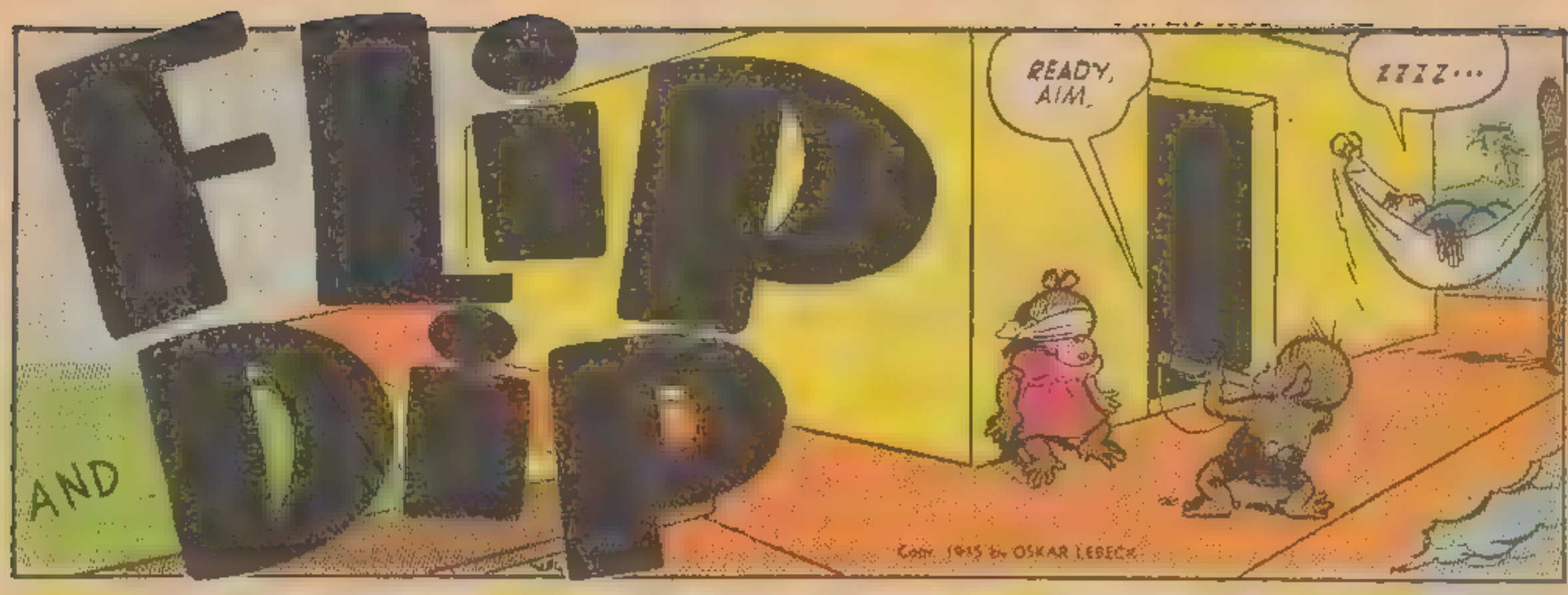






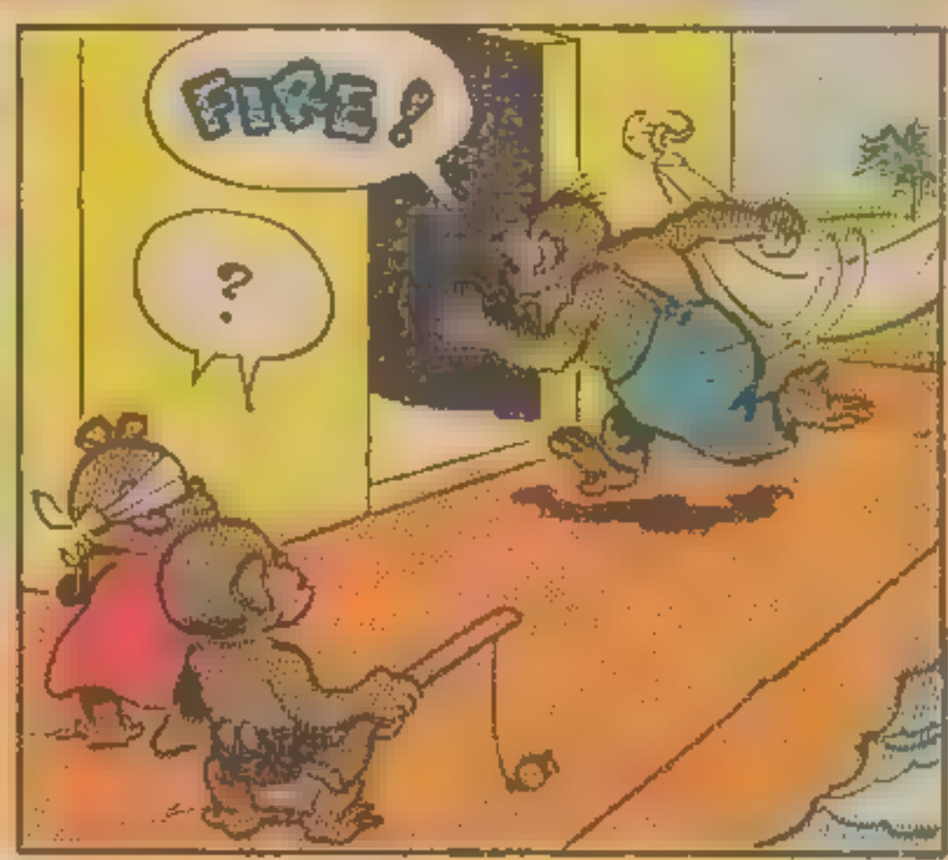
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

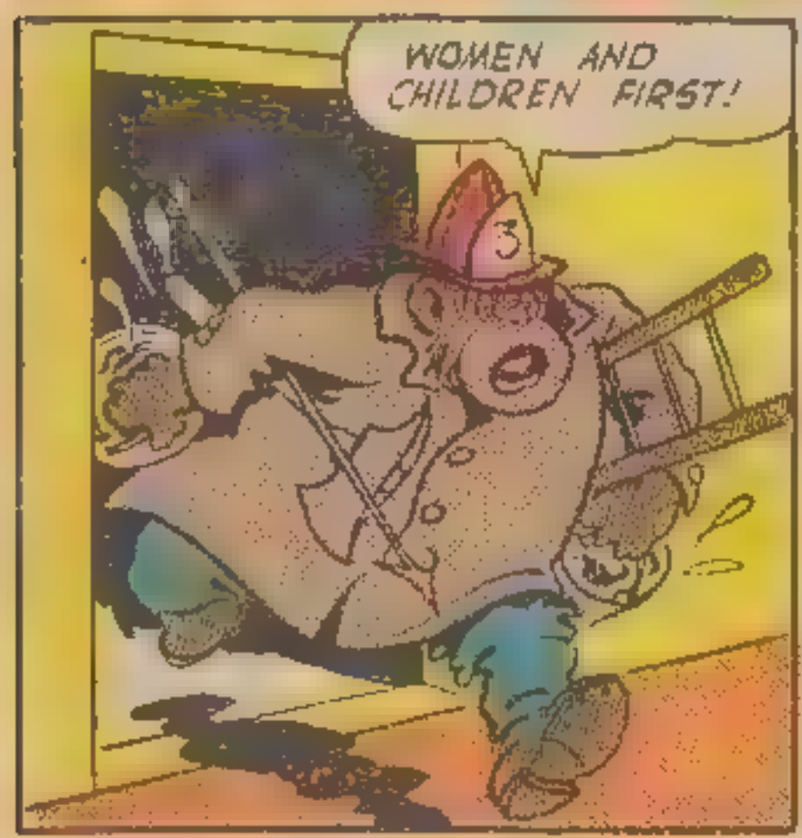
FLIP AND DIP

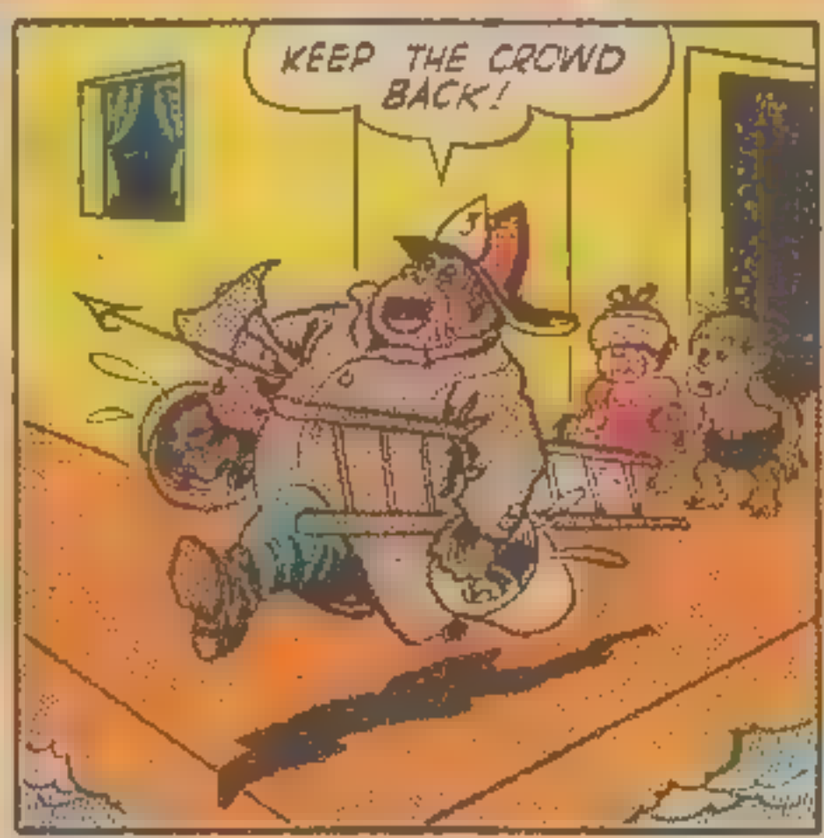

READY, AIM,
ZZZZ...
Copr. 1935 by OSKAR LEBECK

FIRE!
POP

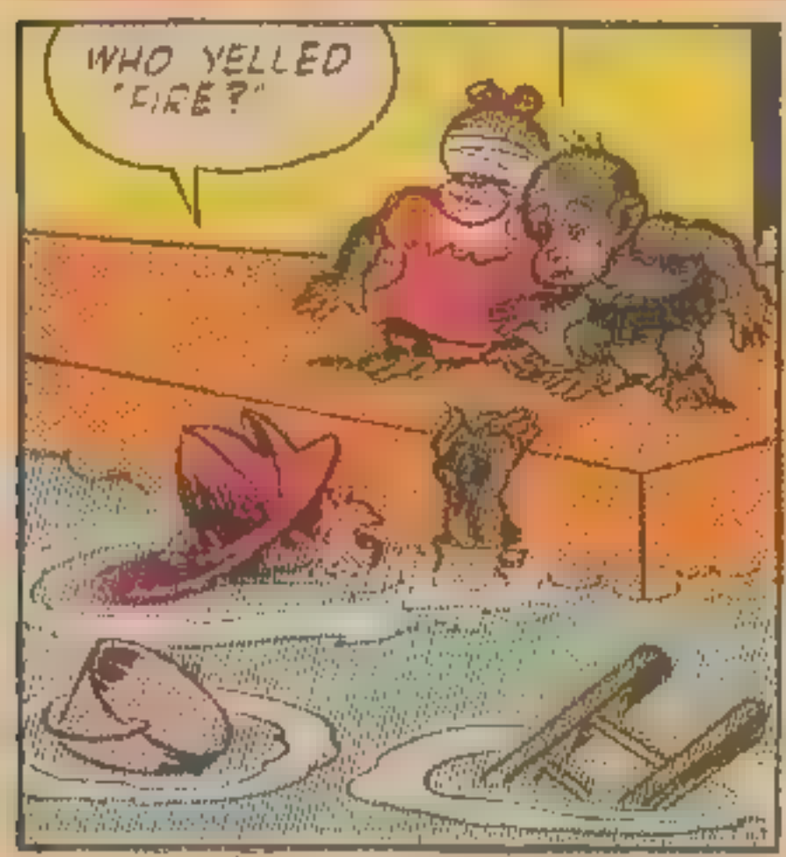
FIRE?

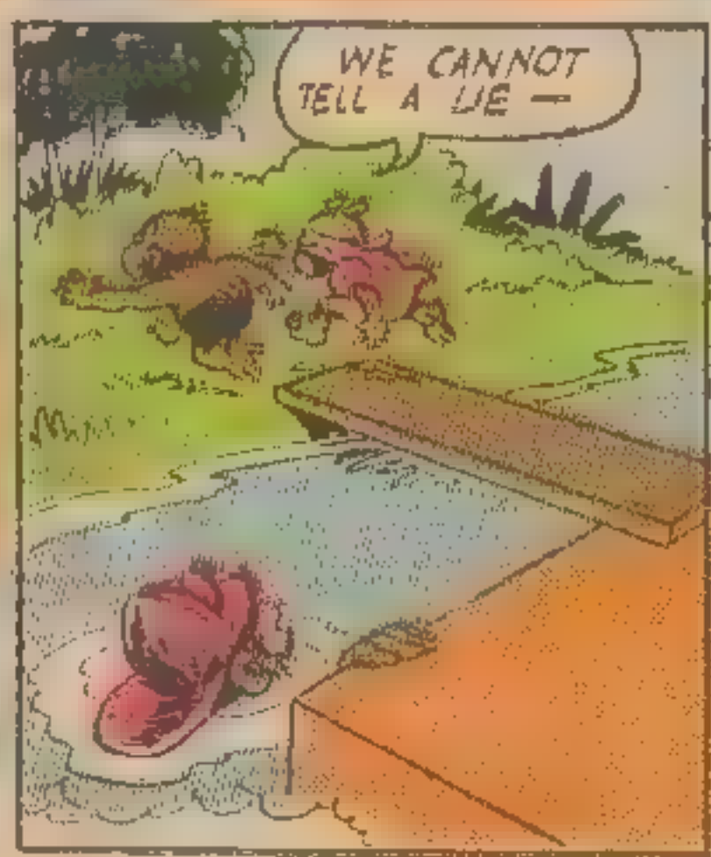

FIRE!
?

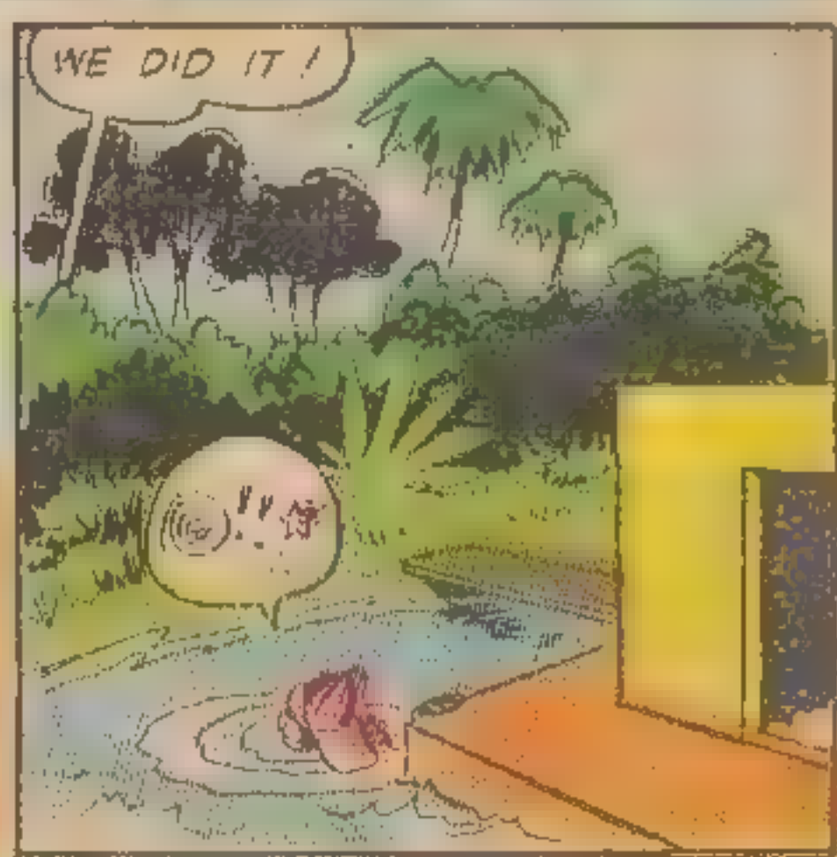

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!


KEEP THE CROWD BACK!

PLUNK!

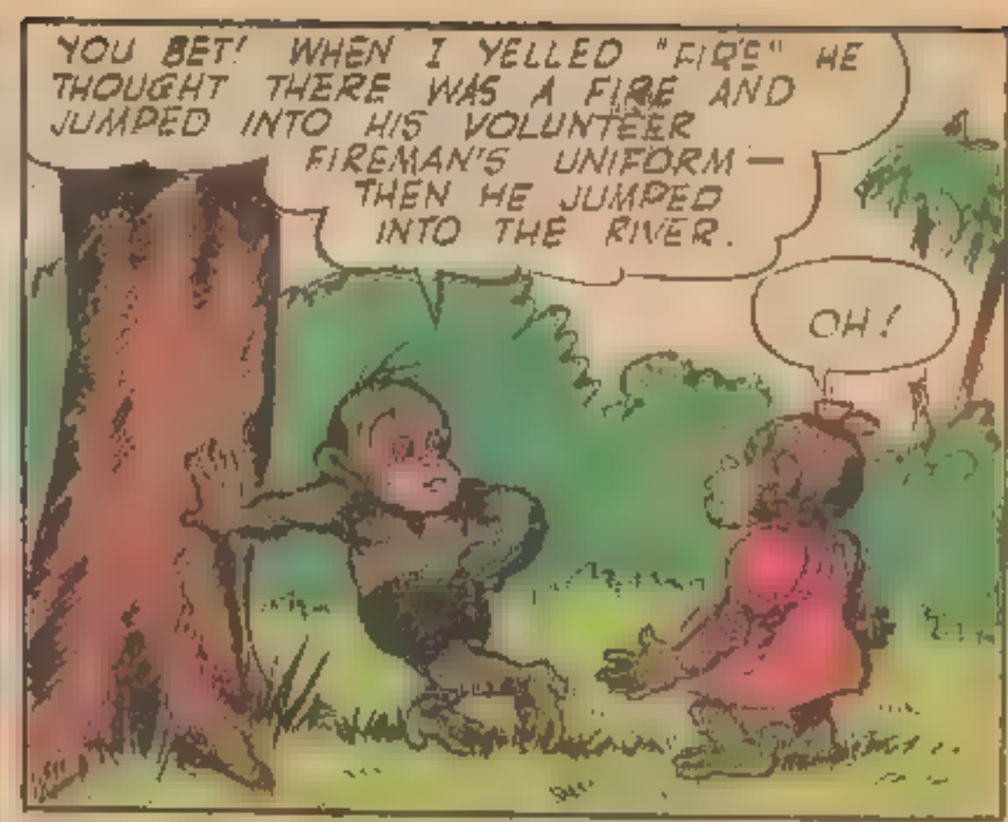

WHO YELLED "FIRE?"

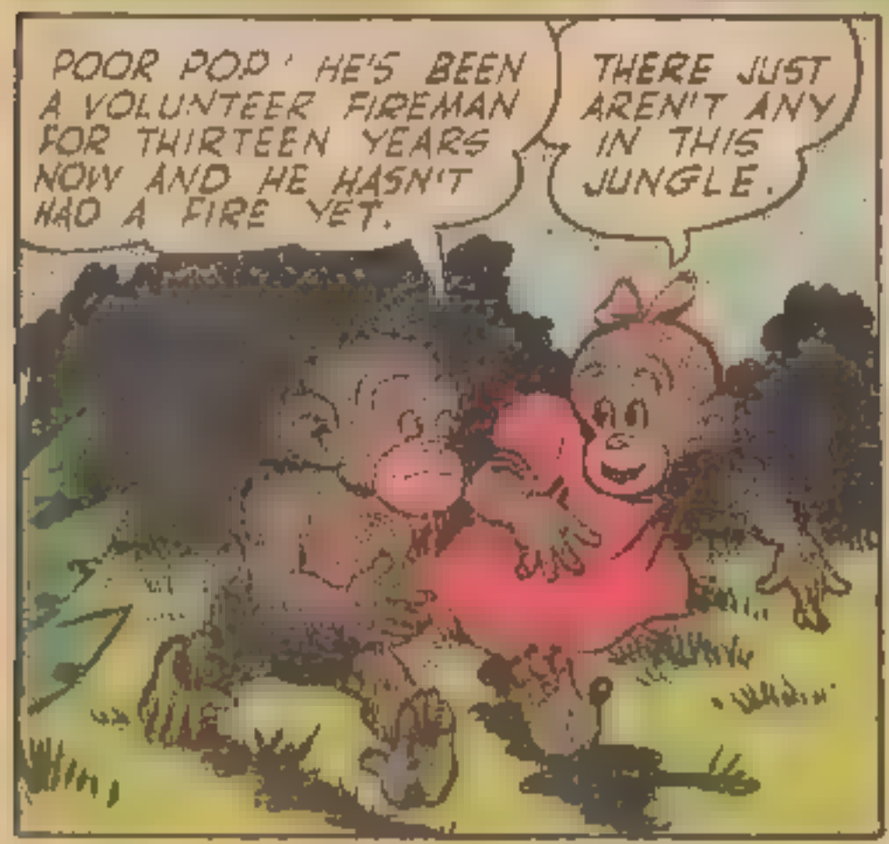

WE CANNOT TELL A LIE —


WE DID IT!

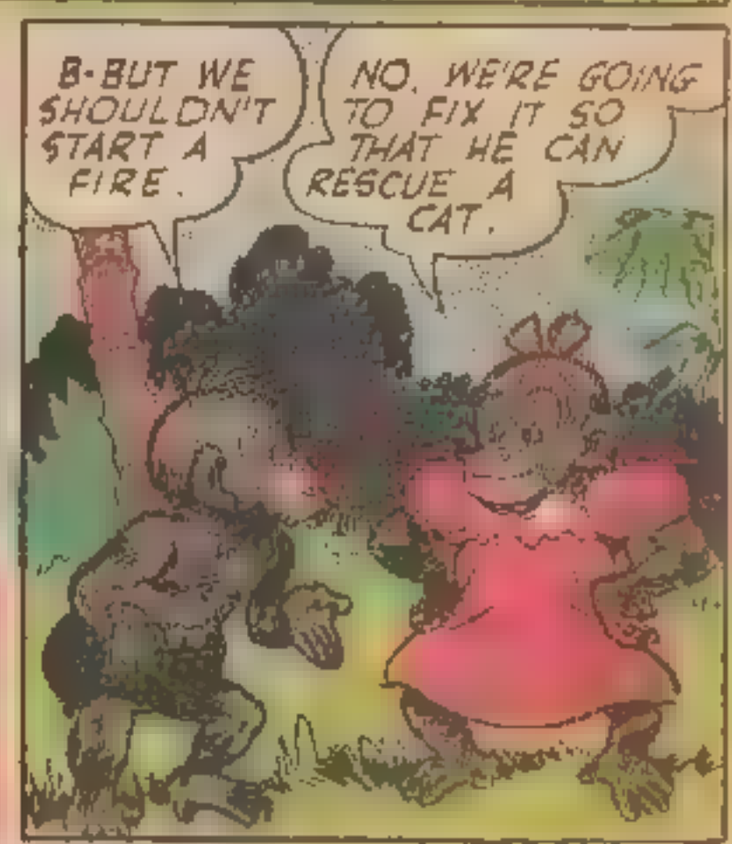
PUFF! PUFF! I-I GUESS WE'RE SAFE NOW.
WHAT HAPPENED?

HUH? ARE YOU STILL WEARING THAT BLIND-FOLD?
WAS POP MAD ABOUT SOMETHING?


YOU BET! WHEN I YELLED "FIRE" HE THOUGHT THERE WAS A FIRE AND JUMPED INTO HIS VOLUNTEER FIREMAN'S UNIFORM — THEN HE JUMPED INTO THE RIVER.
OH!


POOR POP! HE'S BEEN A VOLUNTEER FIREMAN FOR THIRTEEN YEARS NOW AND HE HASN'T HAD A FIRE YET.
THERE JUST AREN'T ANY IN THIS JUNGLE.

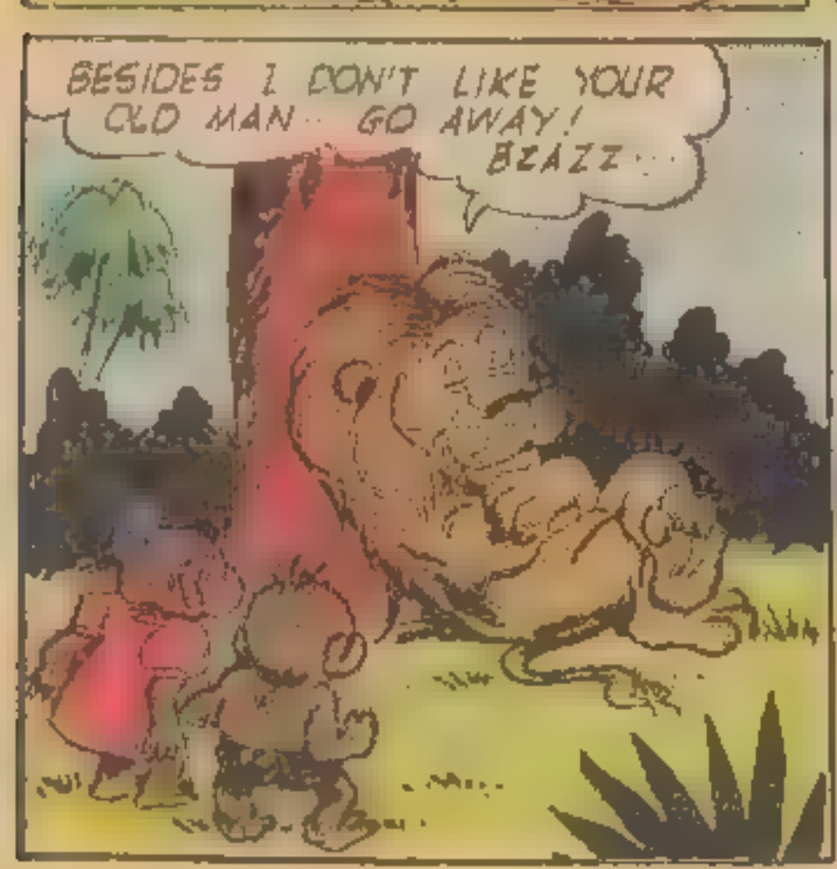
HE'S DYING TO PUT OUT A FIRE OR RESCUE A CAT OR SOMETHIN'.
SAY··· MAY-BE WE CAN DO SOME-THING ABOUT IT.


B-BUT WE SHOULDN'T START A FIRE.
NO. WE'RE GOING TO FIX IT SO THAT HE CAN RESCUE A CAT.

THERE'S OL' LEO··· WE'LL ASK HIM TO HELP US OUT.
BZAZZ, ZZZ!

DON'T BE SILLY! I CAN'T CLIMB A TREE —
BUT···

LIONS DON'T EVER HAVE TO CLIMB TREES!


BESIDES I DON'T LIKE YOUR OLD MAN··· GO AWAY! BZAZZ···

WELL, THAT'S THAT!
I STILL THINK LEO CAN BE MADE TO CLIMB A TREE.

HOW?
I'LL SHOW YOU — GO BRING ME A PAIL OF WATER.

NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THIS?
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEO'S AFRAID OF — WATER!

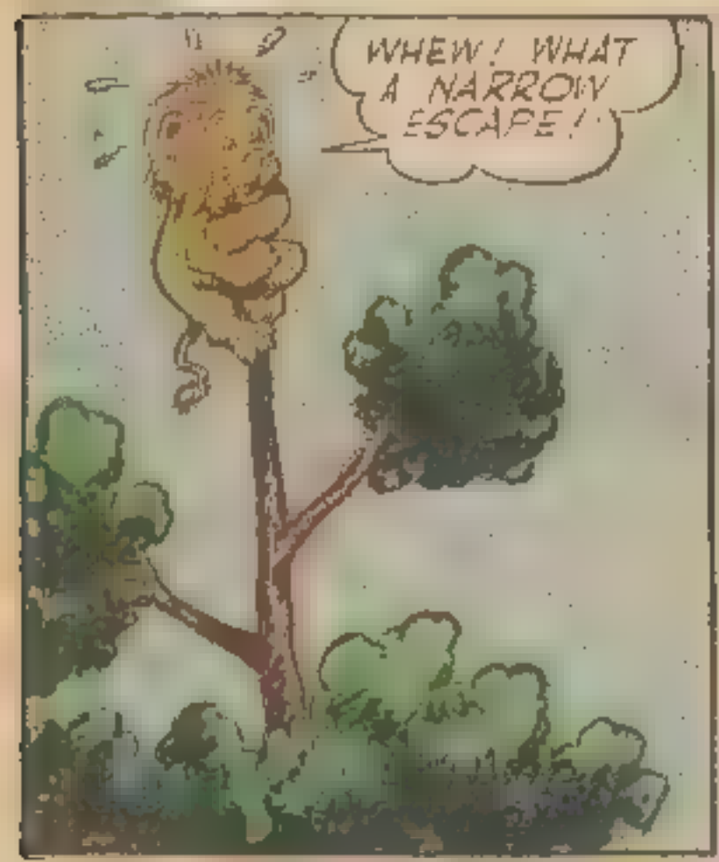
I STILL DON'T SEE.
SHH!
ZZZ

HAND ME THAT PAIL.

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES — THE DAM IS BUSTED!
SPLOSH

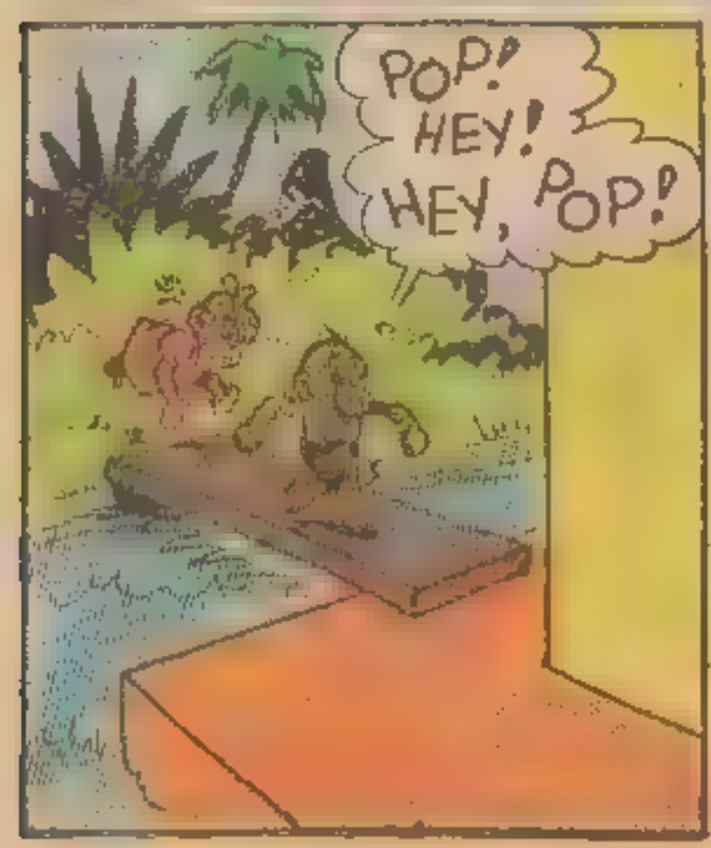
HALP!
HERE HE COMES!

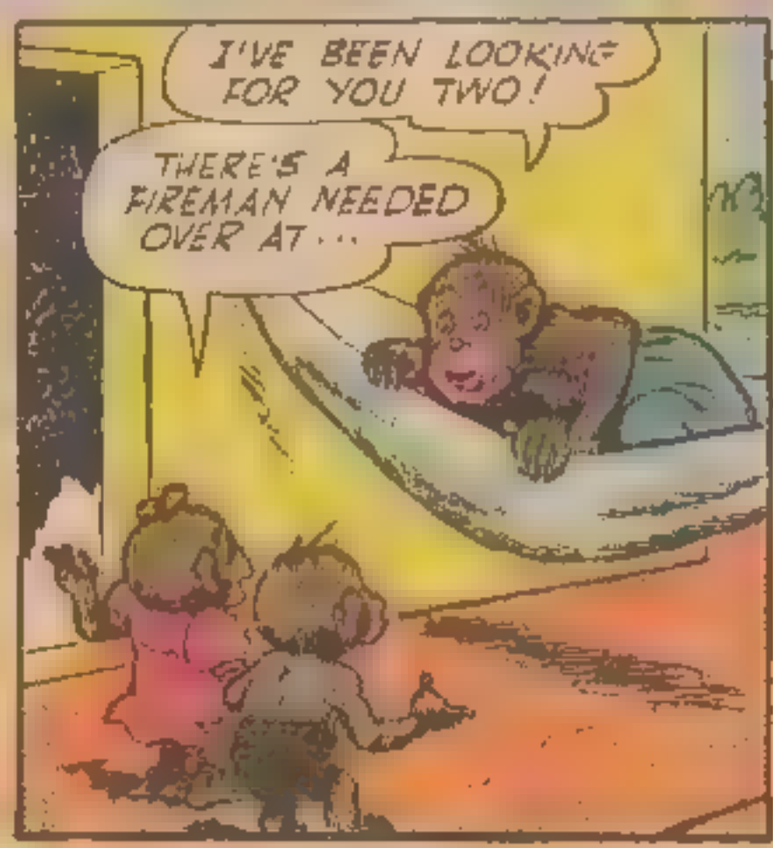
THERE HE GOES!

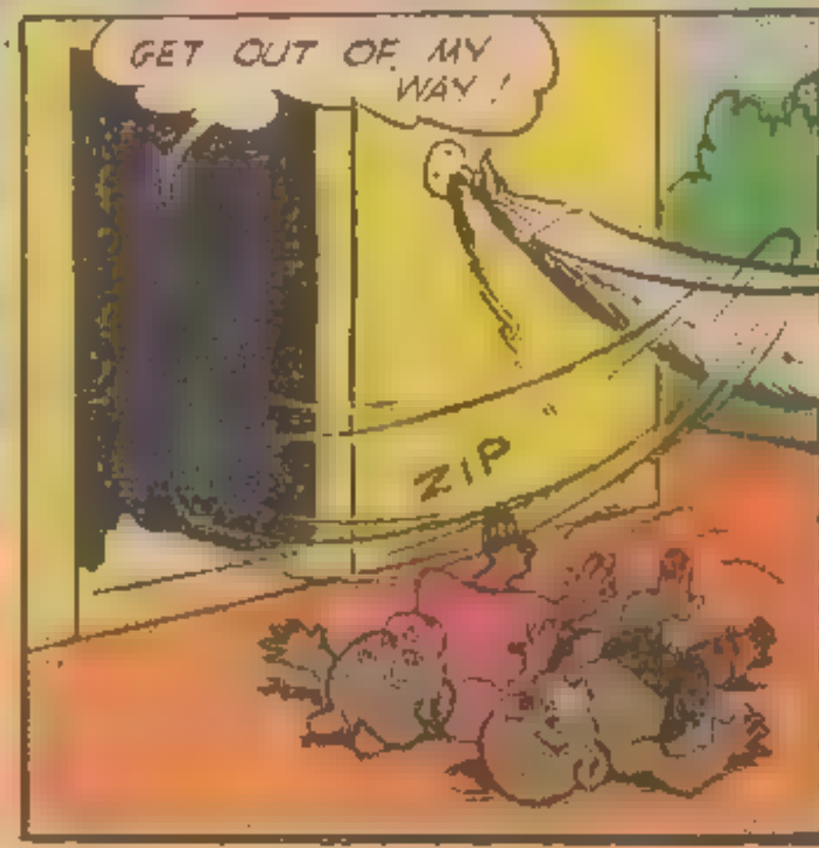

WHEW! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE!

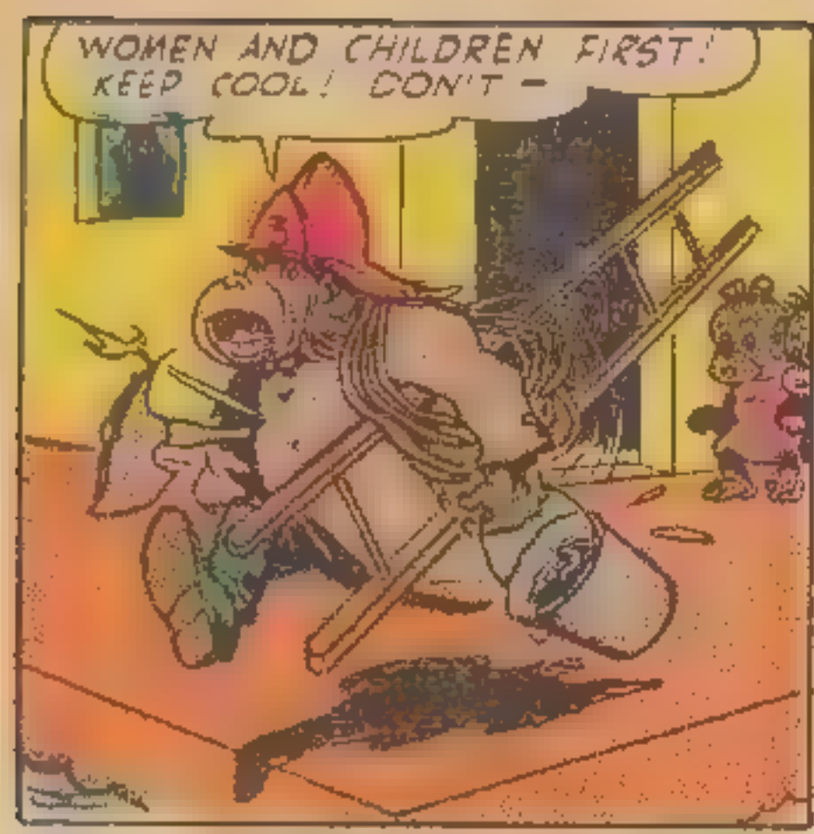
IT'S A GOOD THING THIS TREE WAS HANDY — HEY. HOW'D I GET UP HERE?

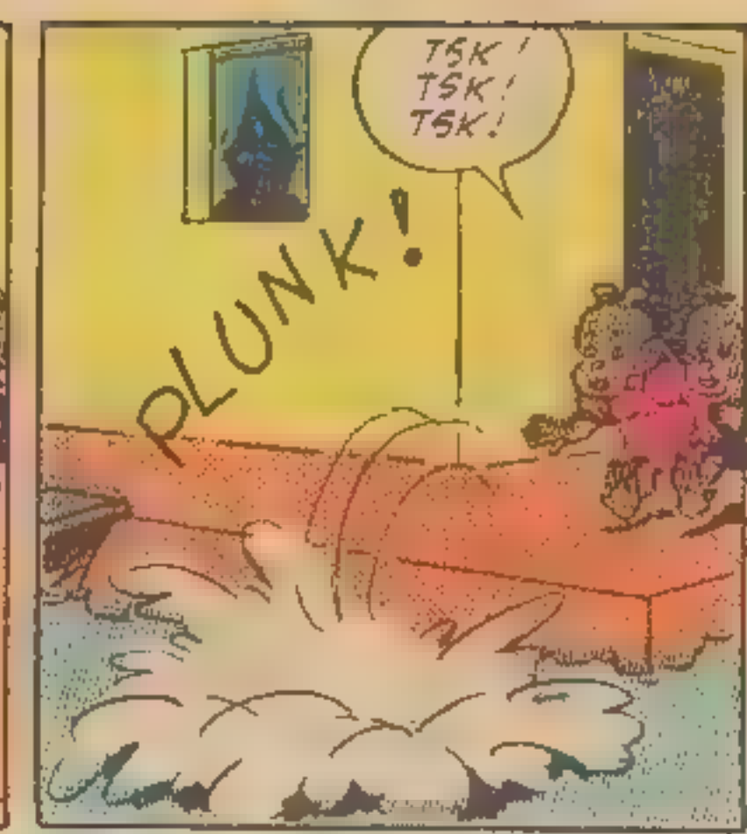
HELP!
I GUESS WE'LL BE NEEDIN POP NOW!

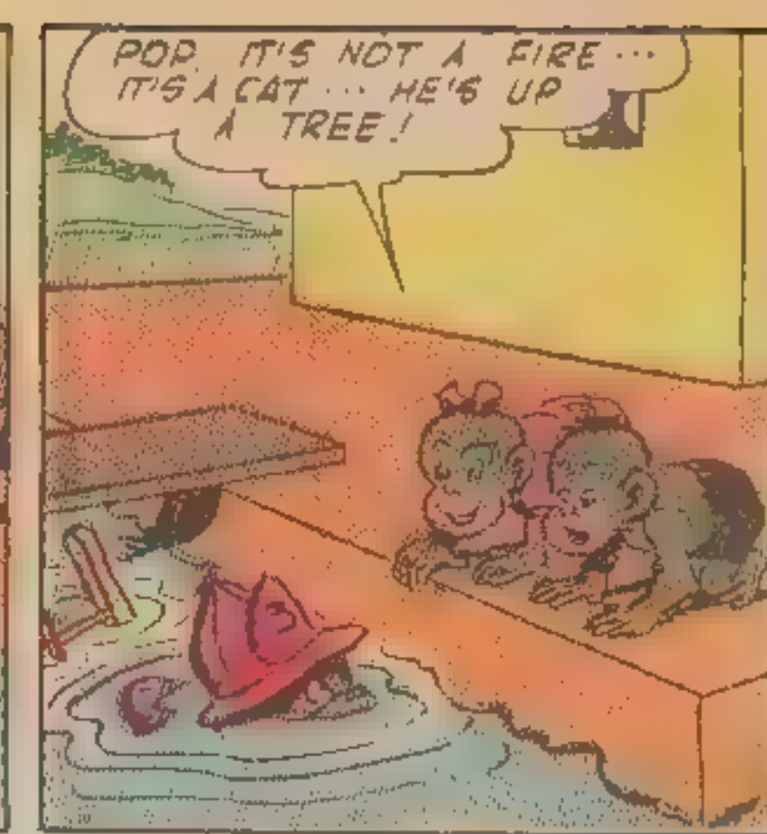

POP! HEY! HEY, POP!

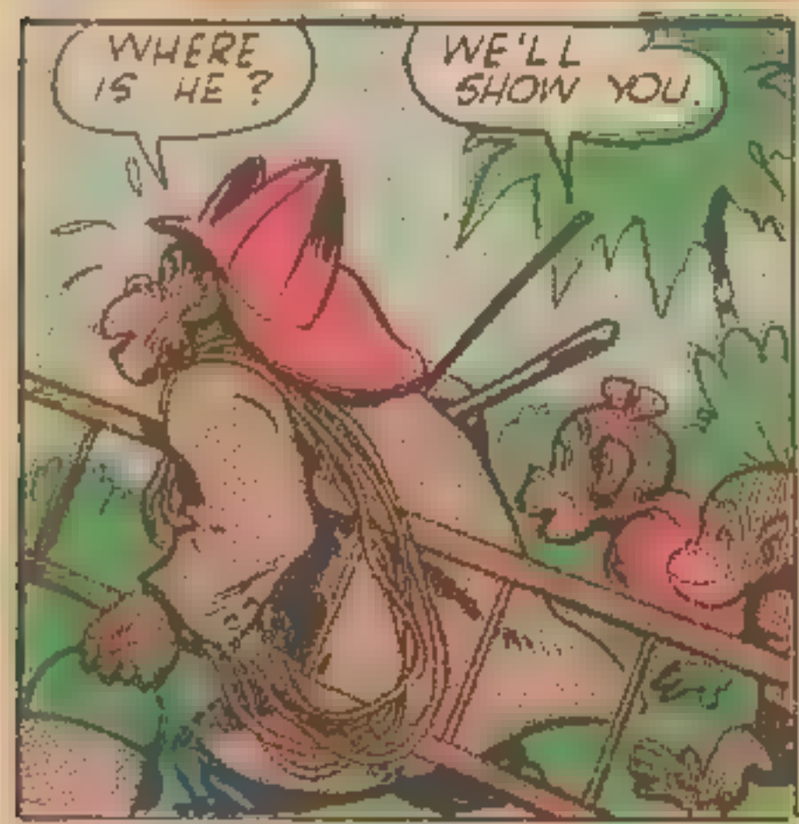

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU TWO!
THERE'S A FIREMAN NEEDED OVER AT ...


GET OUT OF MY WAY!
ZIP

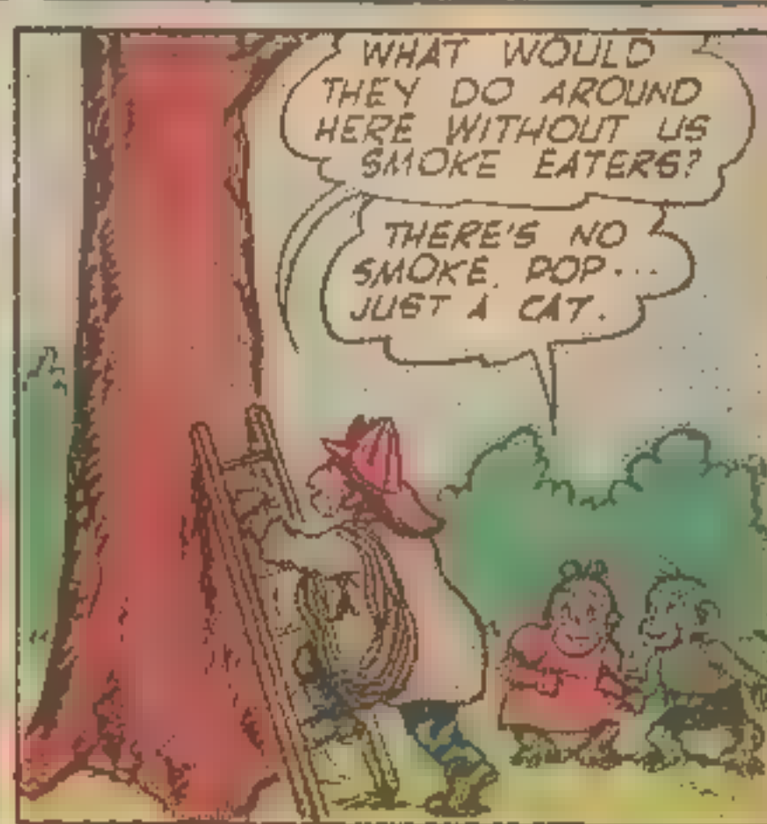

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST! KEEP COOL! DON'T –


TSK! TSK! TSK!
PLUNK!


POP, IT'S NOT A FIRE ... IT'S A CAT ... HE'S UP A TREE!

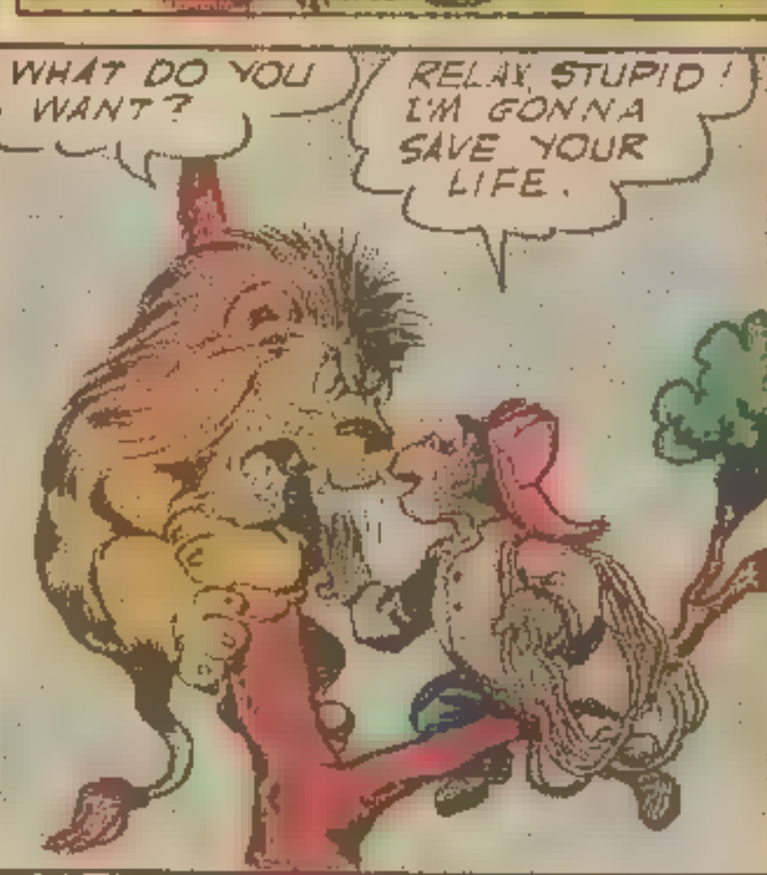

WHERE IS HE?
WE'LL SHOW YOU.

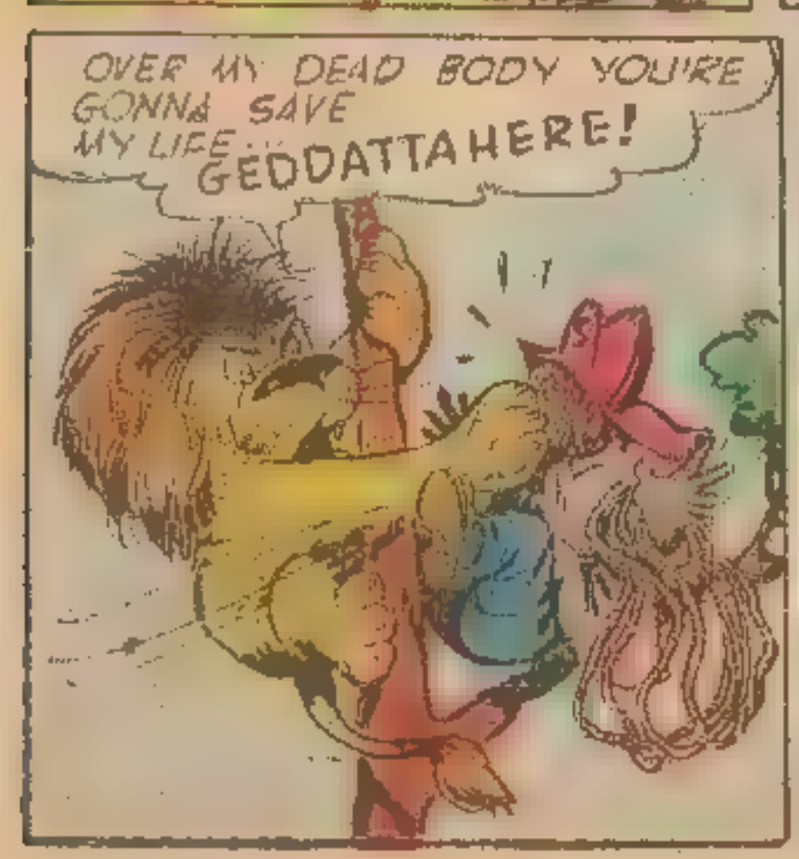
HELP!
HE'S UP THERE, POP.
ANYONE WE KNOW?


WHAT WOULD THEY DO AROUND HERE WITHOUT US SMOKE EATERS?
THERE'S NO SMOKE, POP... JUST A CAT.

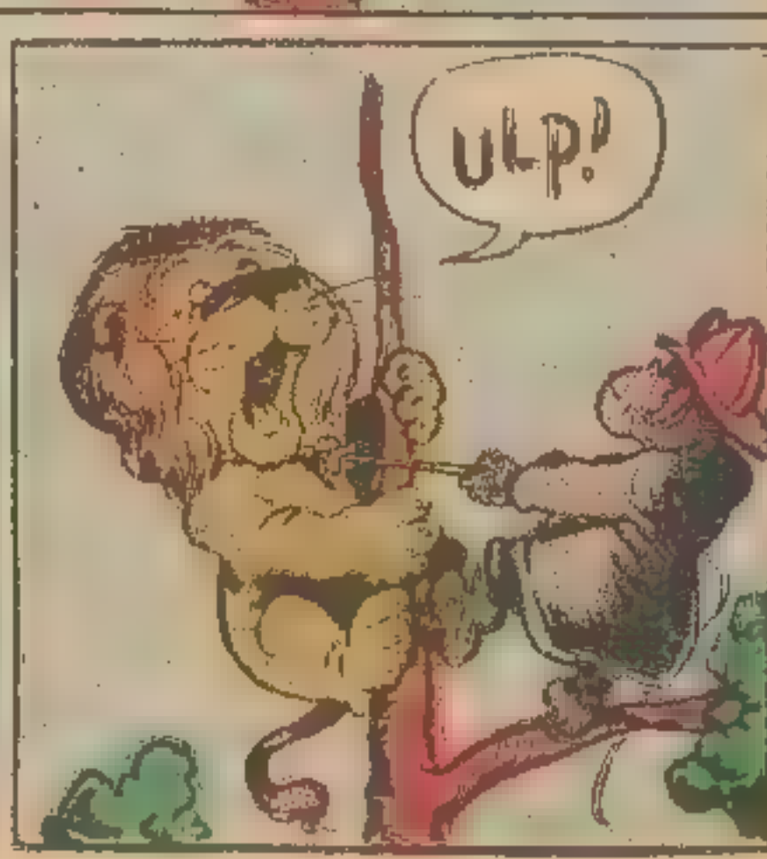
POP WILL PROBABLY GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!

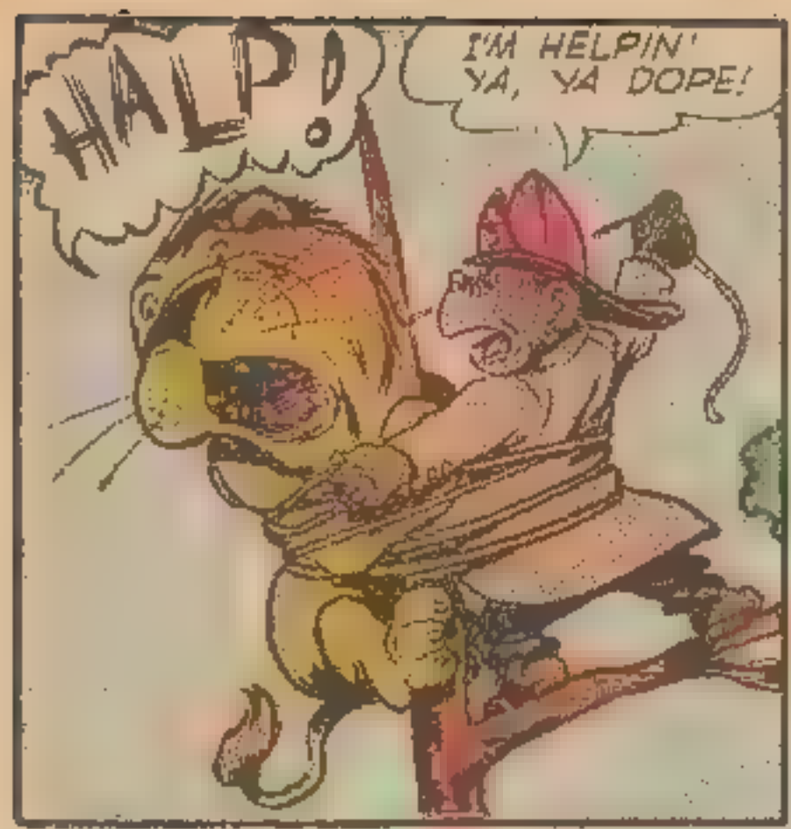
HELP!
KEEP CALM — I'M COMING.


WHAT DO YOU WANT?
RELAX, STUPID! I'M GONNA SAVE YOUR LIFE.


OVER MY DEAD BODY YOU'RE GONNA SAVE MY LIFE... GEDDATTAHERE!

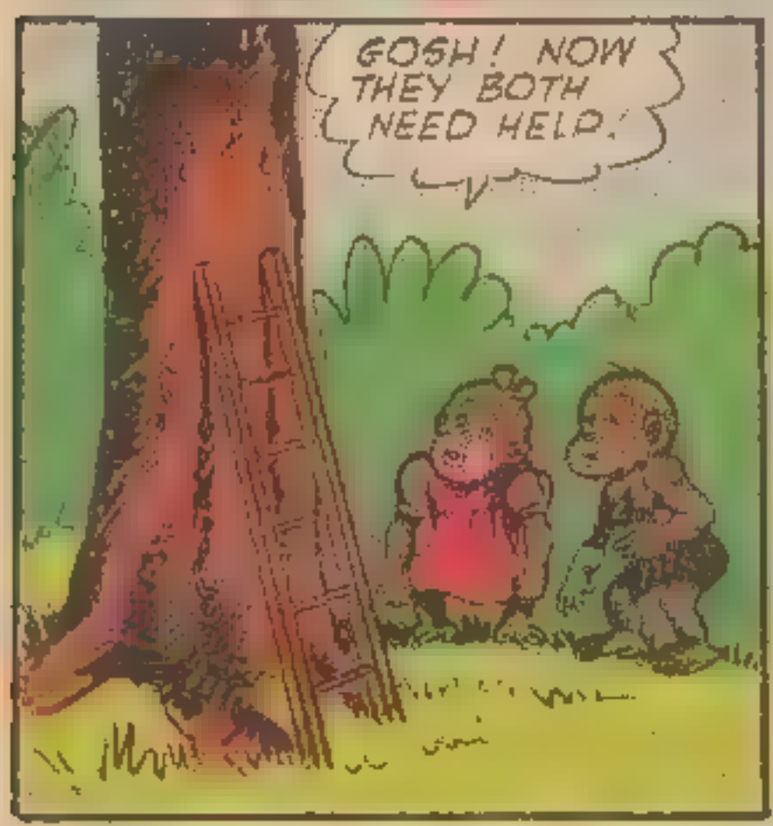
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THIS!


ULP!

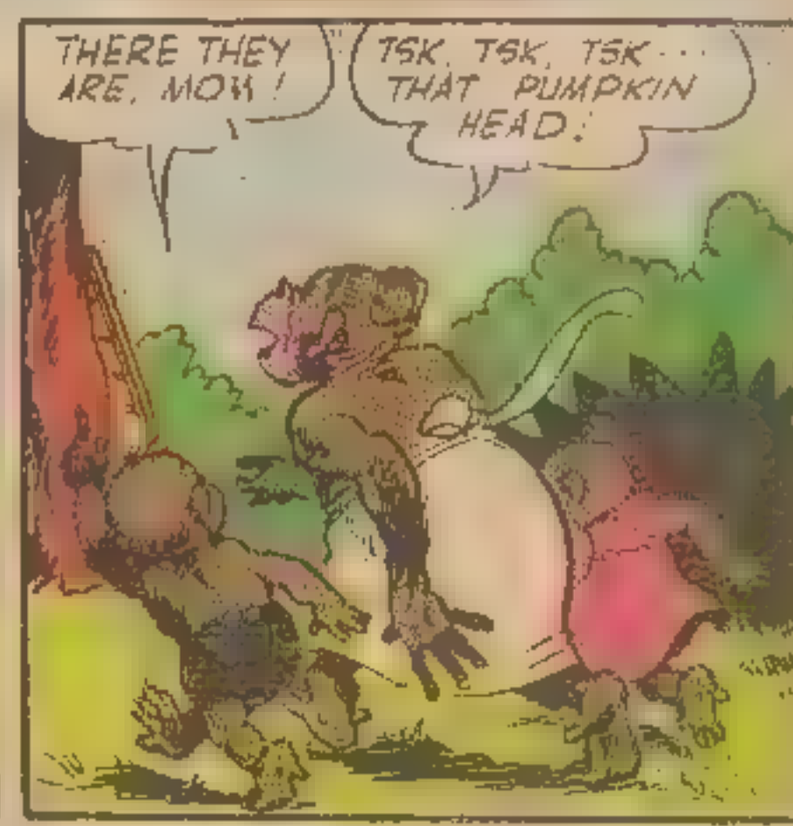

HALP!
I'M HELPIN' YA, YA DOPE!

LOOK WHAT YOU DID! NOW WE'RE BOTH TIED UP.
WELL, I'LL BE—

HALP!
HELP!

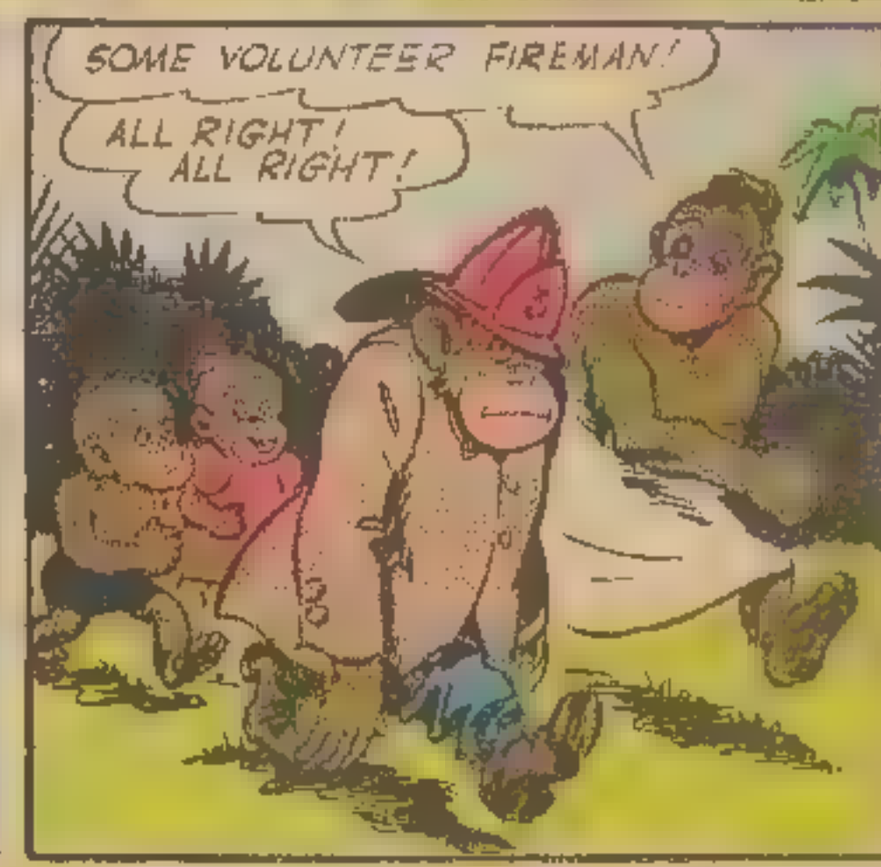

GOSH! NOW THEY BOTH NEED HELP!

WE'D BETTER GET MOM!
SHE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

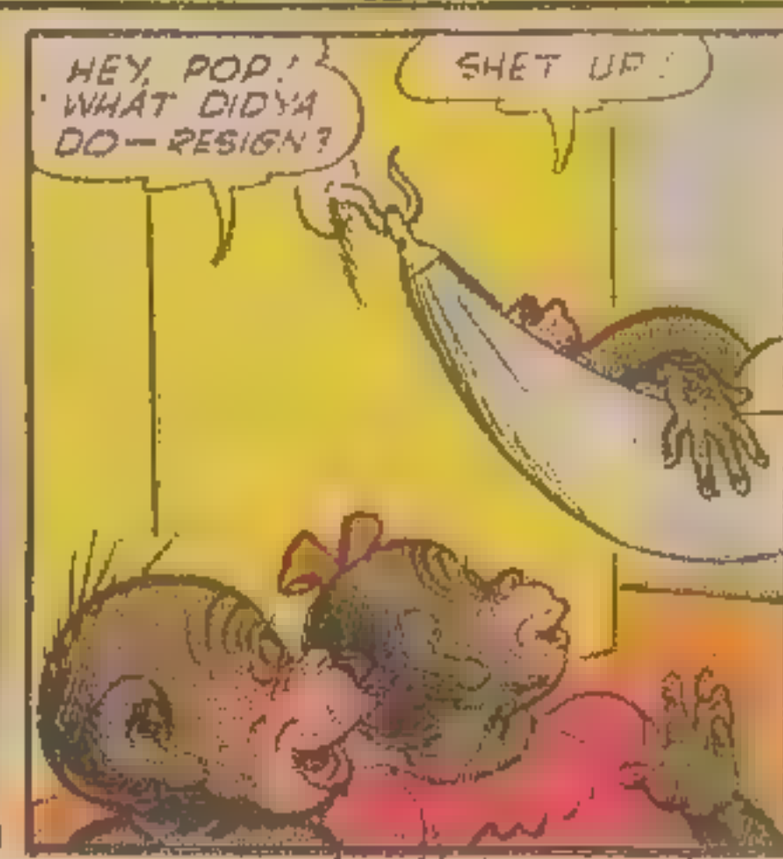

THERE THEY ARE, MOM!
TSK, TSK, TSK... THAT PUMPKIN HEAD!

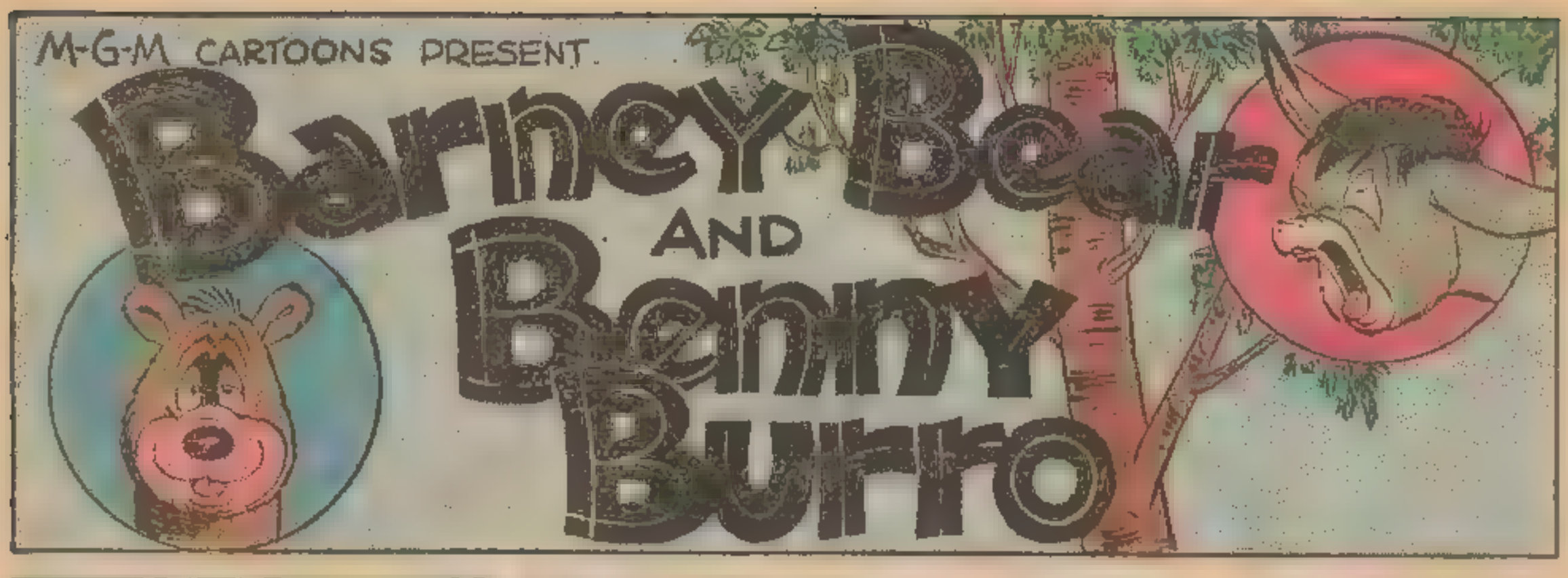
IT'S MOM!

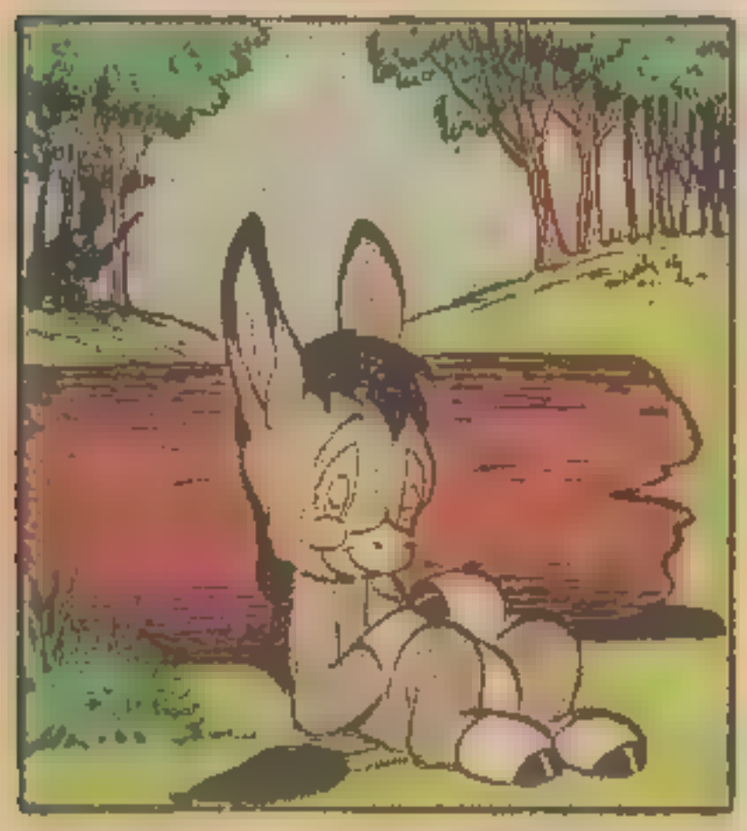
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU, MOM.
EASY!

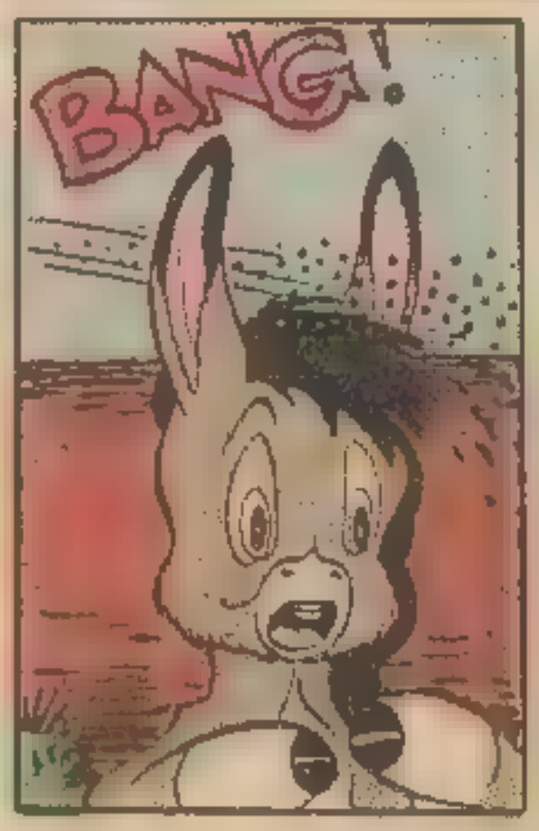

SOME VOLUNTEER FIREMAN!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

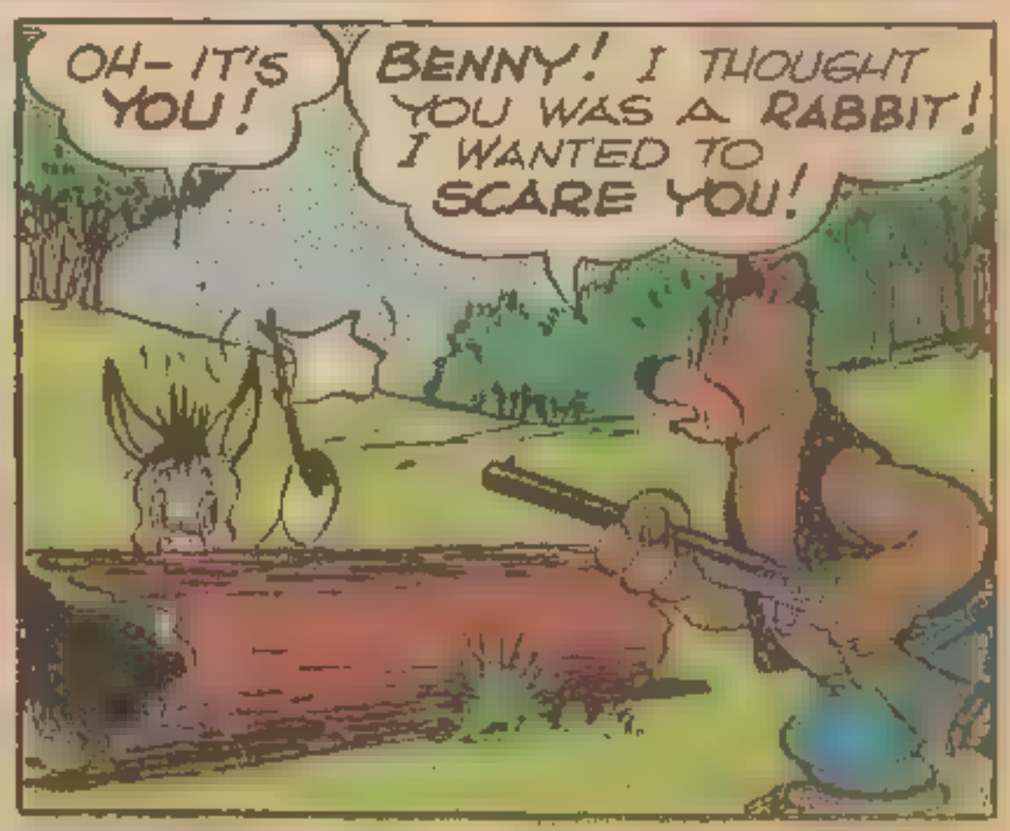
A FEW DAYS LATER
FIRE!
ZZZZ

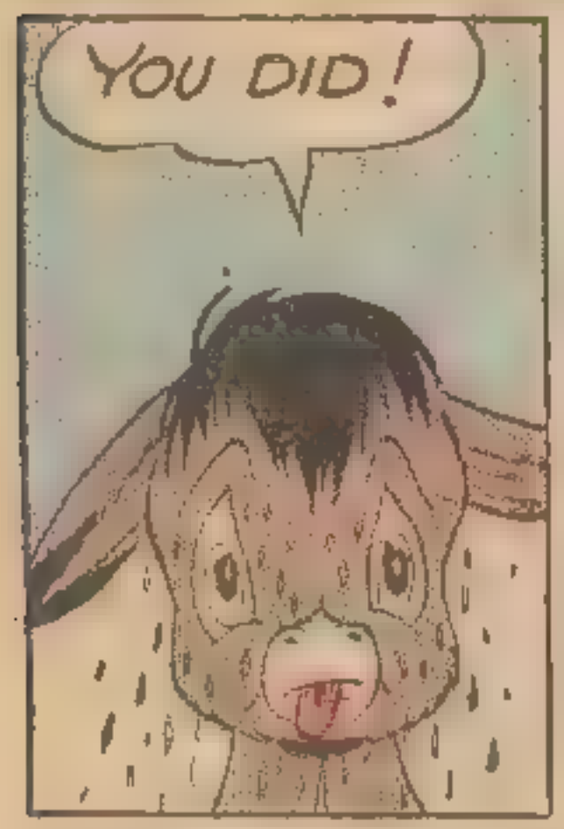

HEY, POP! WHAT DIDYA DO—RESIGN?
SHET UP!

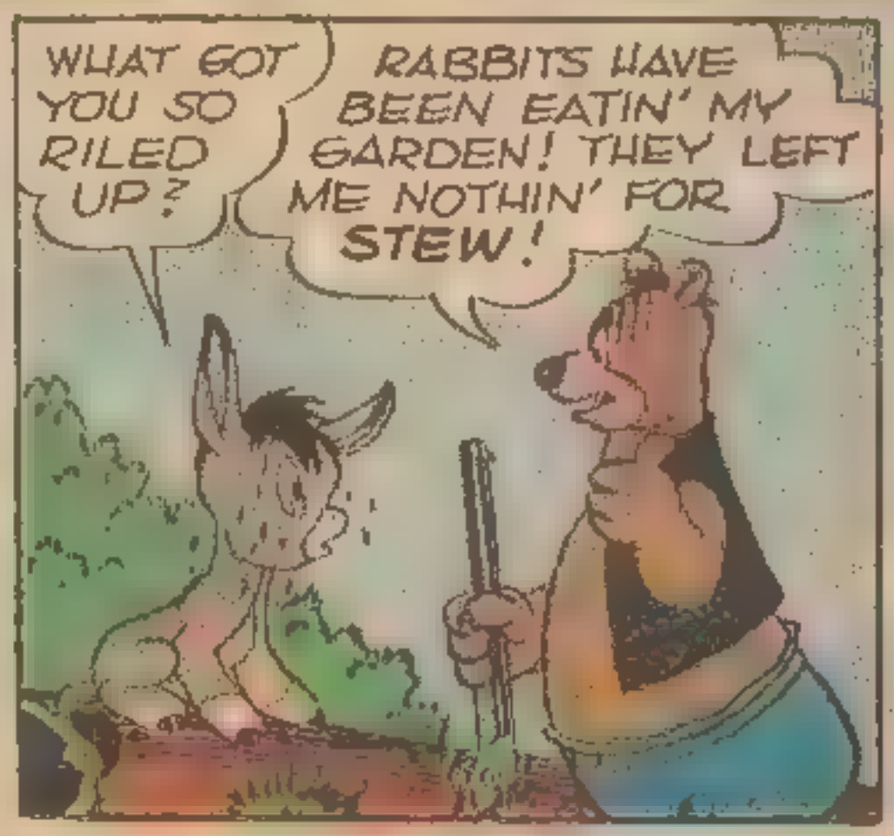

M-G-M CARTOONS PRESENT
Barney Bear
AND
Benny Burro

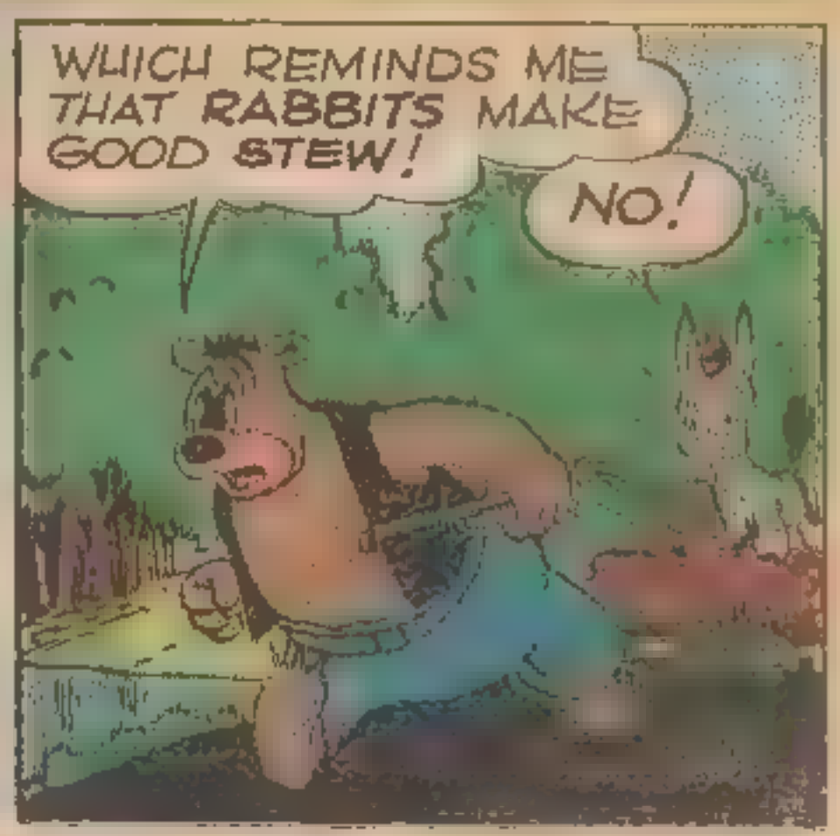


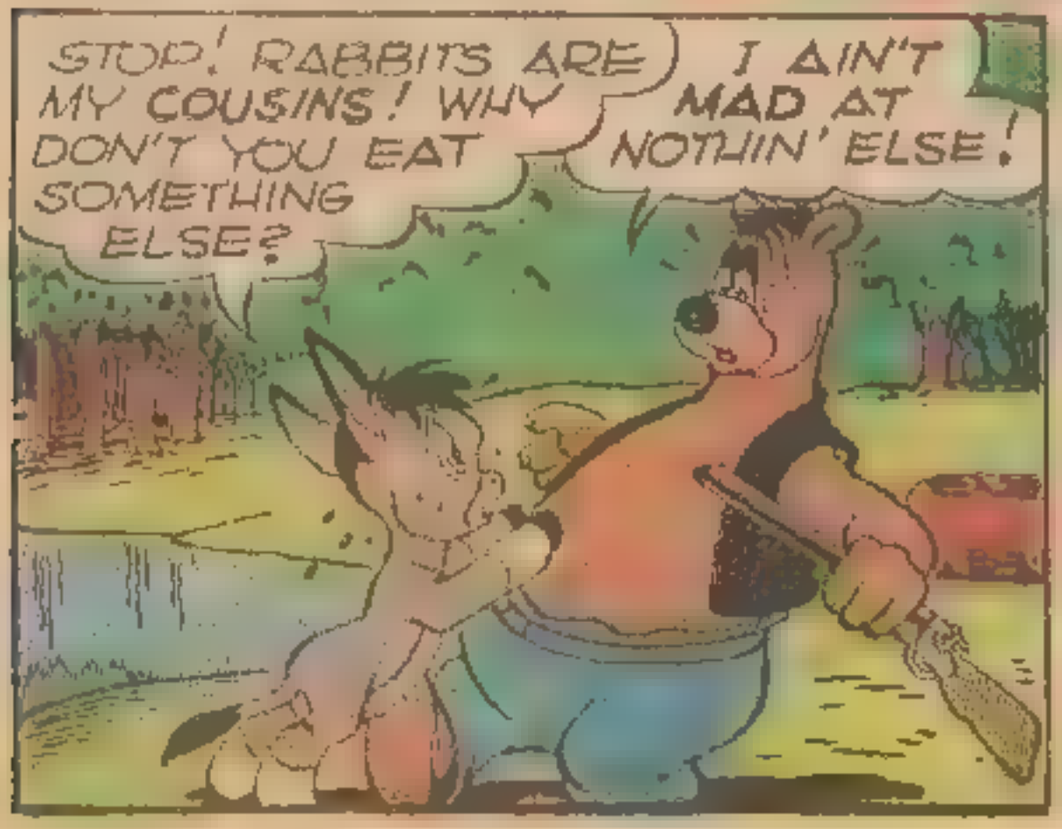

BANG!

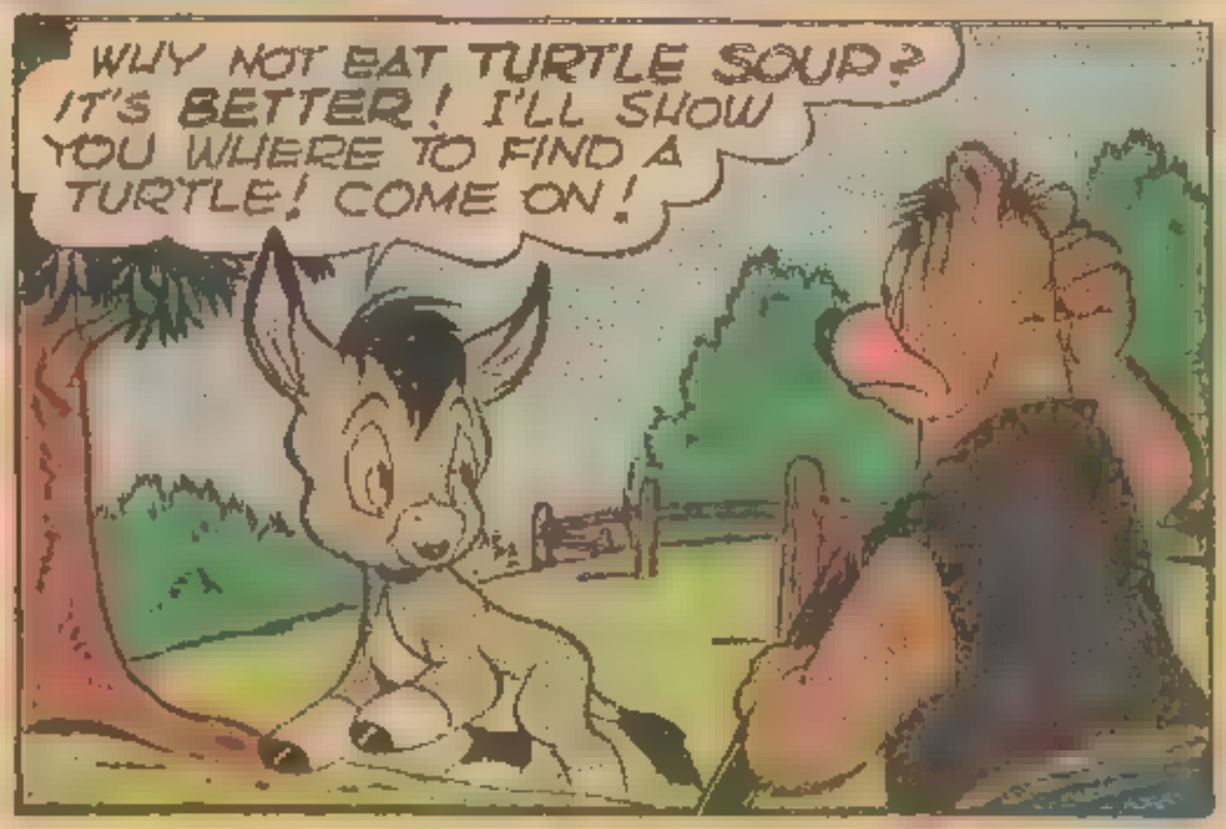

OH- IT'S YOU!
BENNY! I THOUGHT YOU WAS A RABBIT! I WANTED TO SCARE YOU!

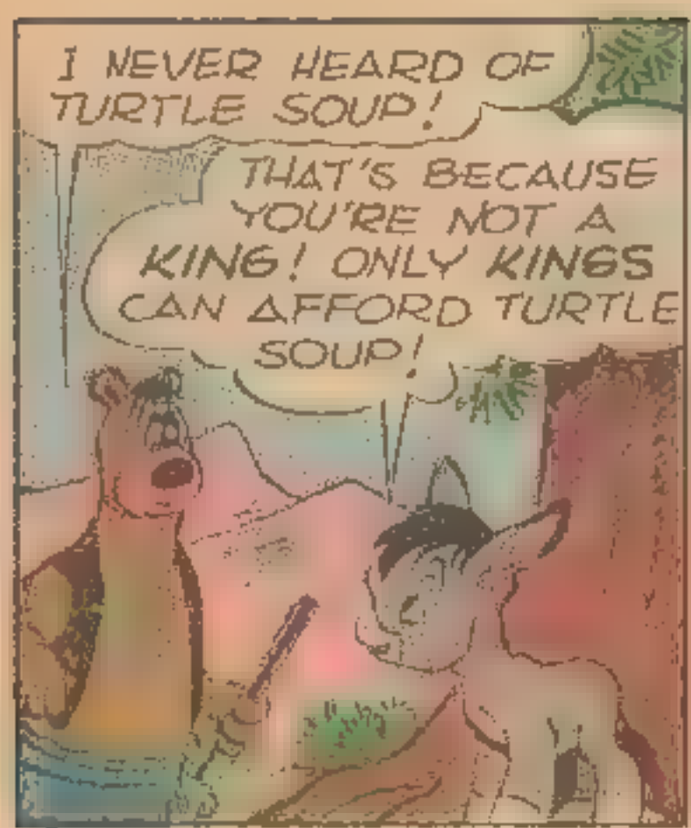

YOU DID!


WHAT GOT YOU SO RILED UP?
RABBITS HAVE BEEN EATIN' MY GARDEN! THEY LEFT ME NOTHIN' FOR STEW!

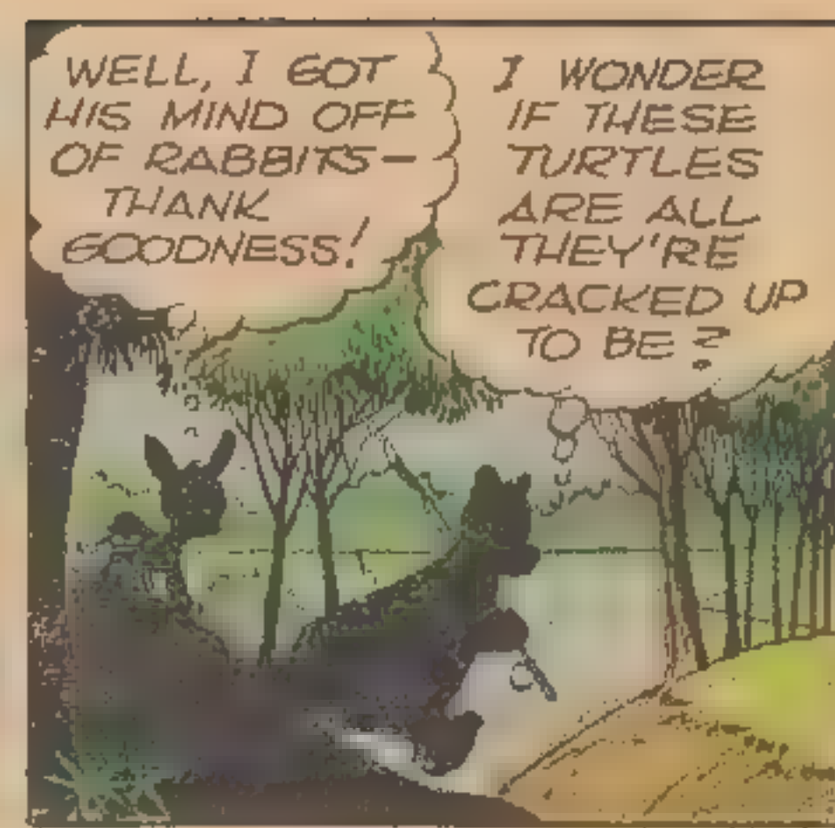

WHICH REMINDS ME THAT RABBITS MAKE GOOD STEW!
NO!

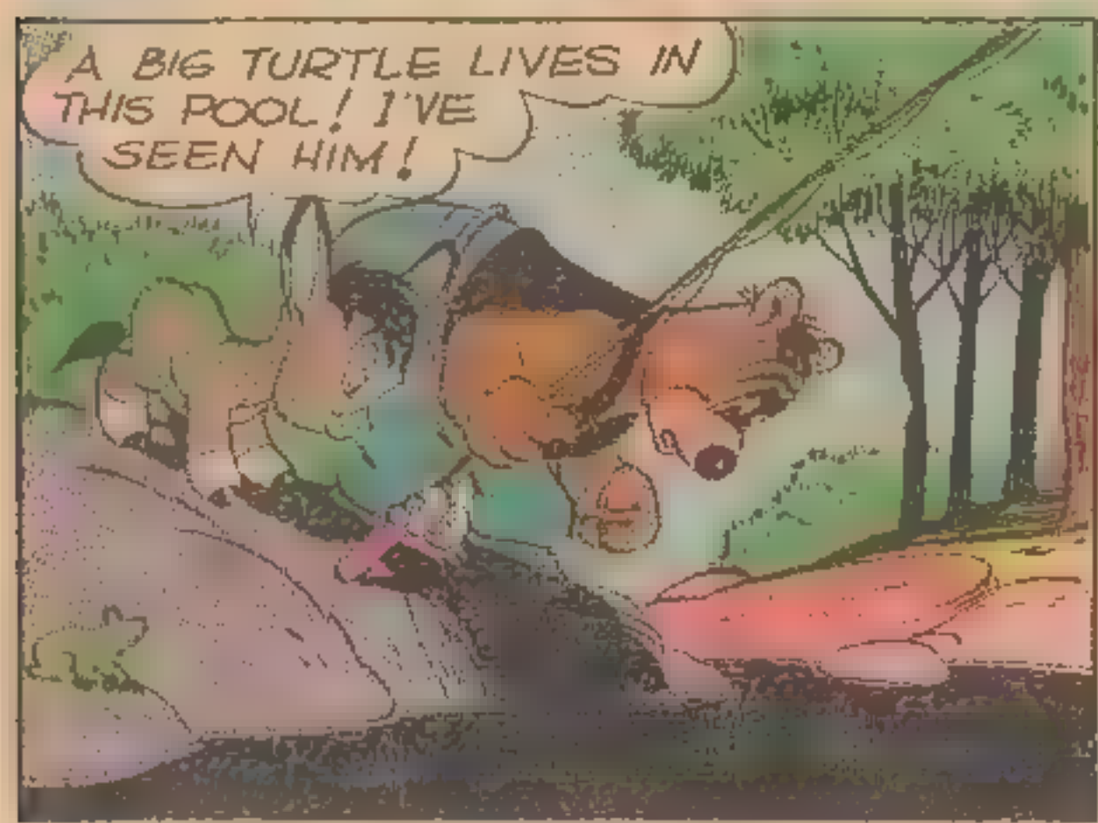

STOP! RABBITS ARE MY COUSINS! WHY DON'T YOU EAT SOMETHING ELSE?
I AIN'T MAD AT NOTHIN' ELSE!

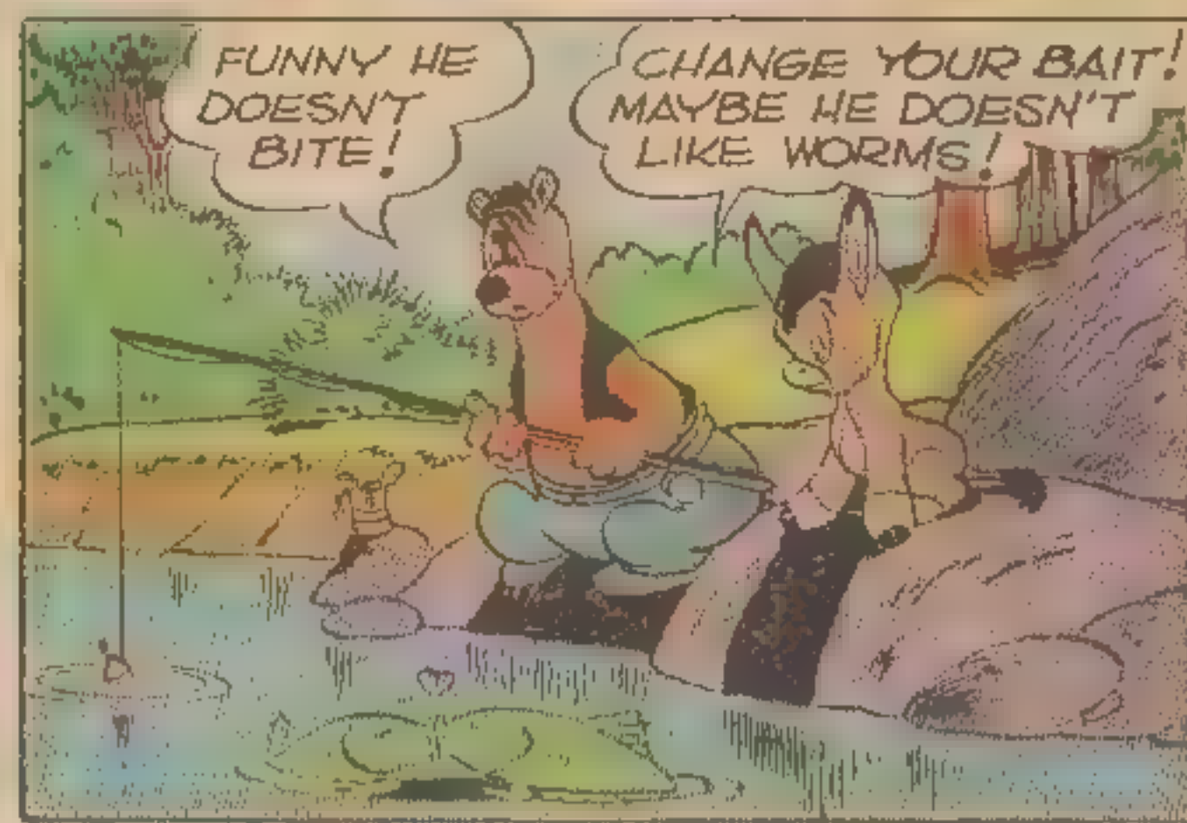

WHY NOT EAT TURTLE SOUP? IT'S BETTER! I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE TO FIND A TURTLE! COME ON!


I NEVER HEARD OF TURTLE SOUP!
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A KING! ONLY KINGS CAN AFFORD TURTLE SOUP!

GOSH! — MAYBE IF IT'S THAT GOOD —!
IT IS! TRY SOME TODAY! PUT THAT GUN AWAY, AND LET'S GO CATCH A TURTLE!

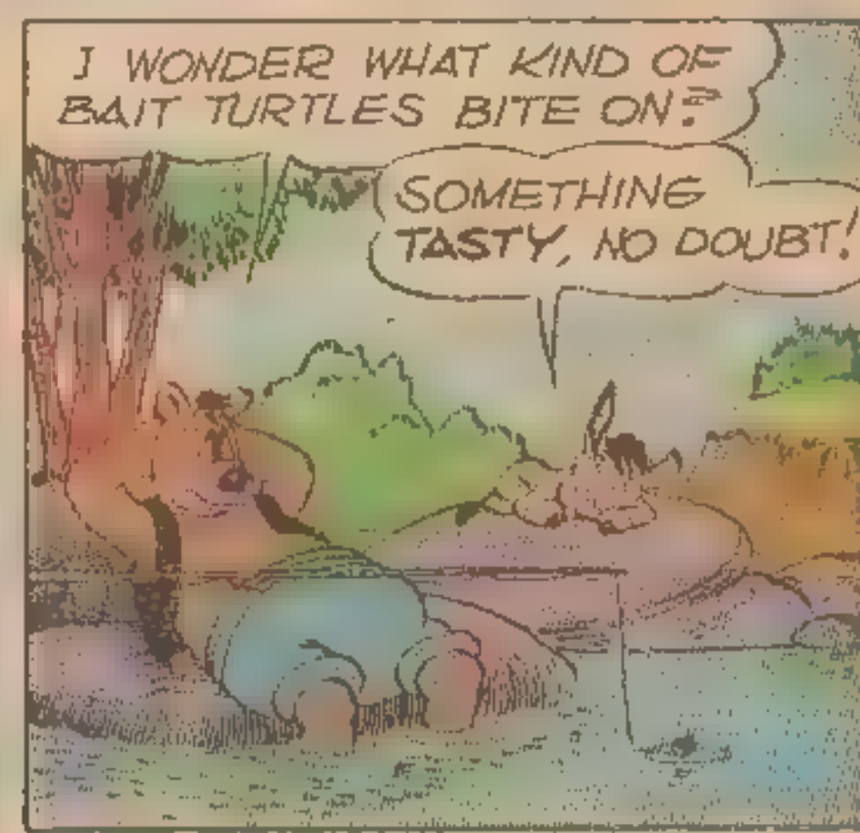

WELL, I GOT HIS MIND OFF OF RABBITS — THANK GOODNESS!
I WONDER IF THESE TURTLES ARE ALL THEY'RE CRACKED UP TO BE?

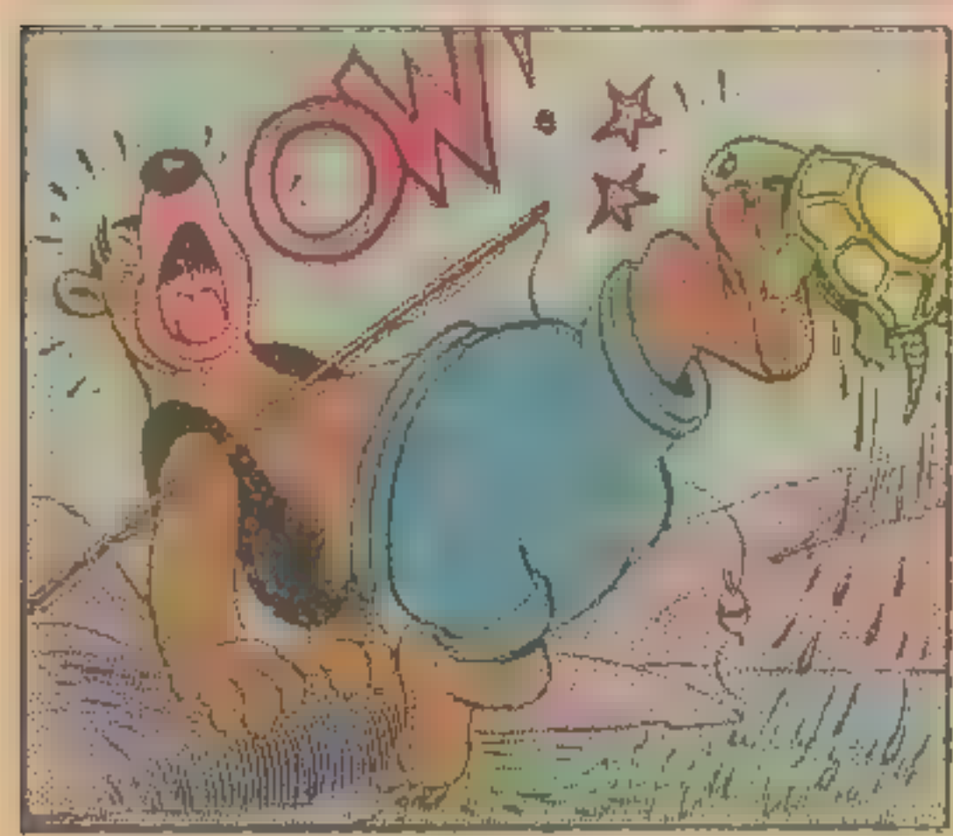

A BIG TURTLE LIVES IN THIS POOL! I'VE SEEN HIM!

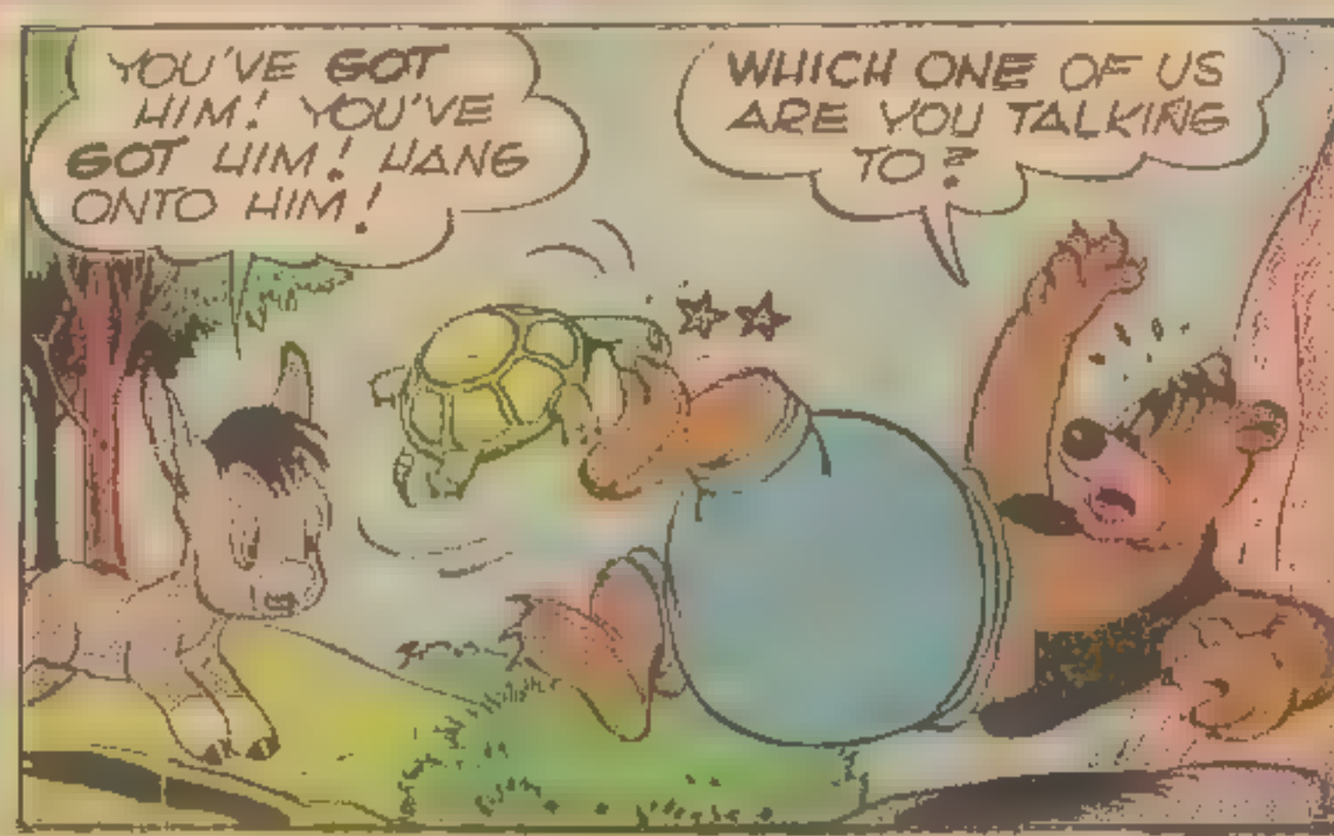

FUNNY HE DOESN'T BITE!
CHANGE YOUR BAIT! MAYBE HE DOESN'T LIKE WORMS!

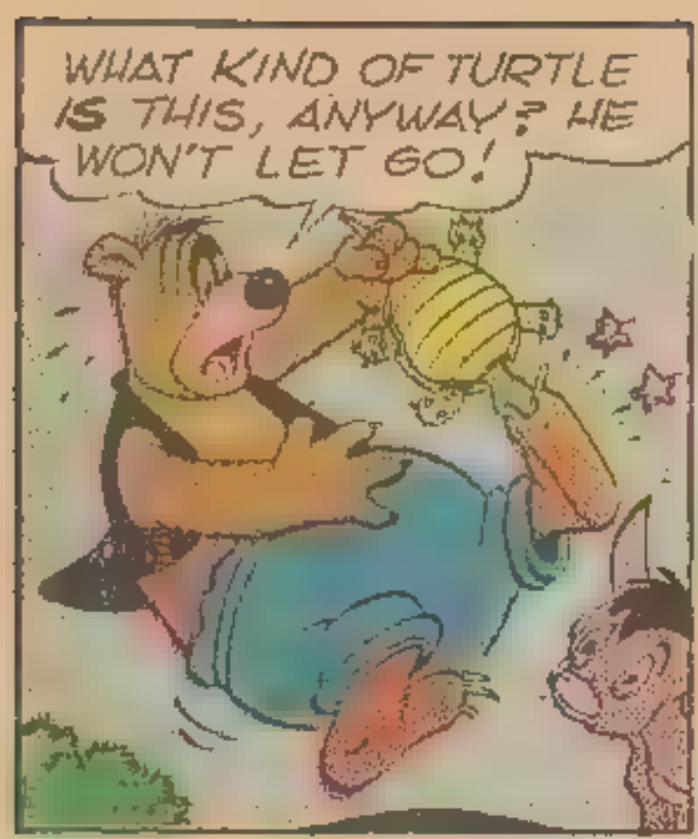
HE WON'T BITE ON GRASSHOPPERS, EITHER!
MAYBE HE MOVED AWAY!

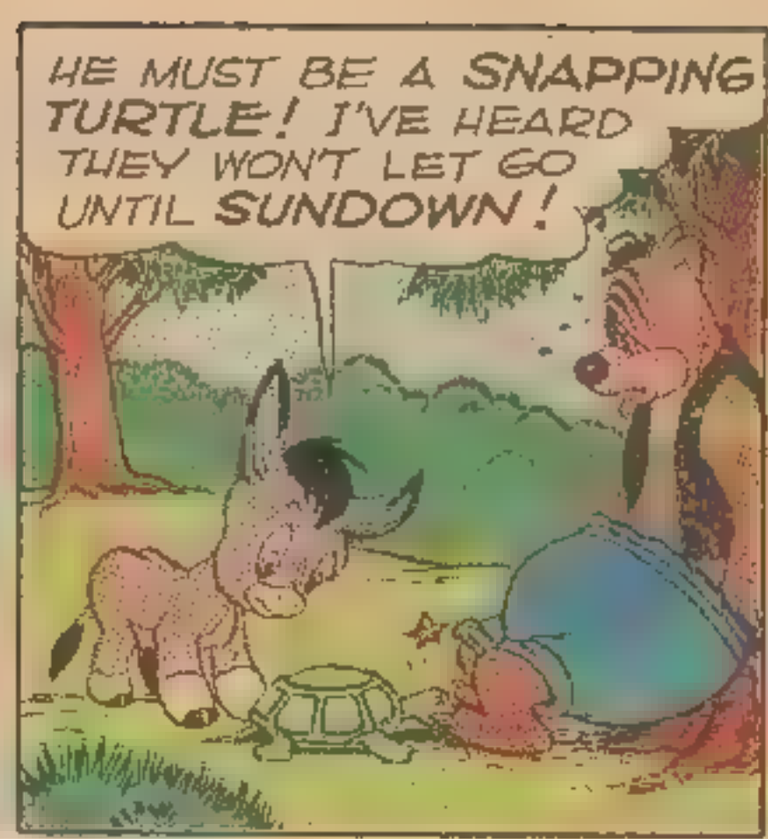
MY FEET ARE TIRED! I'M GONNA SOAK 'EM AWHILE! SIGH!

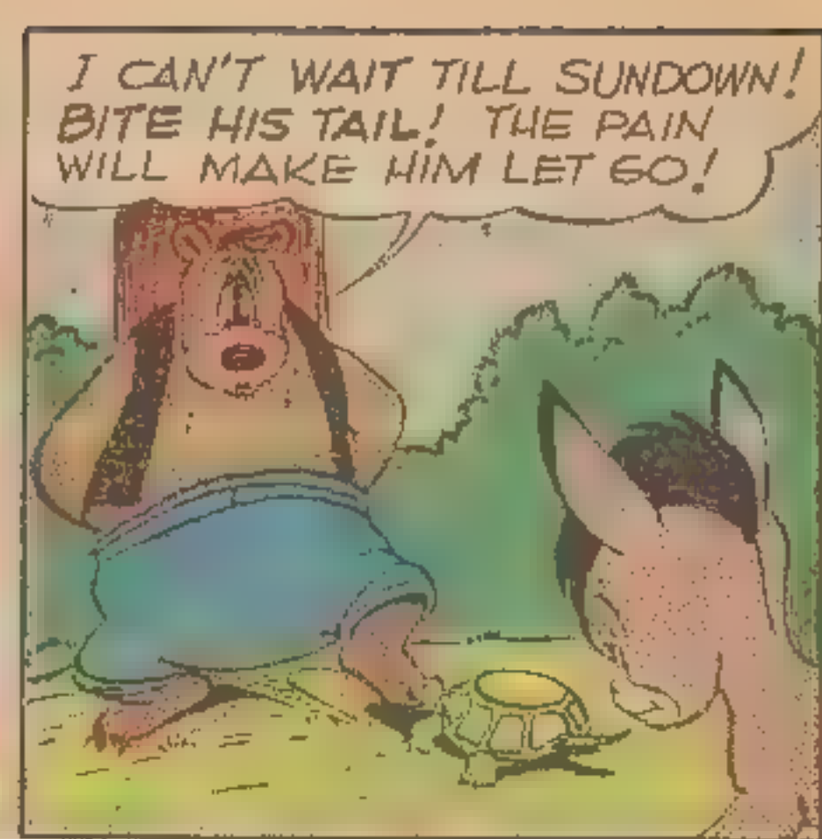

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF BAIT TURTLES BITE ON?
SOMETHING TASTY, NO DOUBT!

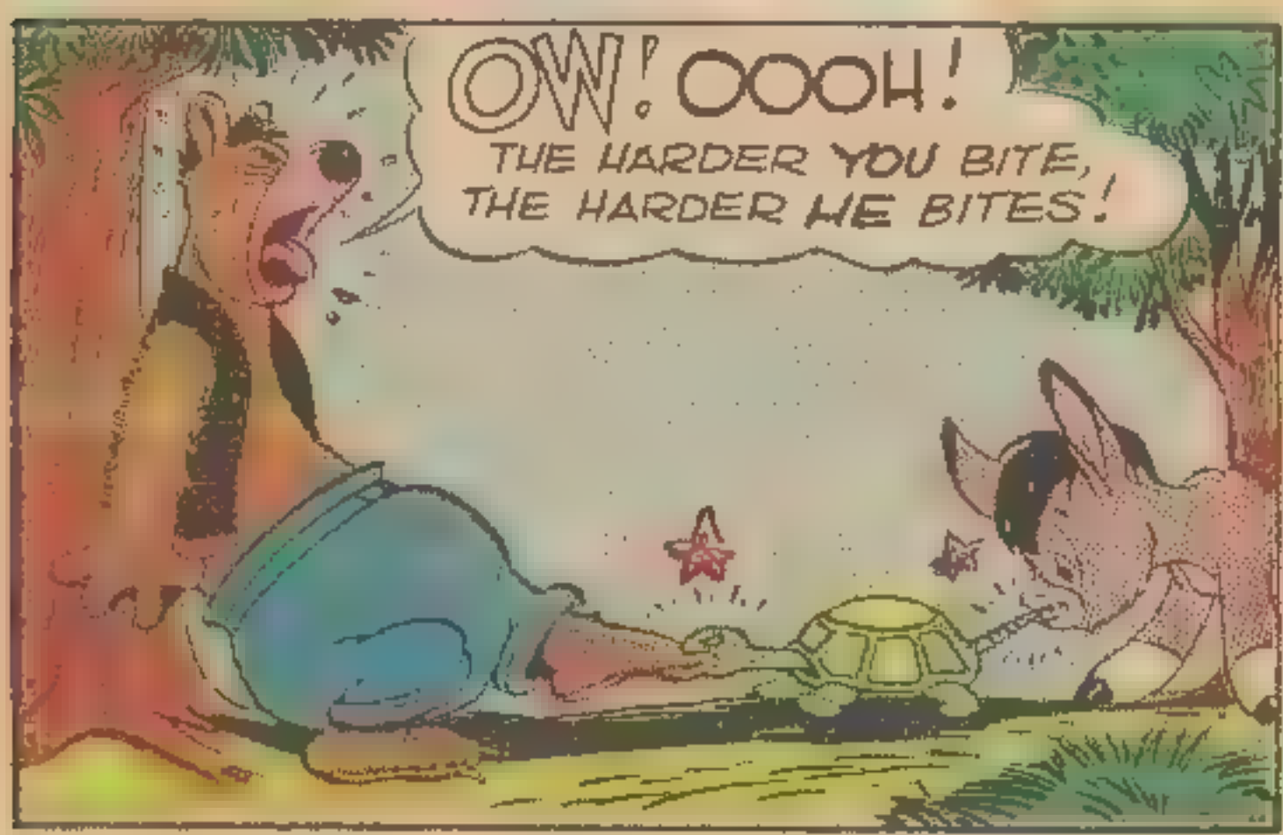

OW!

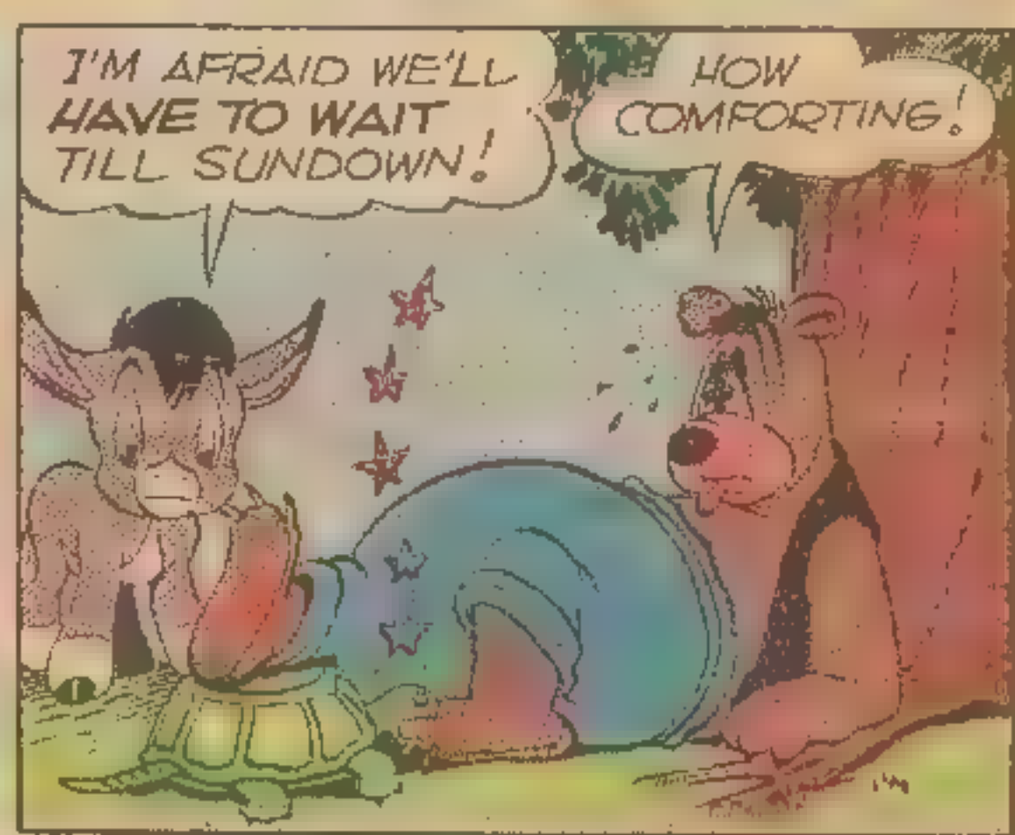

YOU'VE GOT HIM! YOU'VE GOT HIM! HANG ONTO HIM!
WHICH ONE OF US ARE YOU TALKING TO?

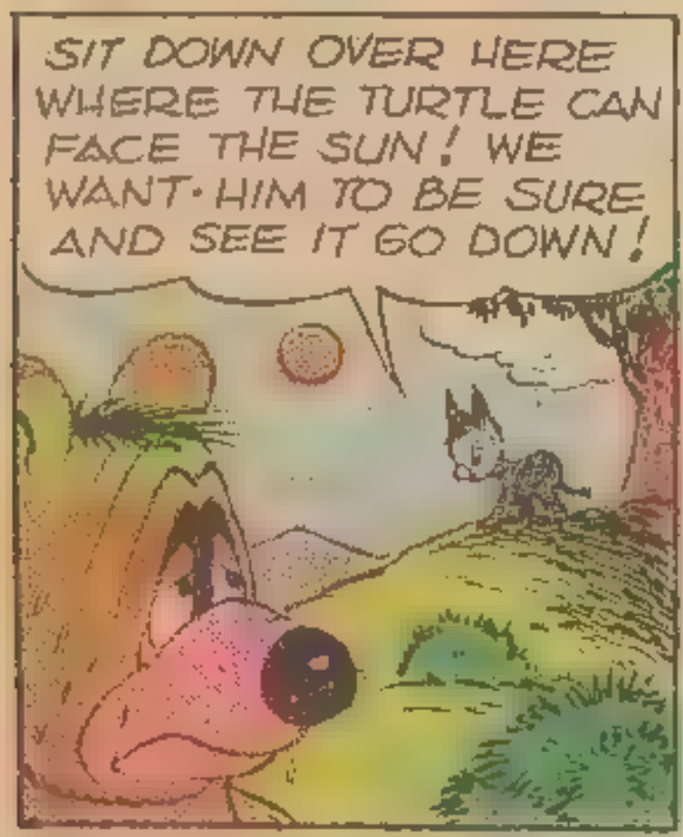

WHAT KIND OF TURTLE IS THIS, ANYWAY? HE WON'T LET GO!

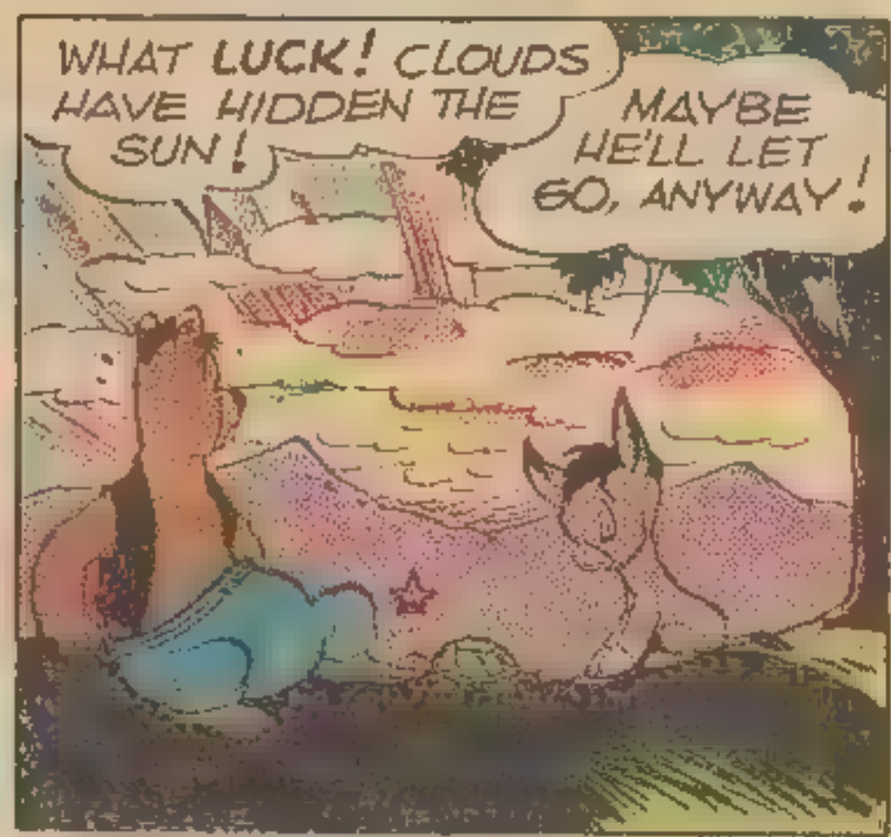

HE MUST BE A SNAPPING TURTLE! I'VE HEARD THEY WON'T LET GO UNTIL SUNDOWN!


I CAN'T WAIT TILL SUNDOWN! BITE HIS TAIL! THE PAIN WILL MAKE HIM LET GO!

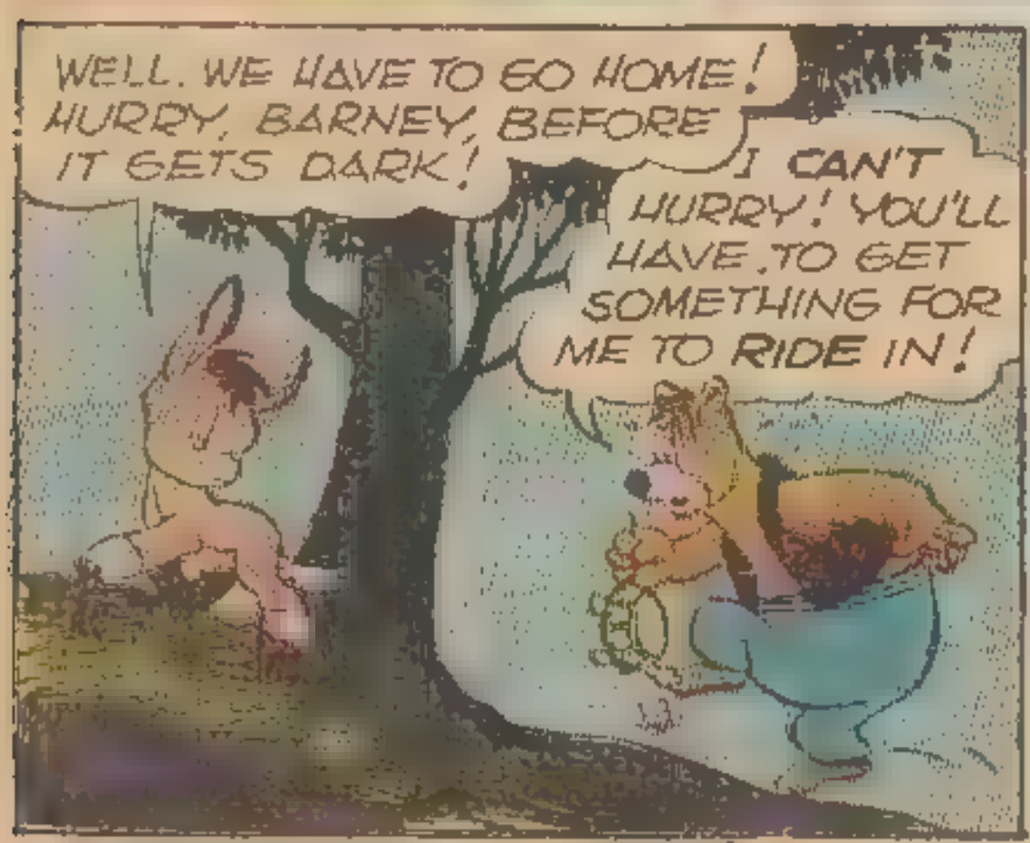

OW! OOOH!
THE HARDER YOU BITE, THE HARDER HE BITES!

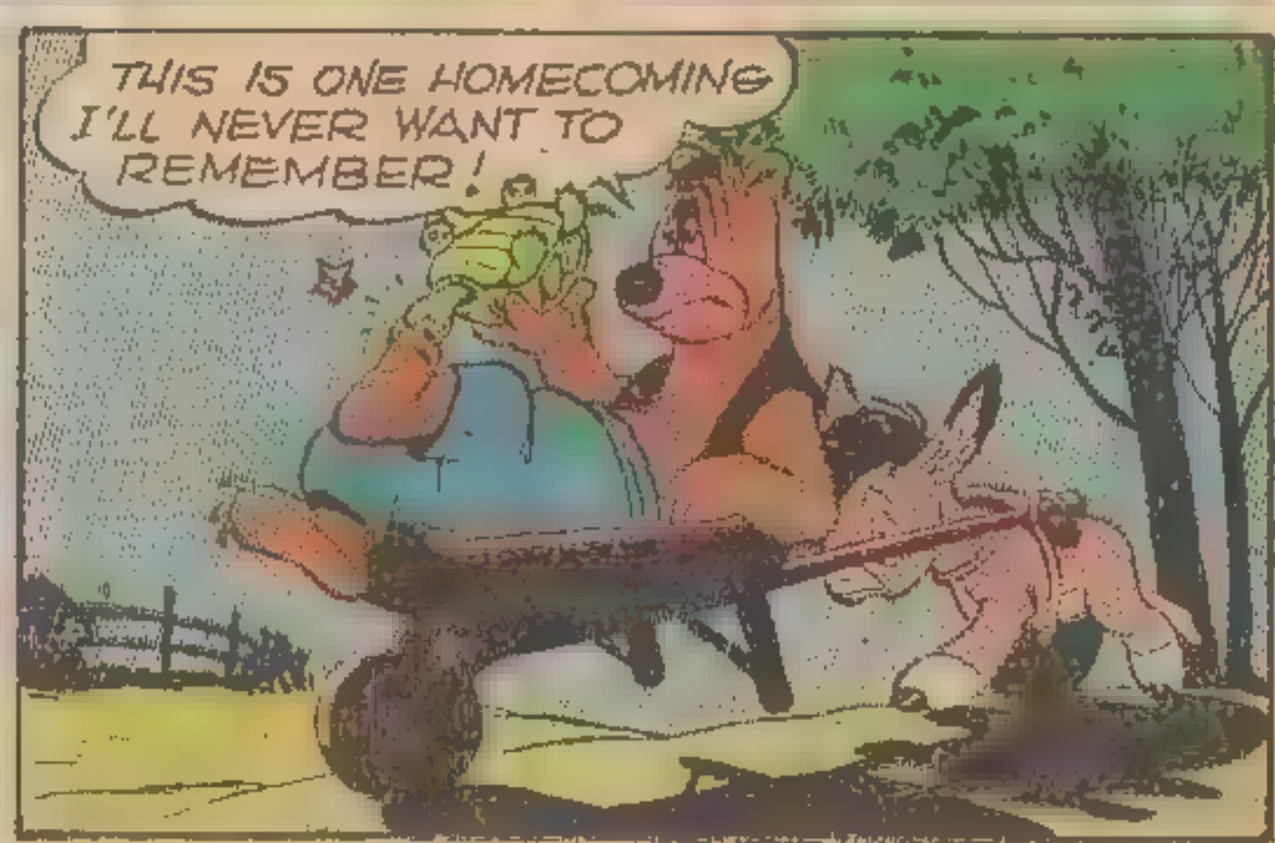

I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL SUNDOWN!
HOW COMFORTING!

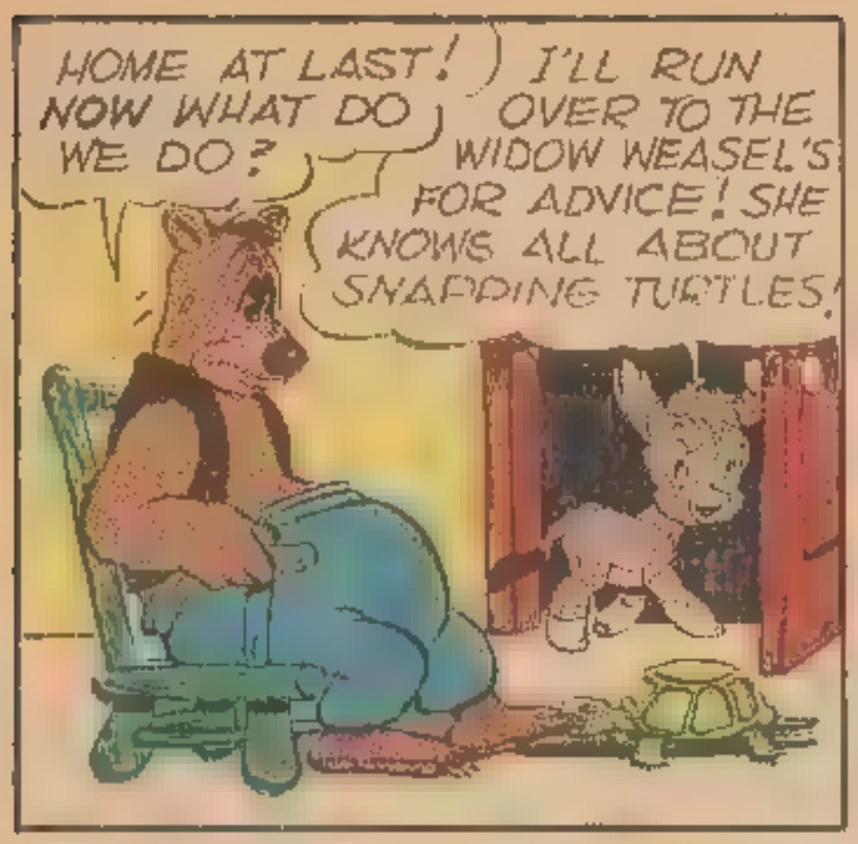

SIT DOWN OVER HERE WHERE THE TURTLE CAN FACE THE SUN! WE WANT HIM TO BE SURE AND SEE IT GO DOWN!


WHAT LUCK! CLOUDS HAVE HIDDEN THE SUN!
MAYBE HE'LL LET GO, ANYWAY!

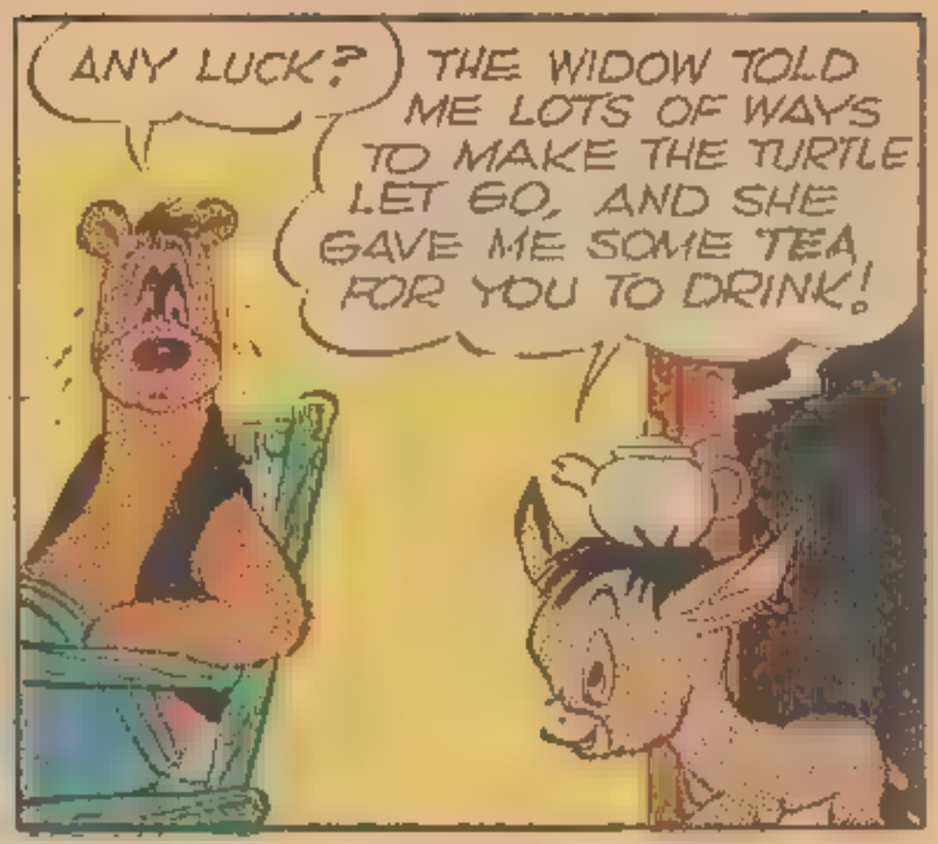
TIME PASSES!
DOESN'T HE BELIEVE HIS EYES? IT IS NEARLY NIGHT, AND HE IS STILL HANGING ON!

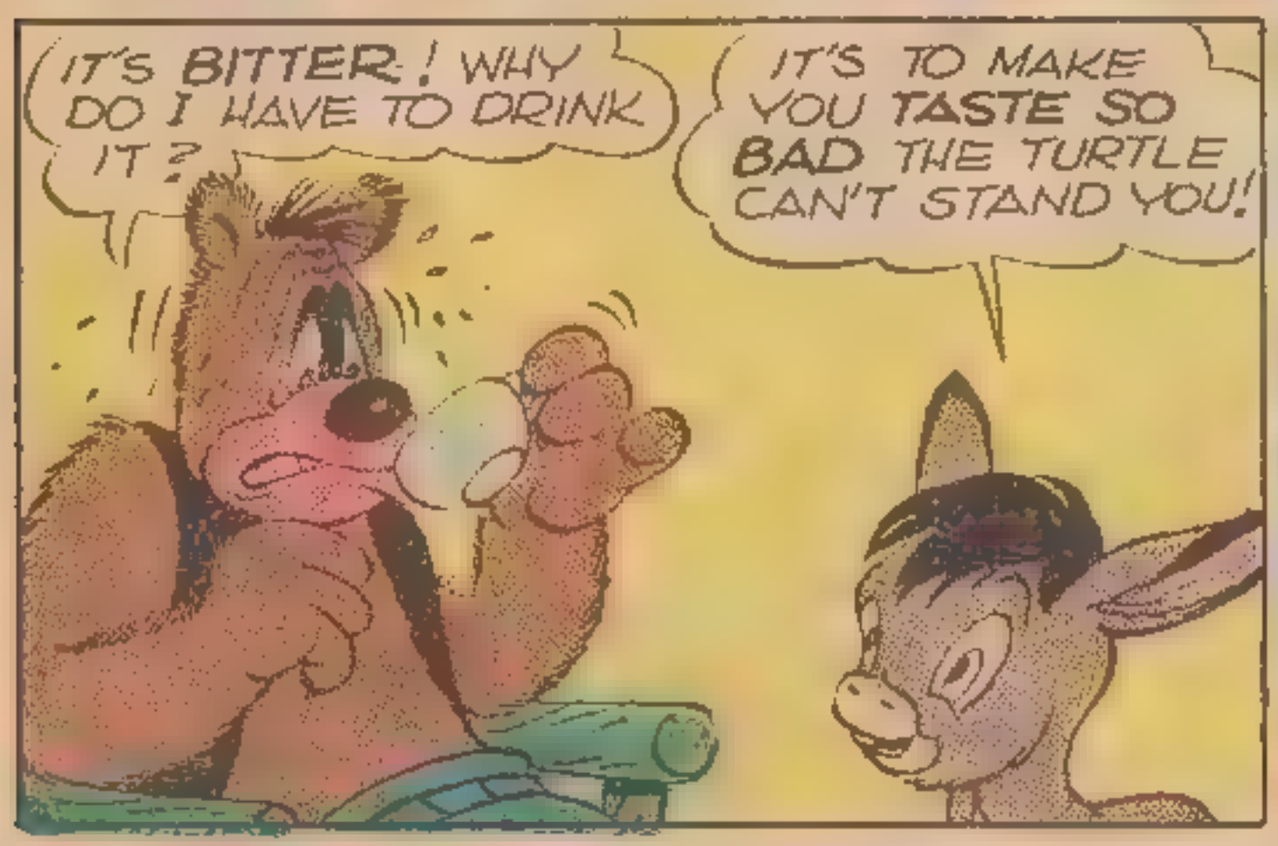

WELL. WE HAVE TO GO HOME! HURRY, BARNEY, BEFORE IT GETS DARK!
I CAN'T HURRY! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET SOMETHING FOR ME TO RIDE IN!

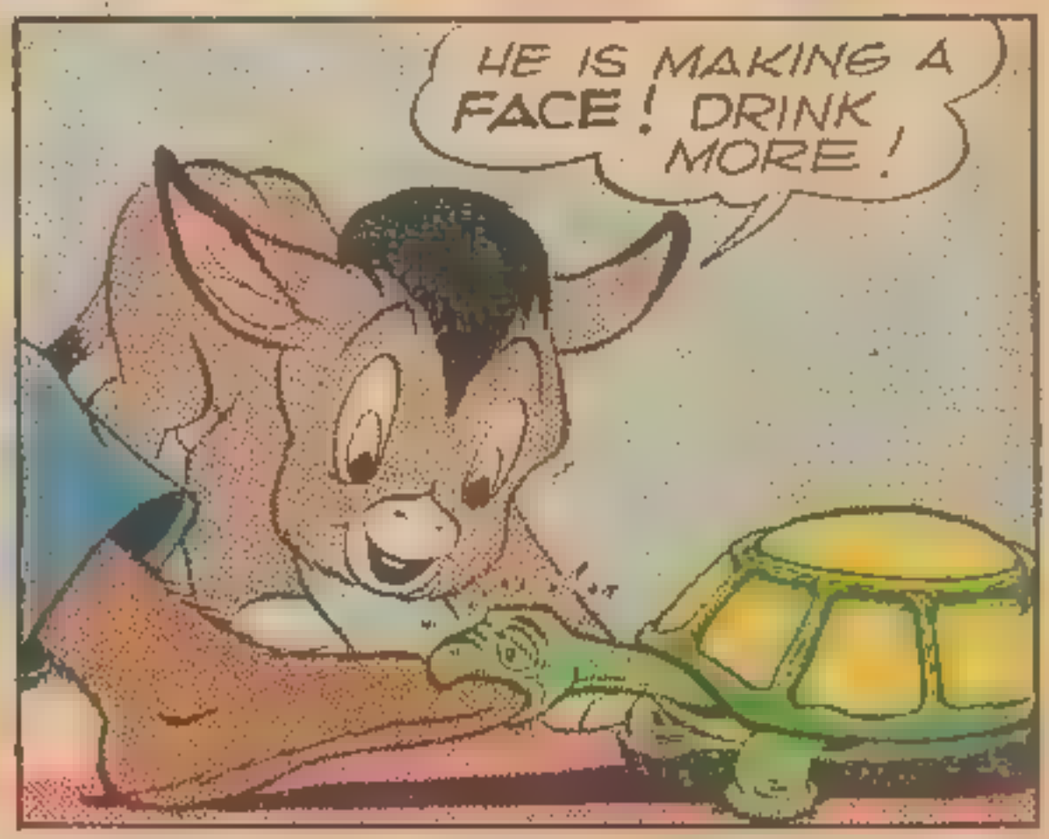

THIS IS ONE HOMECOMING I'LL NEVER WANT TO REMEMBER!

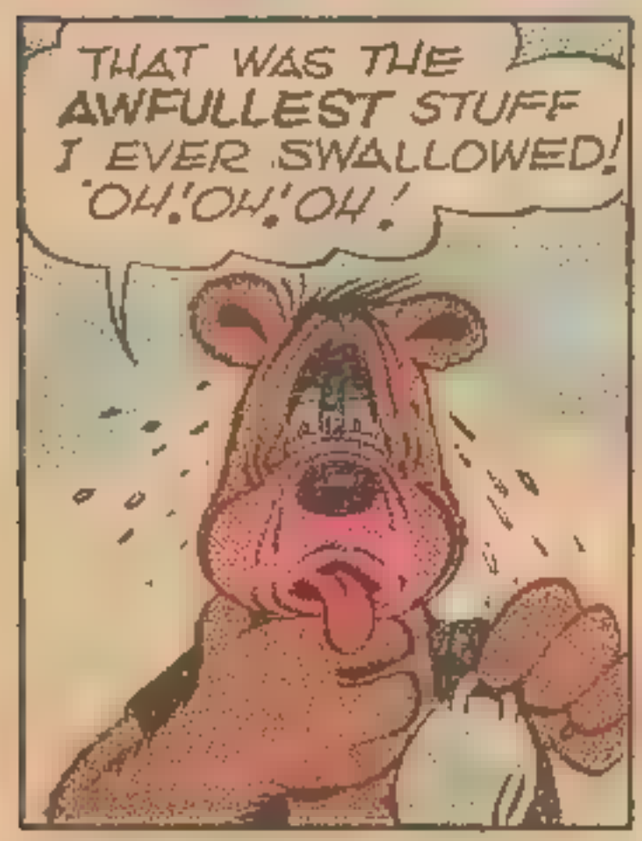

HOME AT LAST! NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
I'LL RUN OVER TO THE WIDOW WEASEL'S FOR ADVICE! SHE KNOWS ALL ABOUT SNAPPING TURTLES!

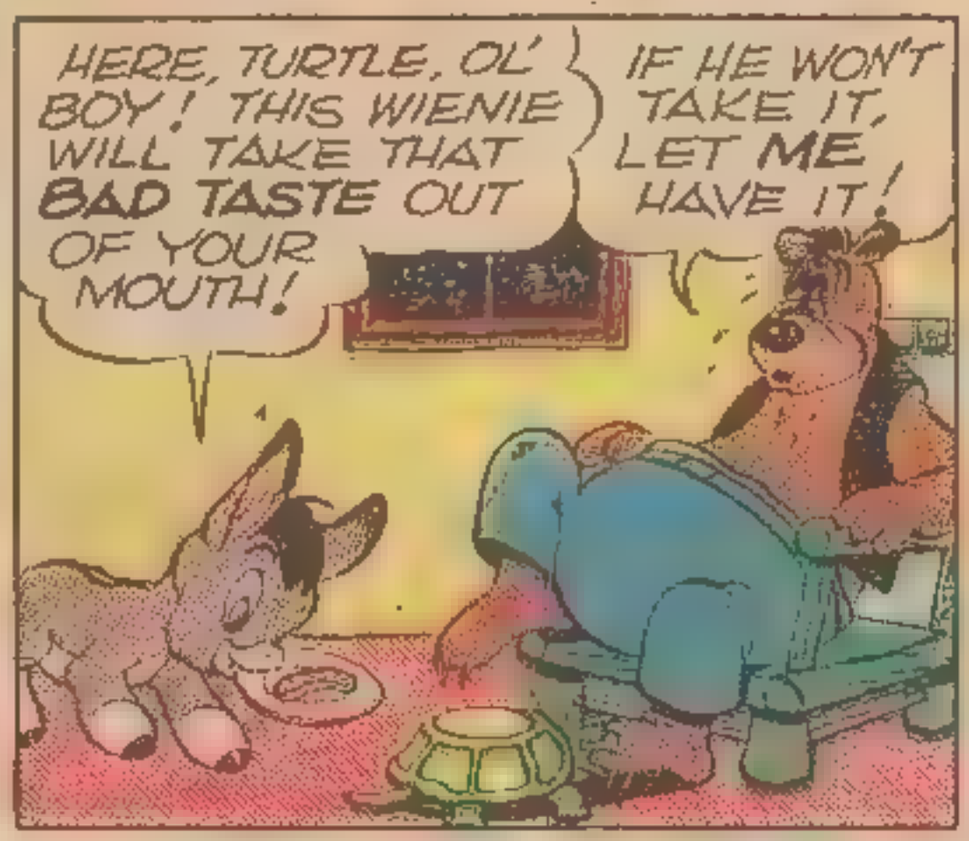
IF BENNY DOESN'T COME BACK WITH THE RIGHT ANSWER, I'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK!

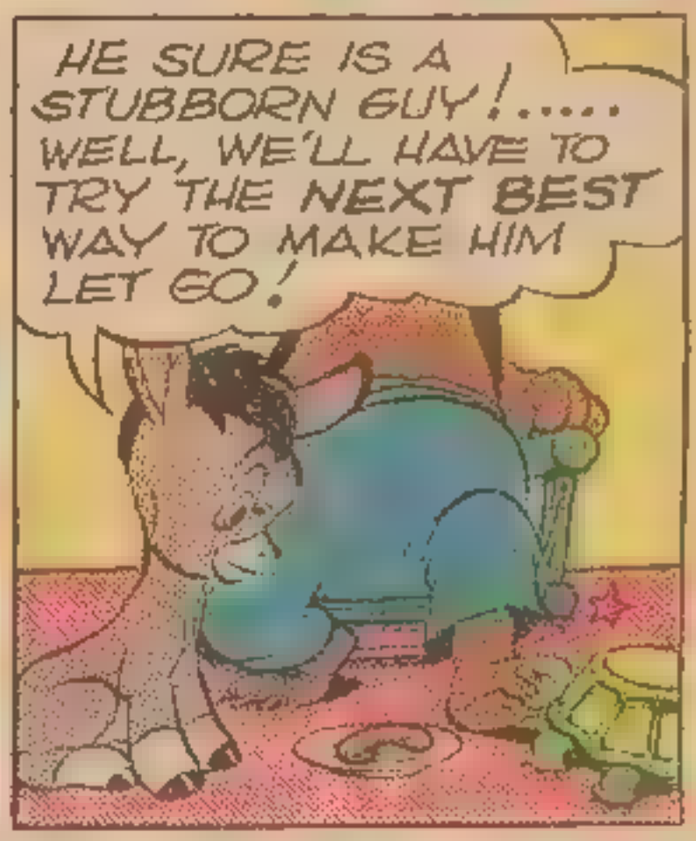

ANY LUCK?
THE WIDOW TOLD ME LOTS OF WAYS TO MAKE THE TURTLE LET GO, AND SHE GAVE ME SOME TEA FOR YOU TO DRINK!

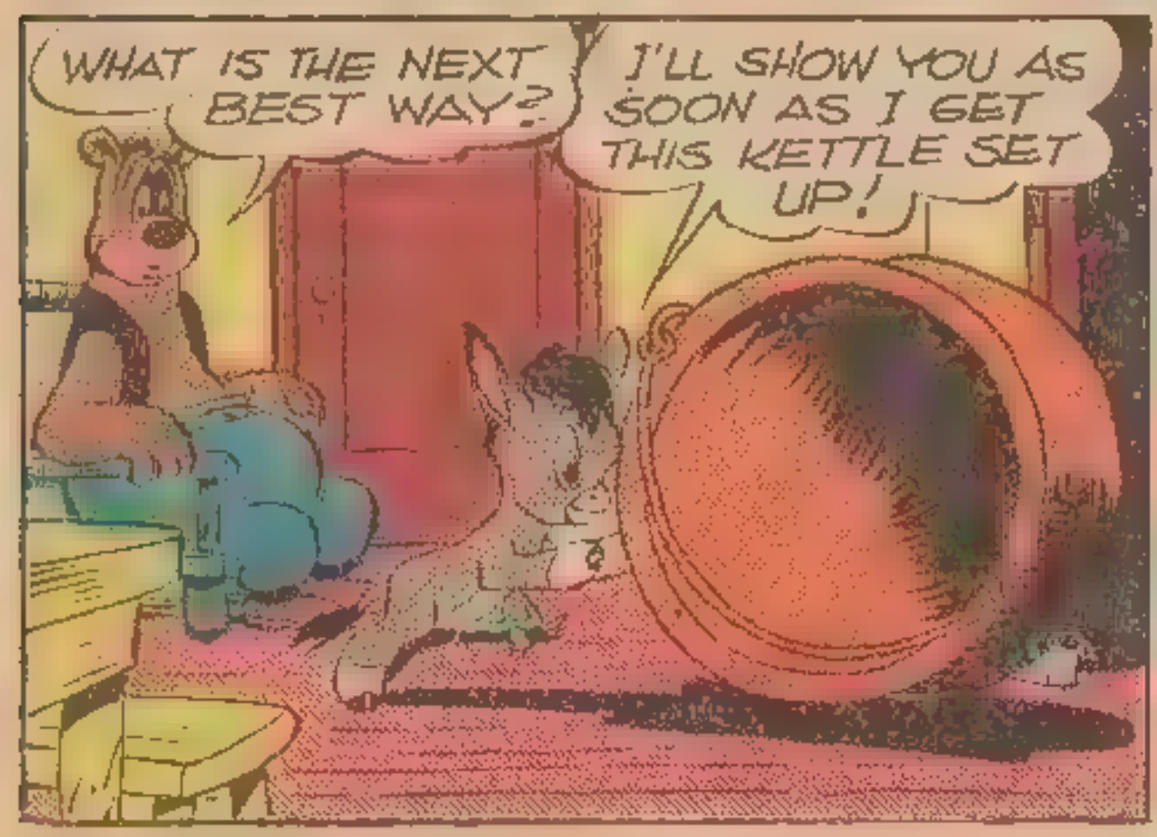

IT'S BITTER! WHY DO I HAVE TO DRINK IT?
IT'S TO MAKE YOU TASTE SO BAD THE TURTLE CAN'T STAND YOU!

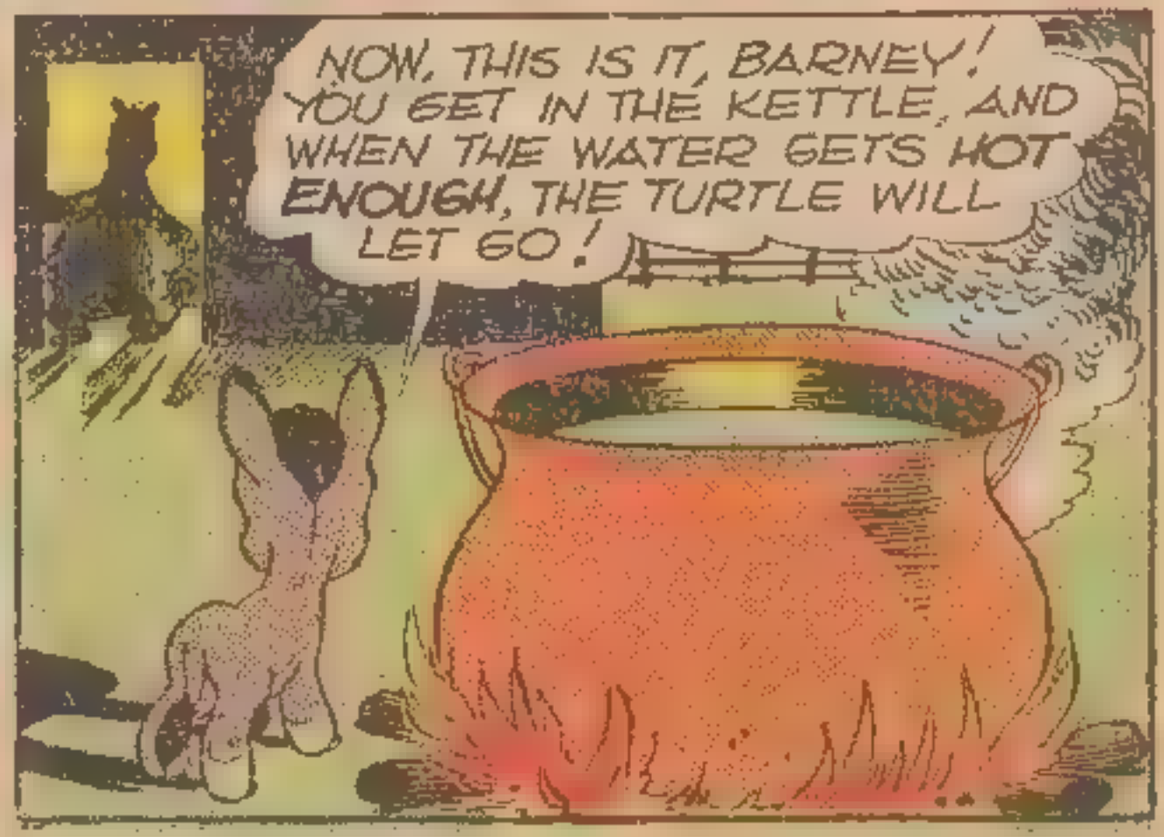

HE IS MAKING A FACE! DRINK MORE!

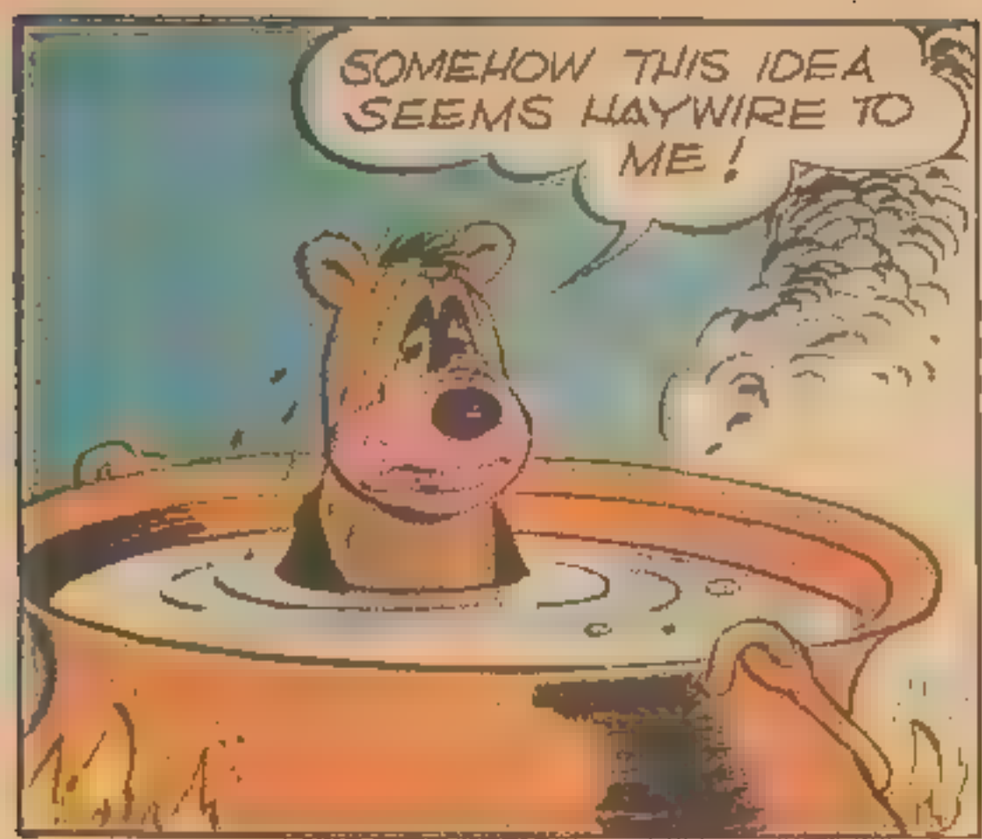

THAT WAS THE AWFULLEST STUFF I EVER SWALLOWED! OH! OH! OH!

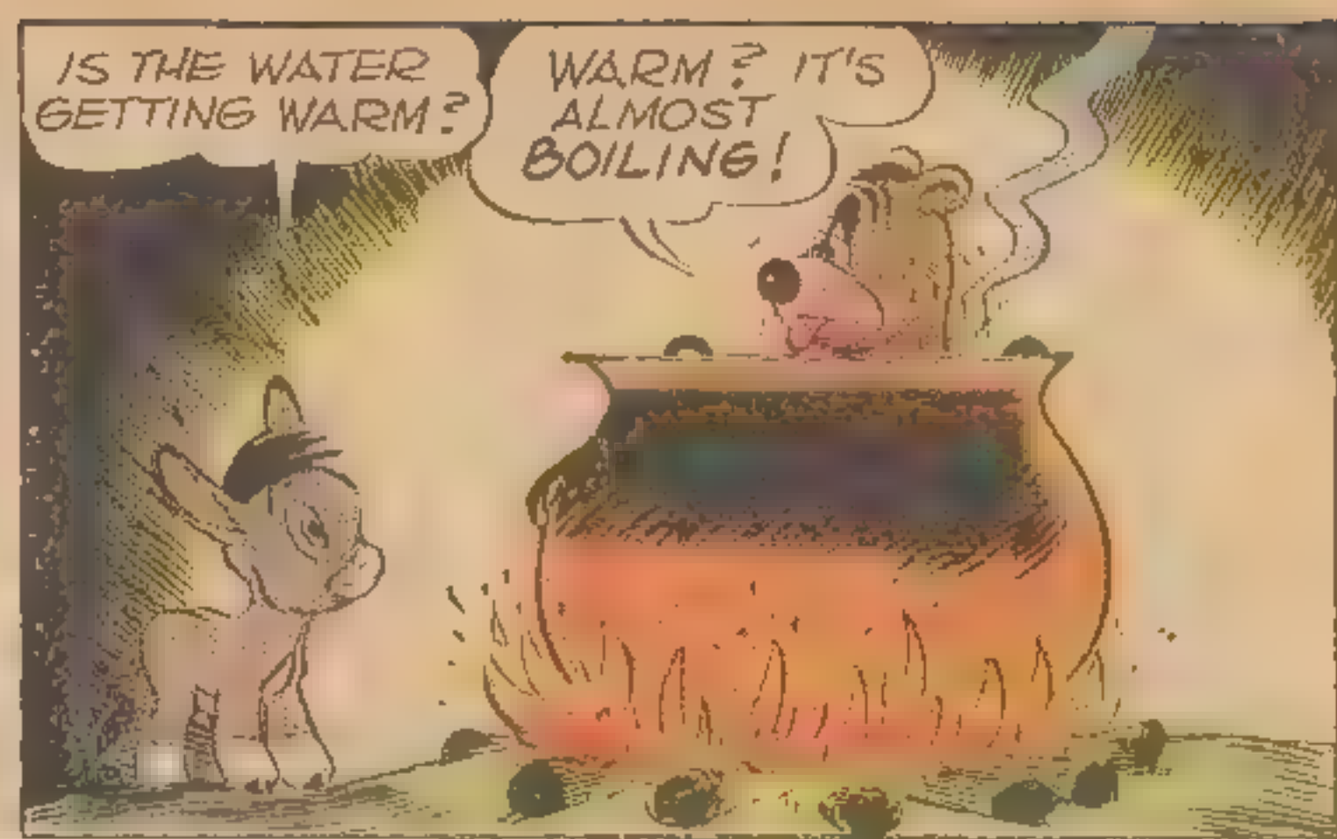

HERE, TURTLE, OL' BOY! THIS WIENIE WILL TAKE THAT BAD TASTE OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!
IF HE WON'T TAKE IT, LET ME HAVE IT!

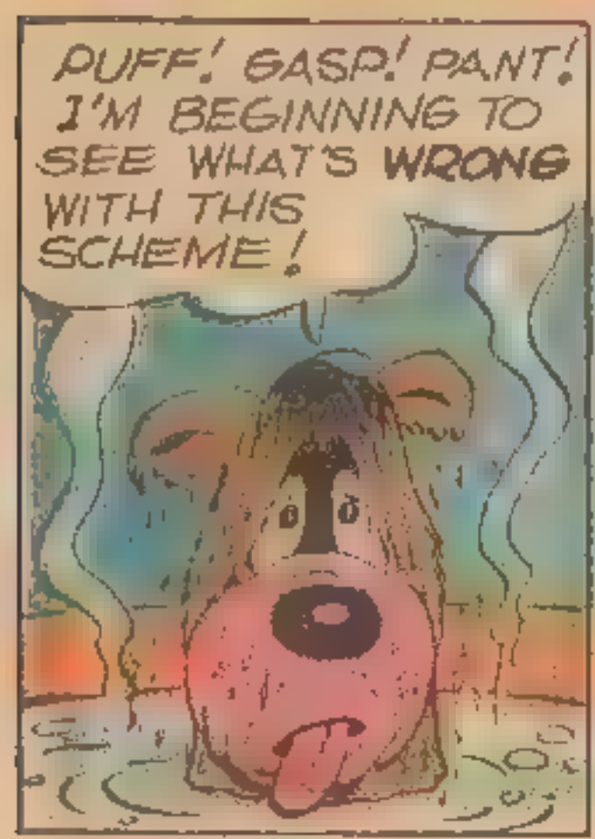

HE SURE IS A STUBBORN GUY!..... WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO TRY THE NEXT BEST WAY TO MAKE HIM LET GO!

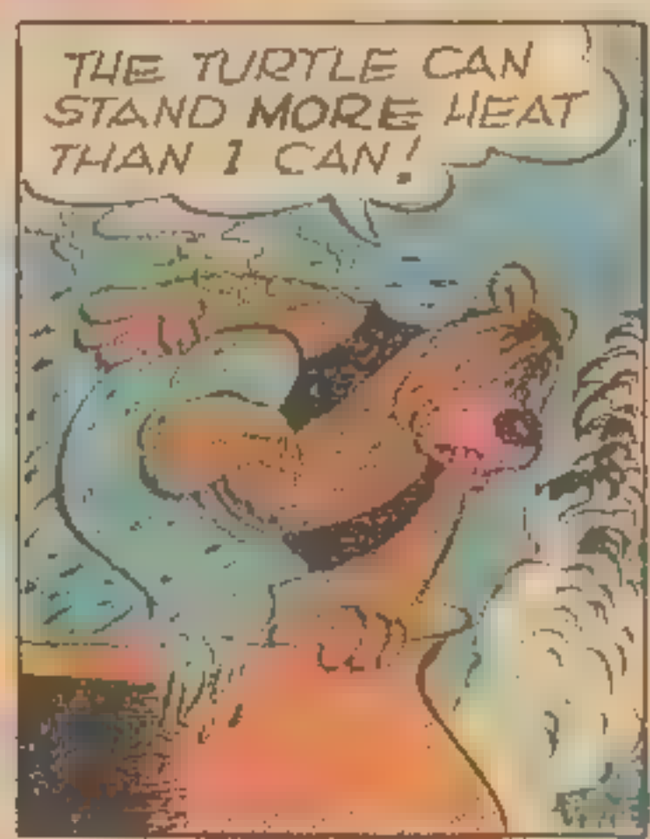

WHAT IS THE NEXT BEST WAY?
I'LL SHOW YOU AS SOON AS I GET THIS KETTLE SET UP!

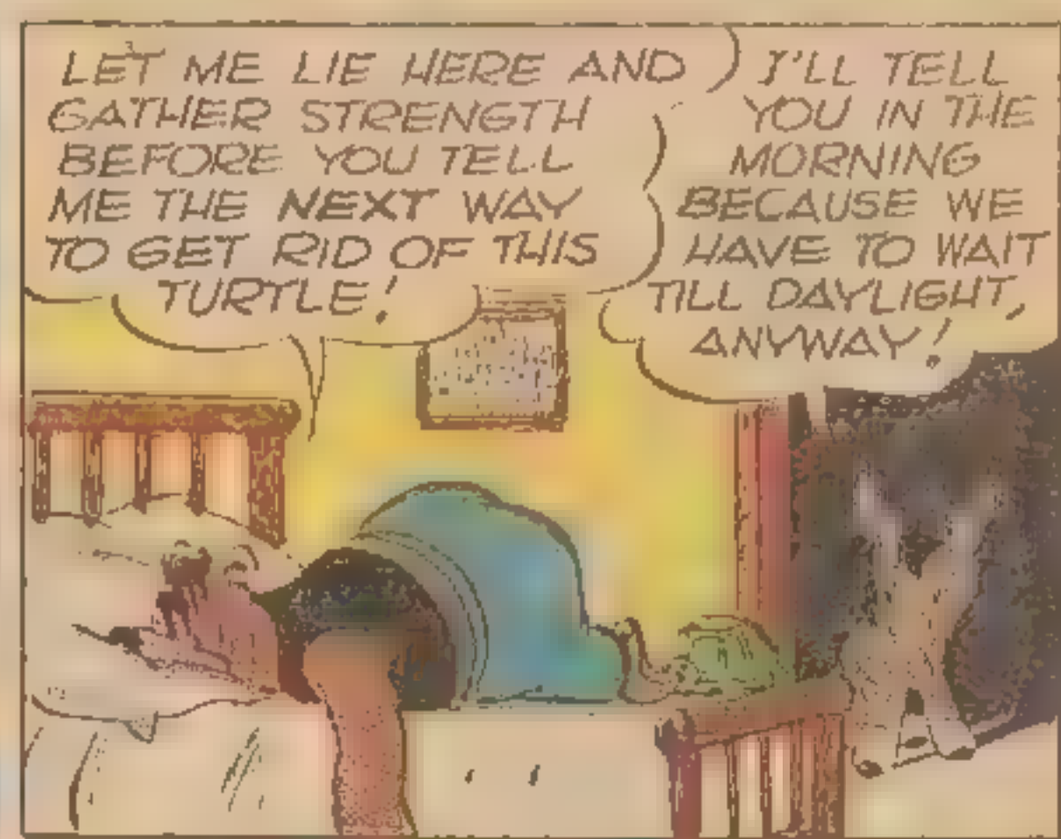

NOW, THIS IS IT, BARNEY! YOU GET IN THE KETTLE, AND WHEN THE WATER GETS HOT ENOUGH, THE TURTLE WILL LET GO!

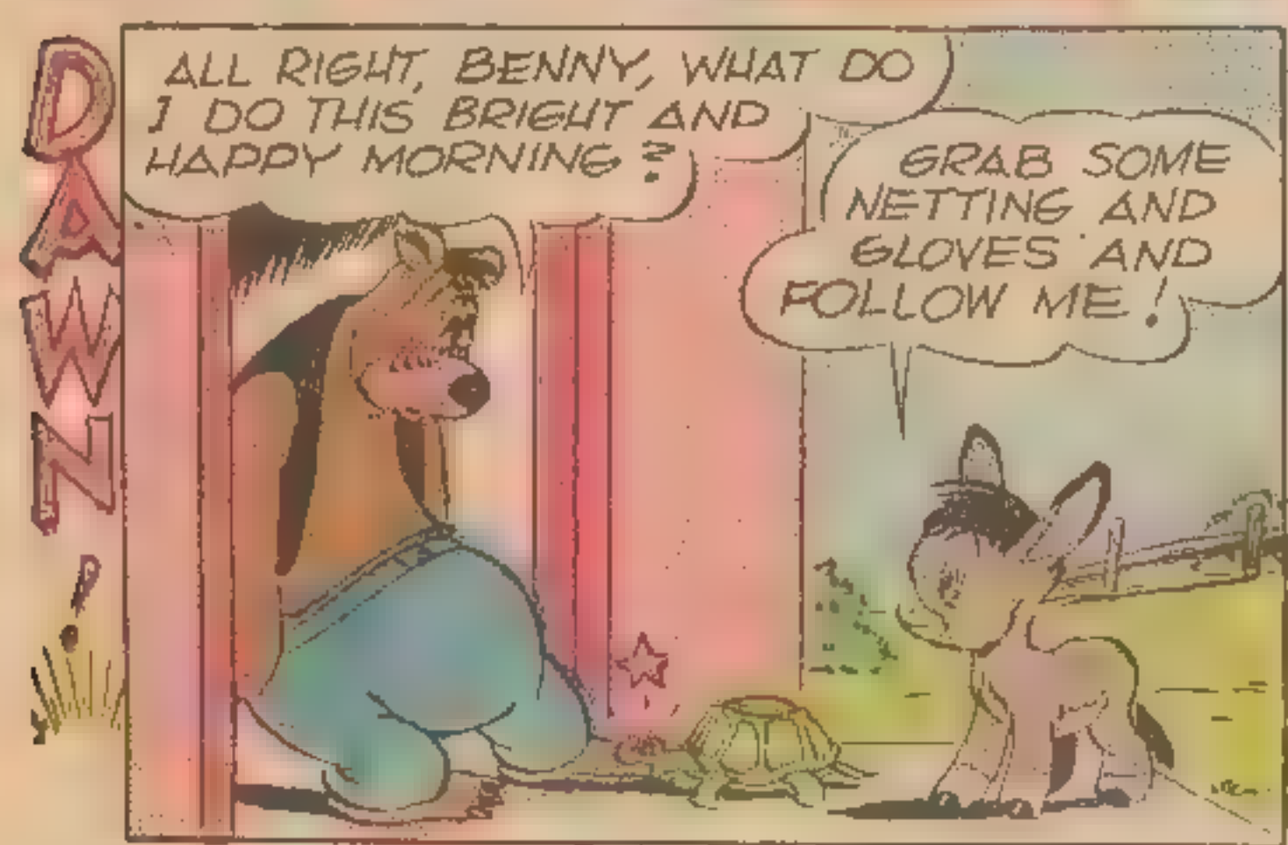

SOMEHOW THIS IDEA SEEMS HAYWIRE TO ME!

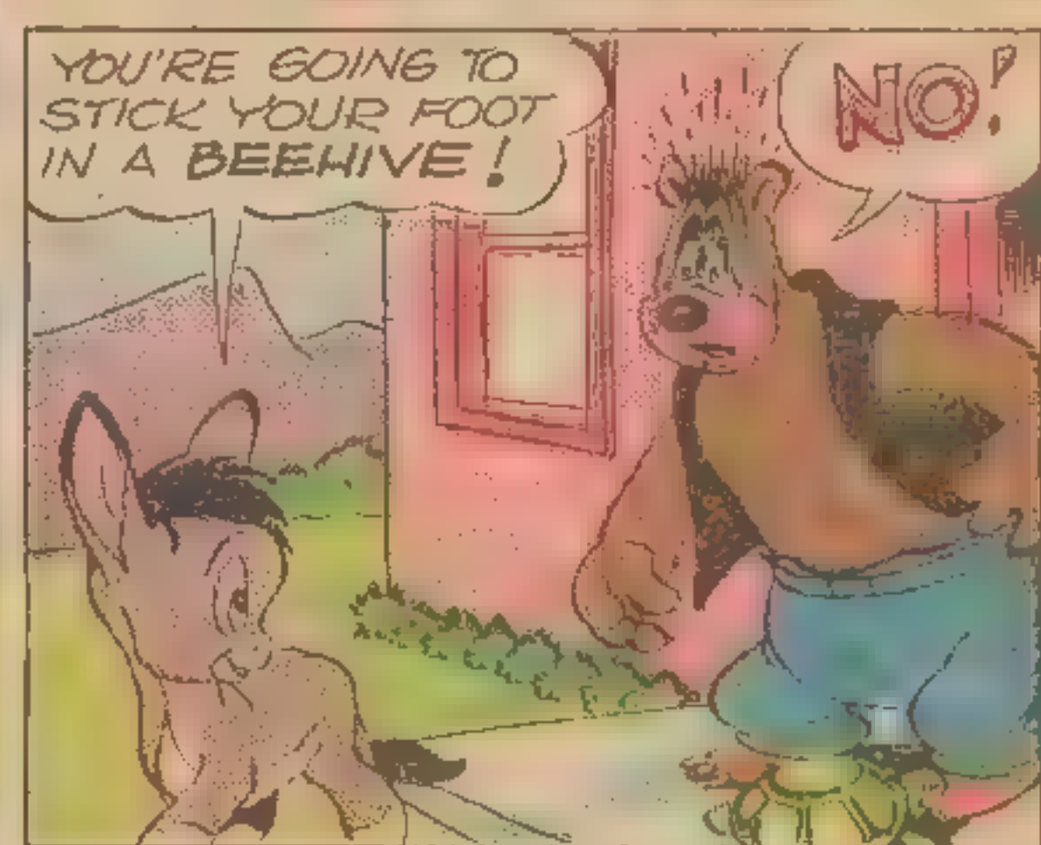

IS THE WATER GETTING WARM?
WARM? IT'S ALMOST BOILING!


PUFF! GASP! PANT! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS SCHEME!

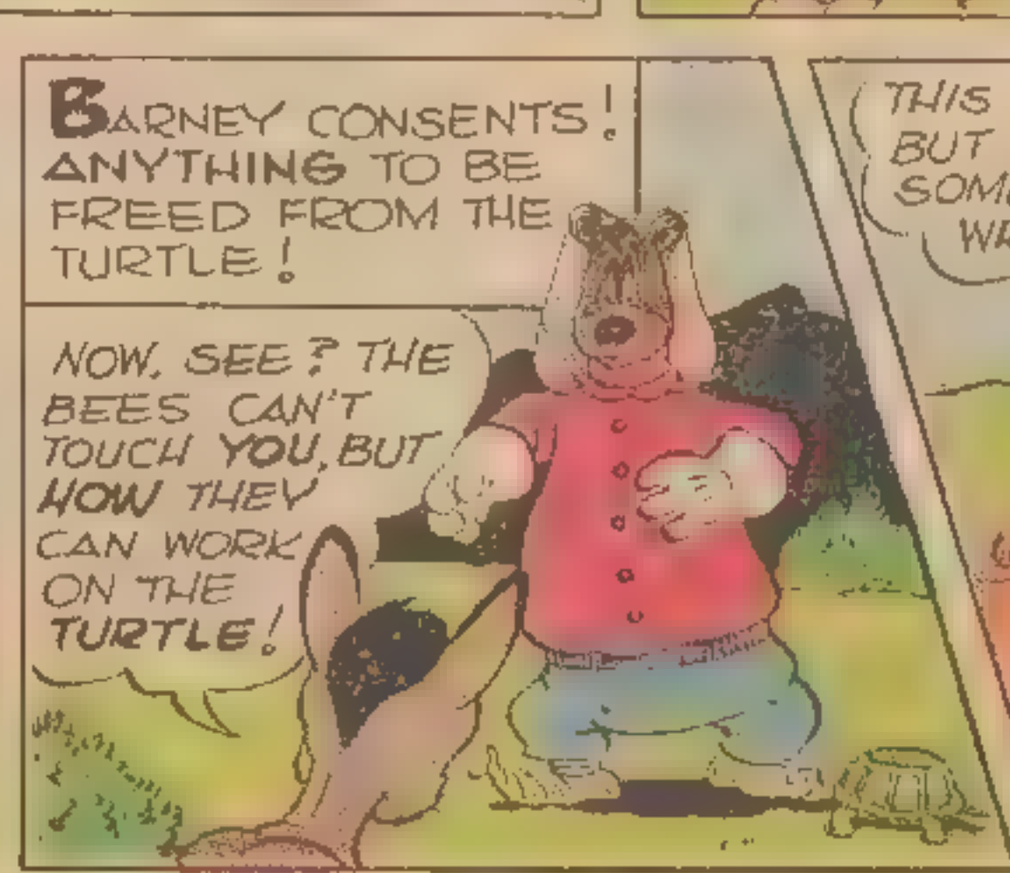

THE TURTLE CAN STAND MORE HEAT THAN I CAN!

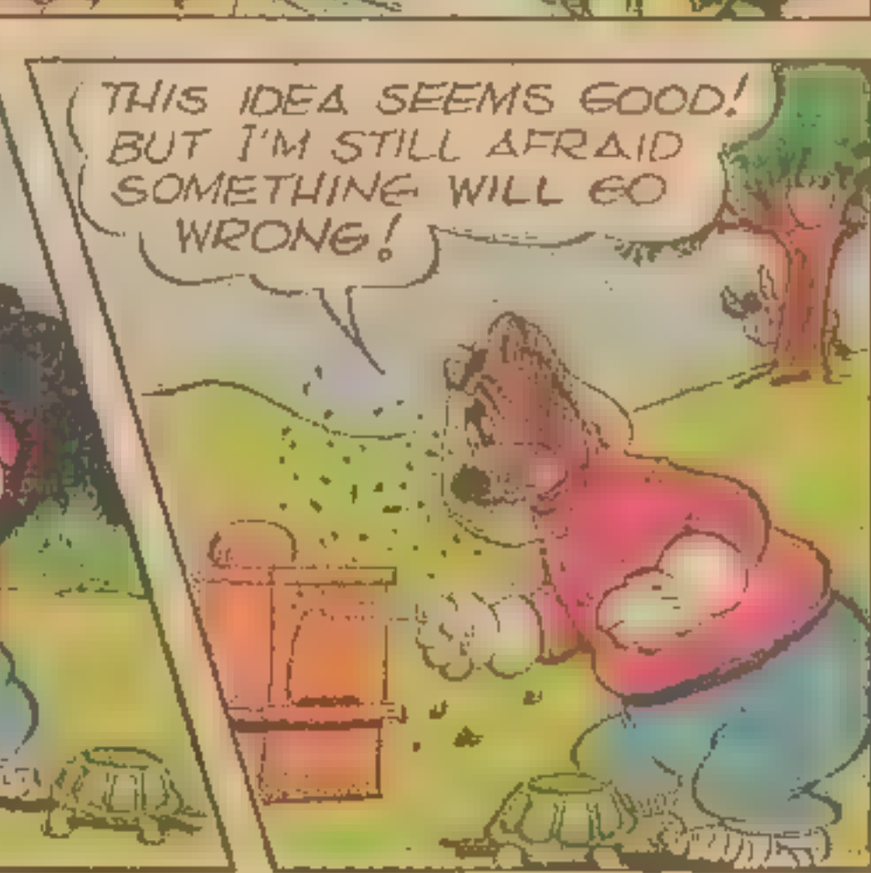

LET ME LIE HERE AND GATHER STRENGTH BEFORE YOU TELL ME THE NEXT WAY TO GET RID OF THIS TURTLE!
I'LL TELL YOU IN THE MORNING BECAUSE WE HAVE TO WAIT TILL DAYLIGHT, ANYWAY!

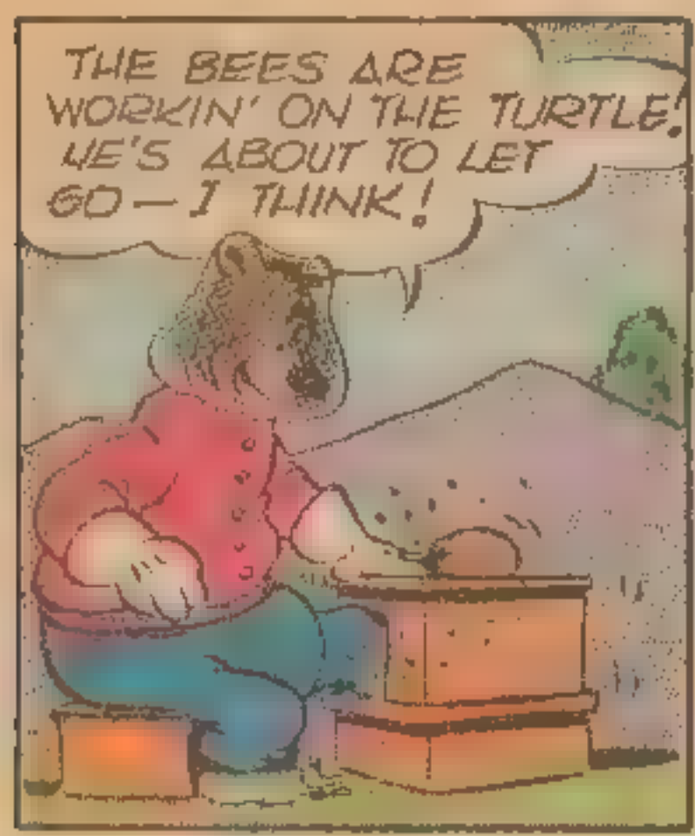

DAWN!
ALL RIGHT, BENNY, WHAT DO I DO THIS BRIGHT AND HAPPY MORNING?
GRAB SOME NETTING AND GLOVES AND FOLLOW ME!

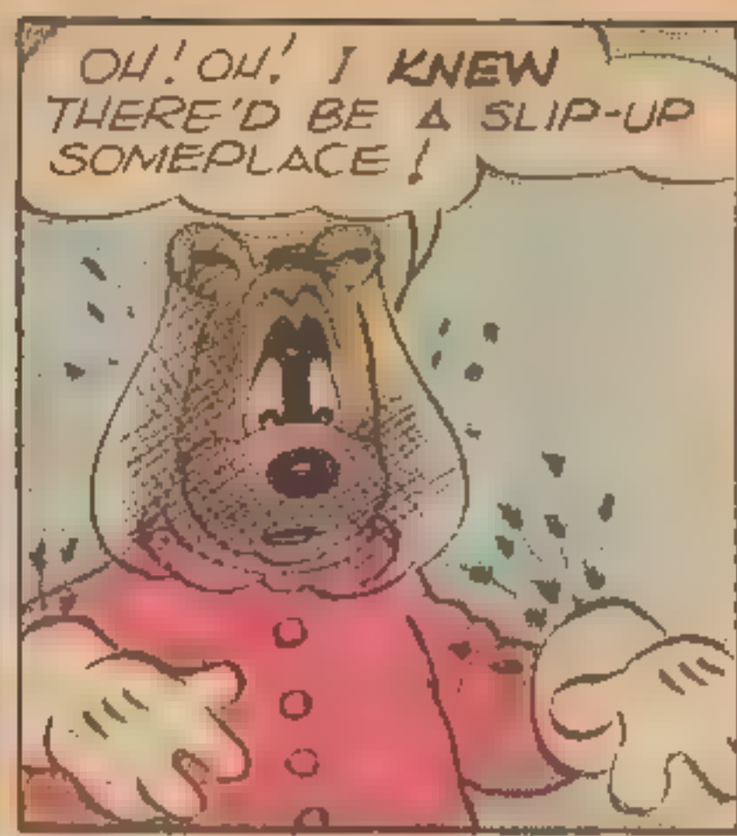

YOU'RE GOING TO STICK YOUR FOOT IN A BEEHIVE!
NO!

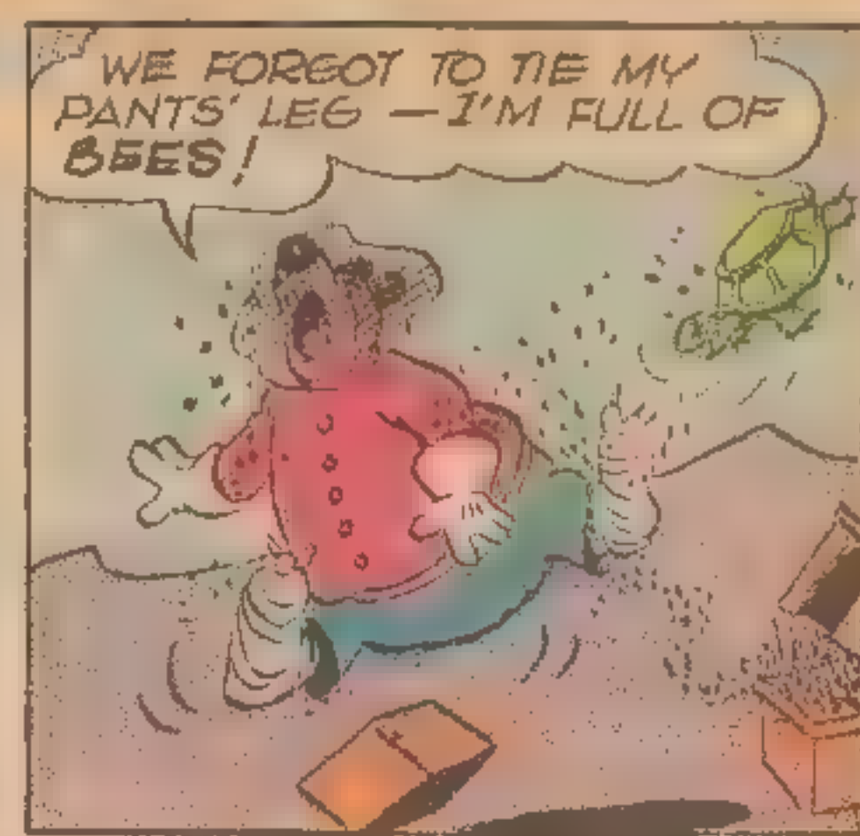
I WON'T DO IT! NO, SIR! I'M BRAVE, BUT NOT THAT BRAVE!
BUT YOU WILL BE PROTECTED! I'LL SHOW YOU!

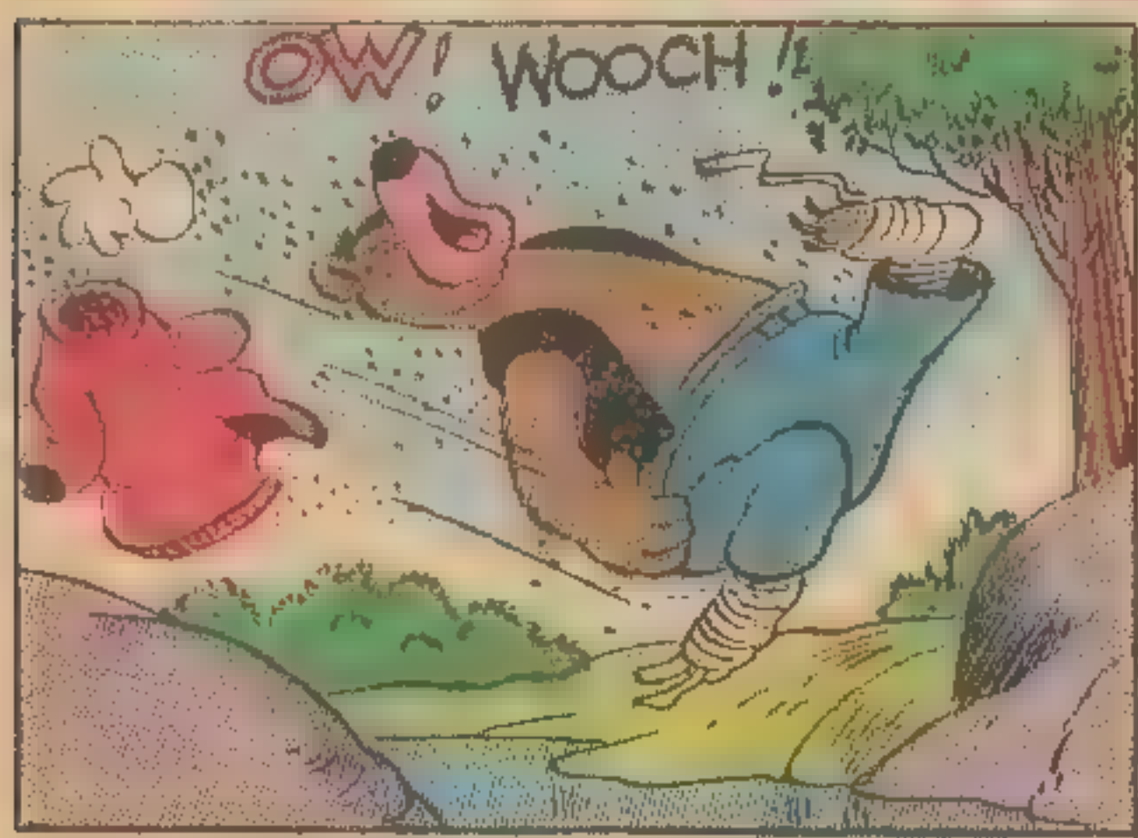

BARNEY CONSENTS! ANYTHING TO BE FREED FROM THE TURTLE!
NOW, SEE? THE BEES CAN'T TOUCH YOU, BUT HOW THEY CAN WORK ON THE TURTLE!

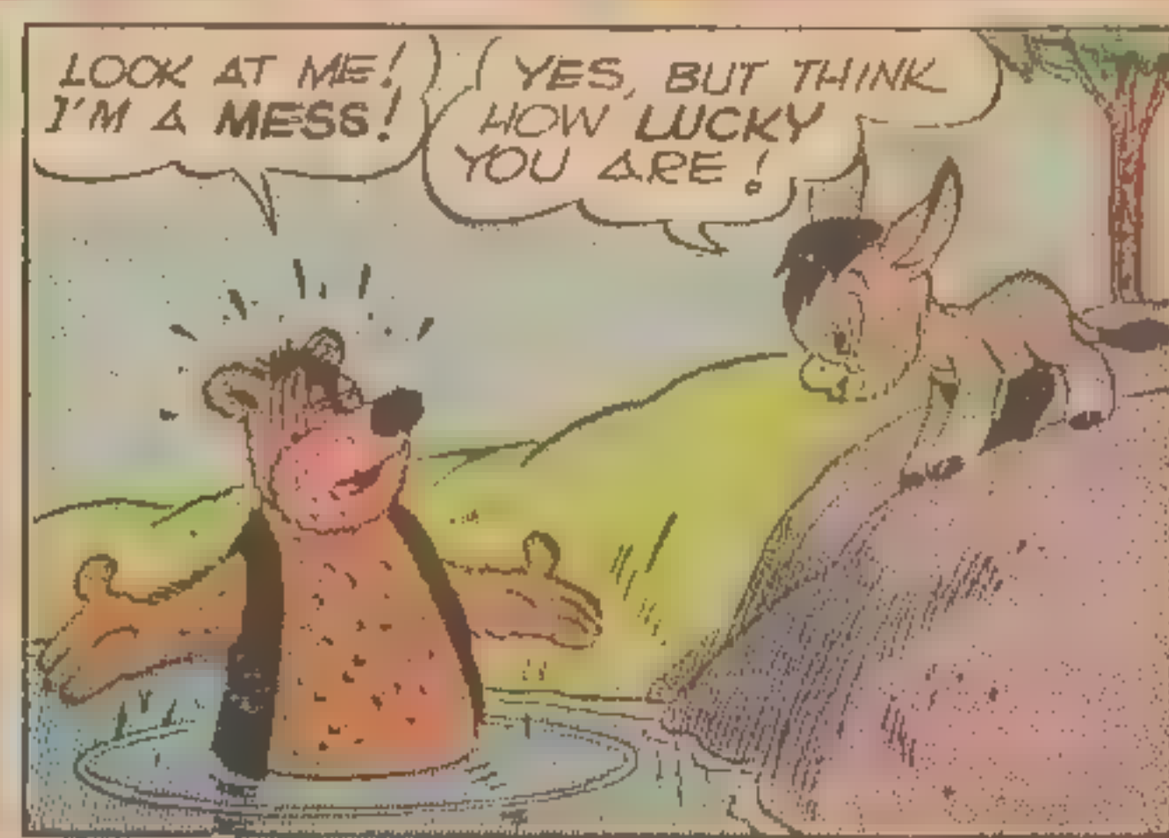

THIS IDEA SEEMS GOOD! BUT I'M STILL AFRAID SOMETHING WILL GO WRONG!

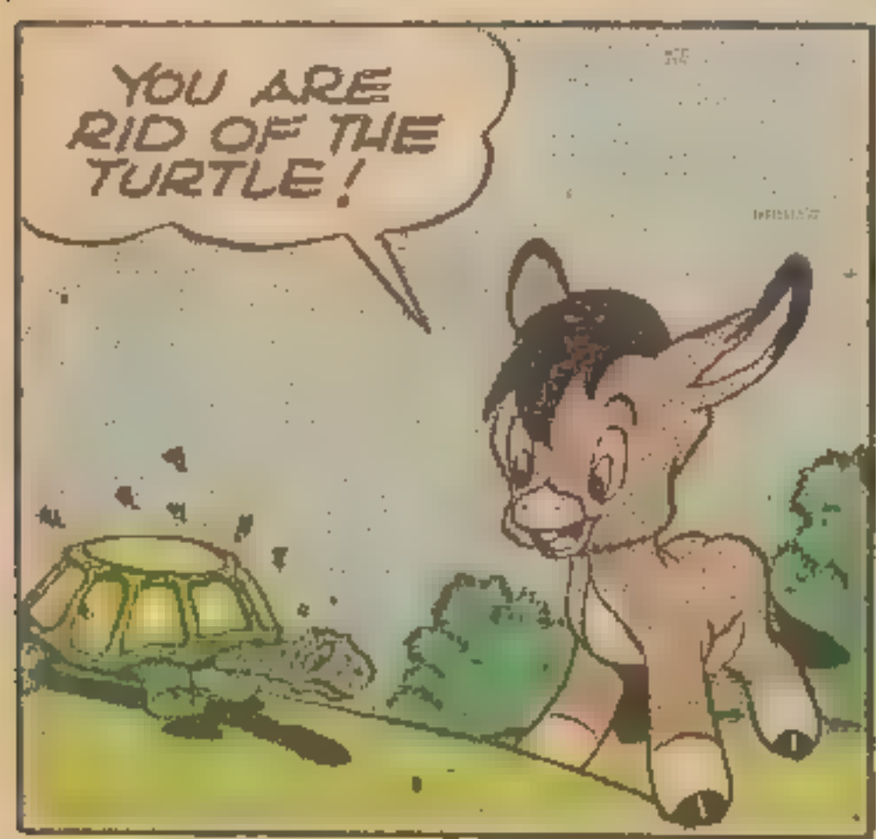


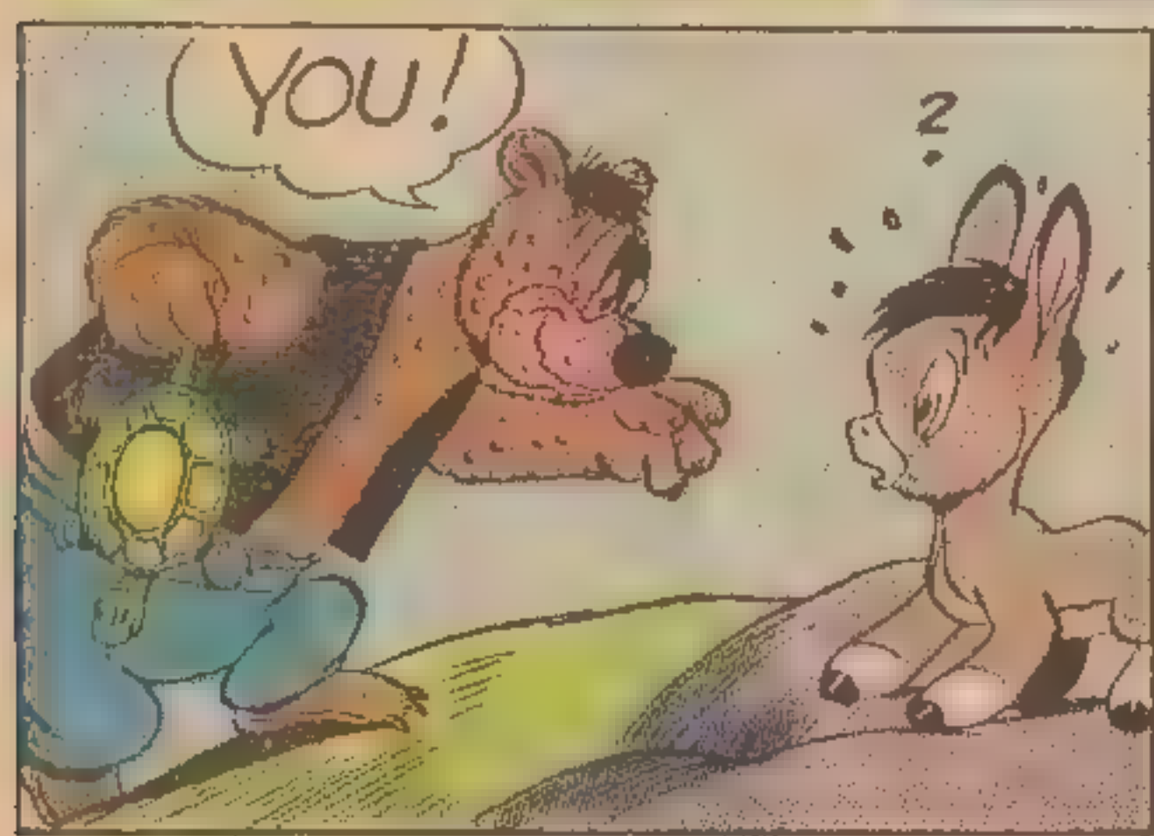


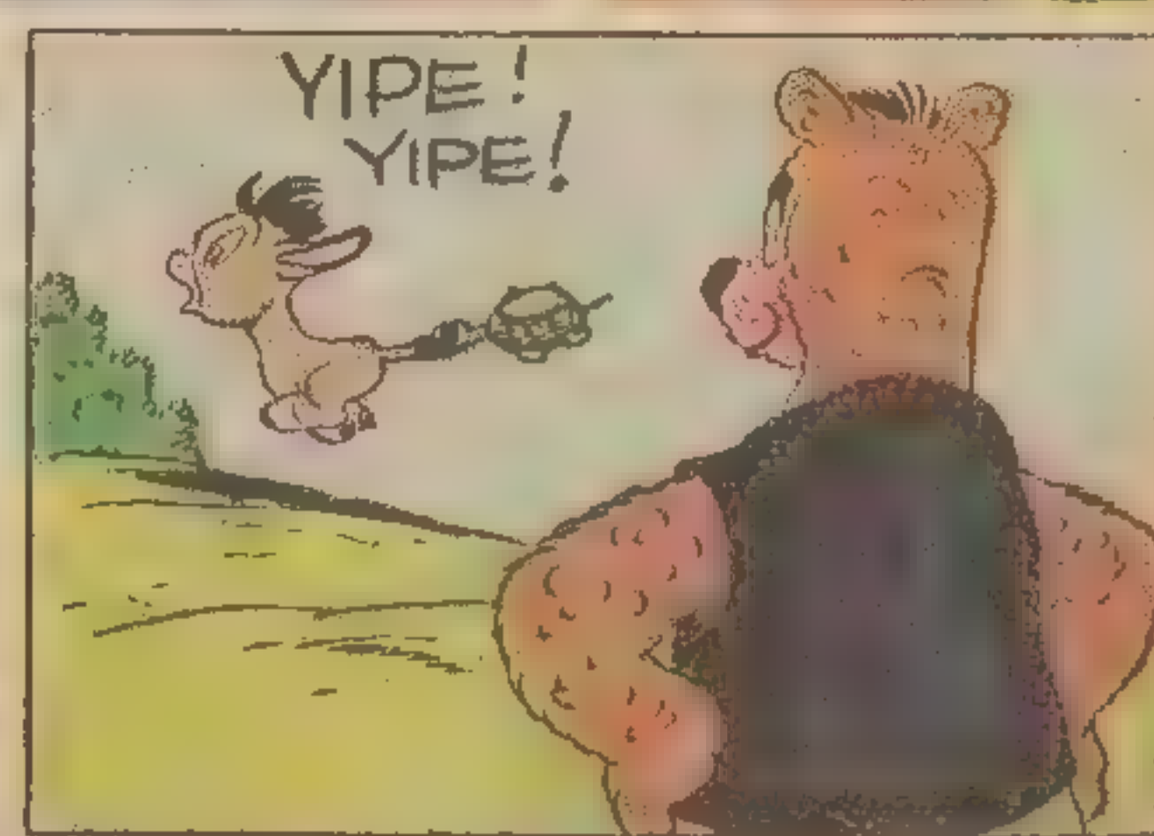




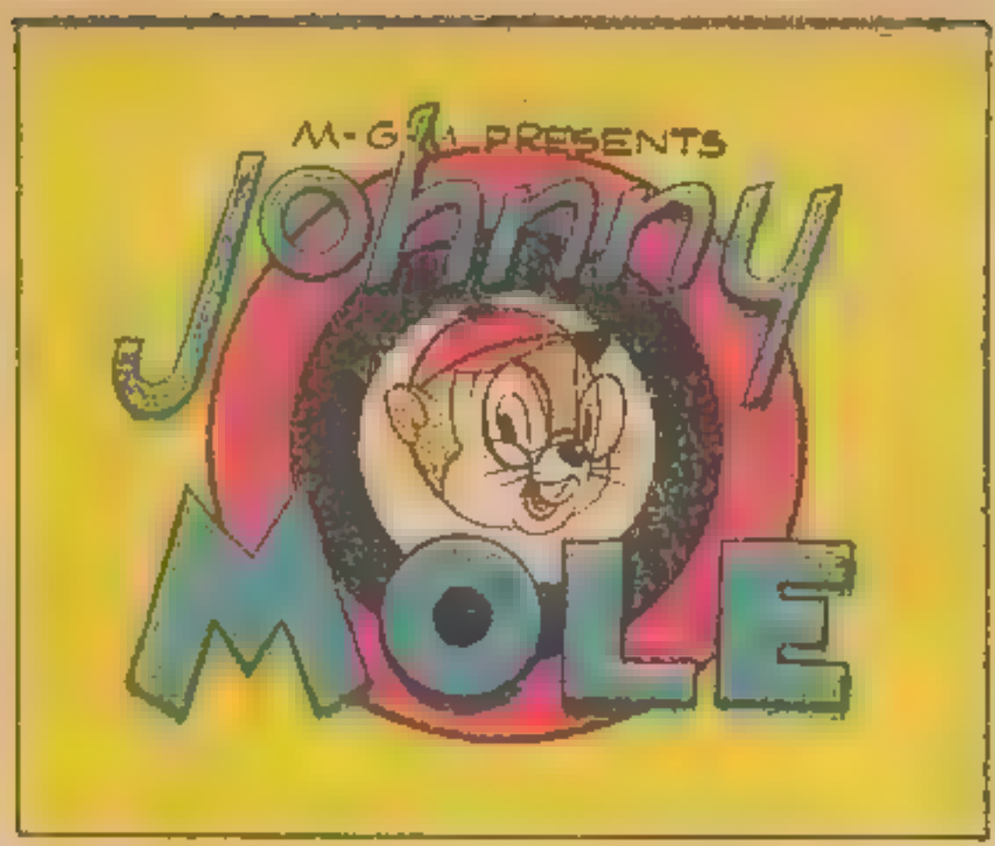


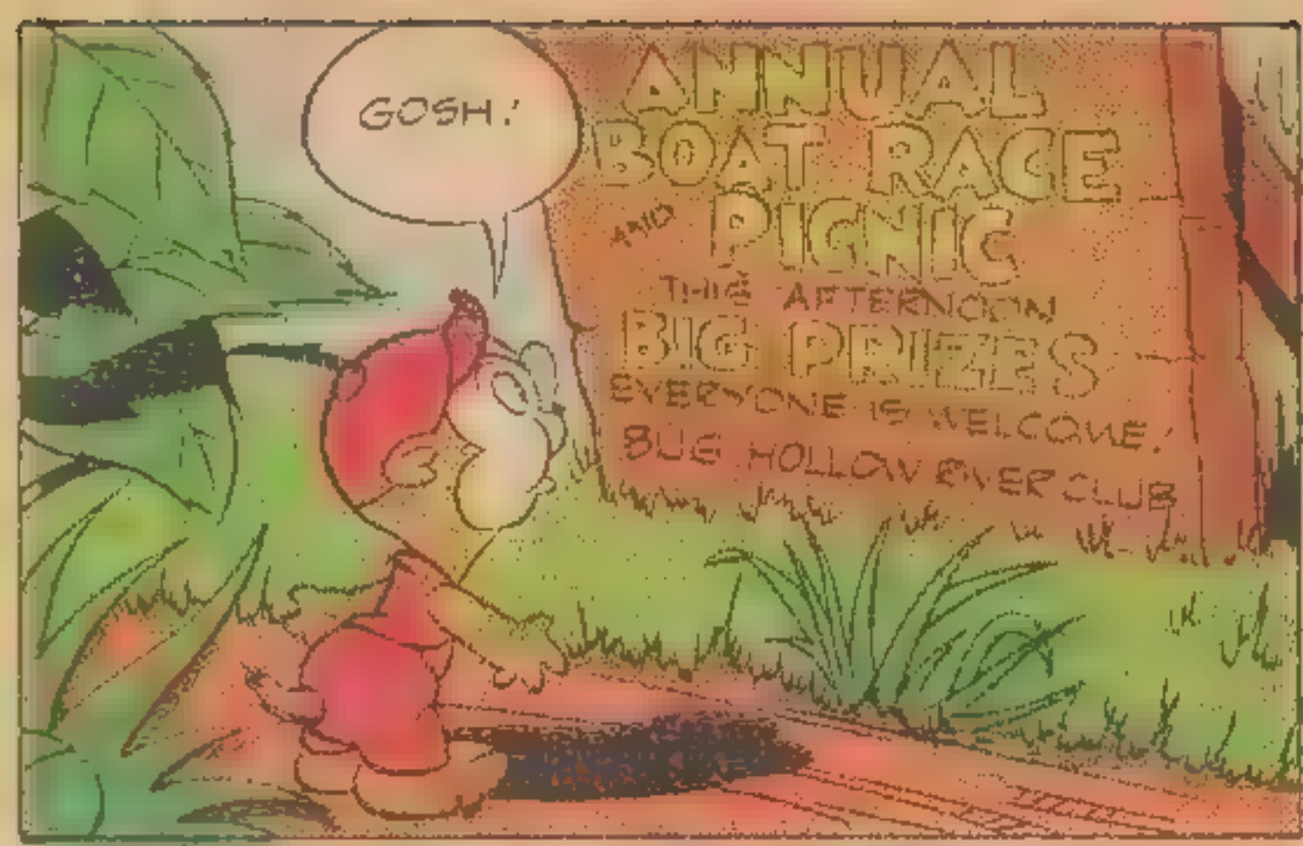


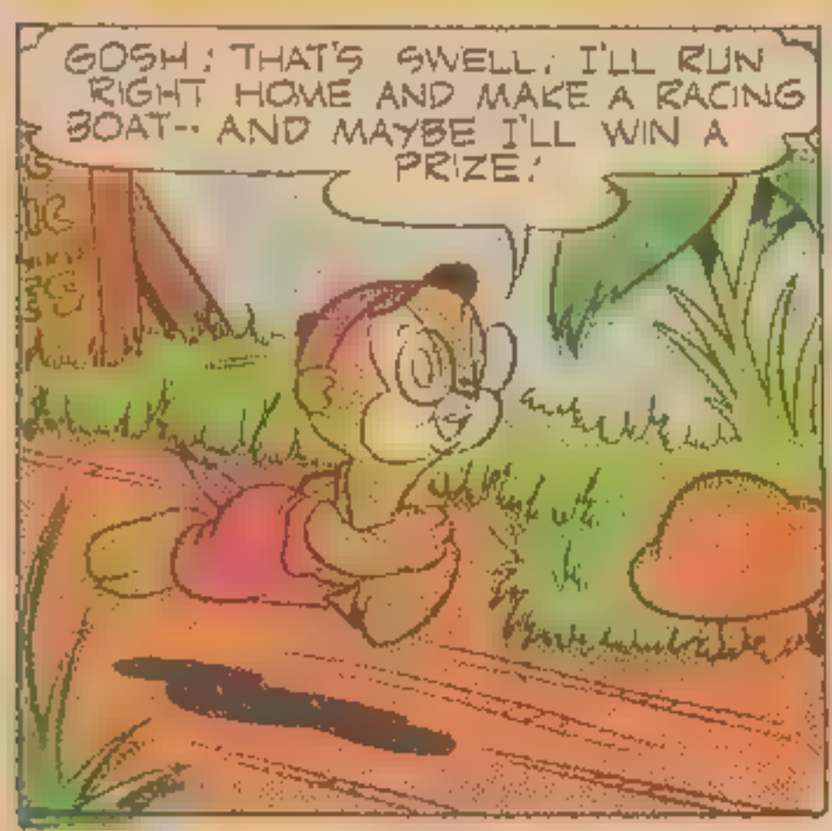




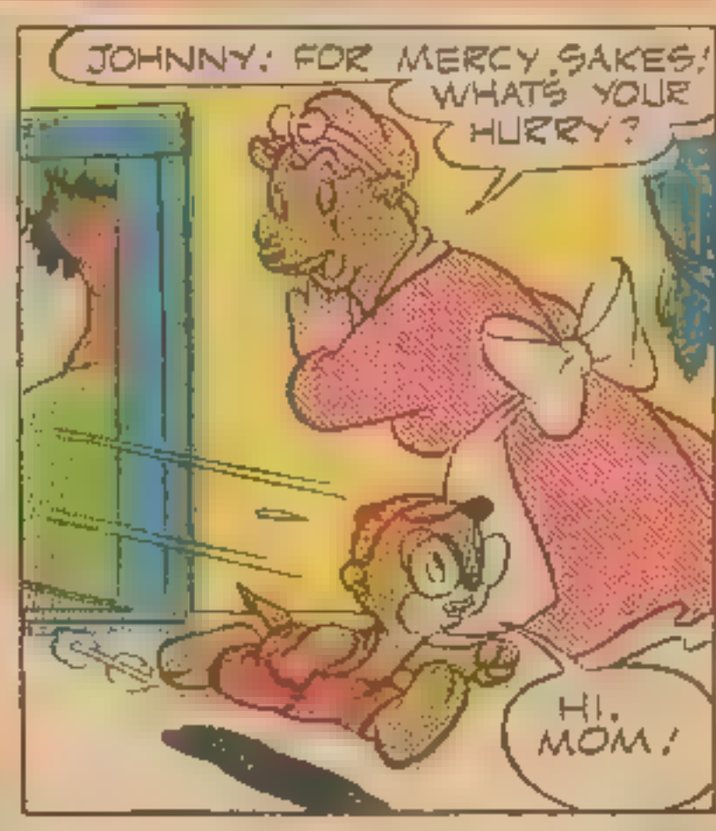
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures


M-G-M PRESENTS
Johnny Mole

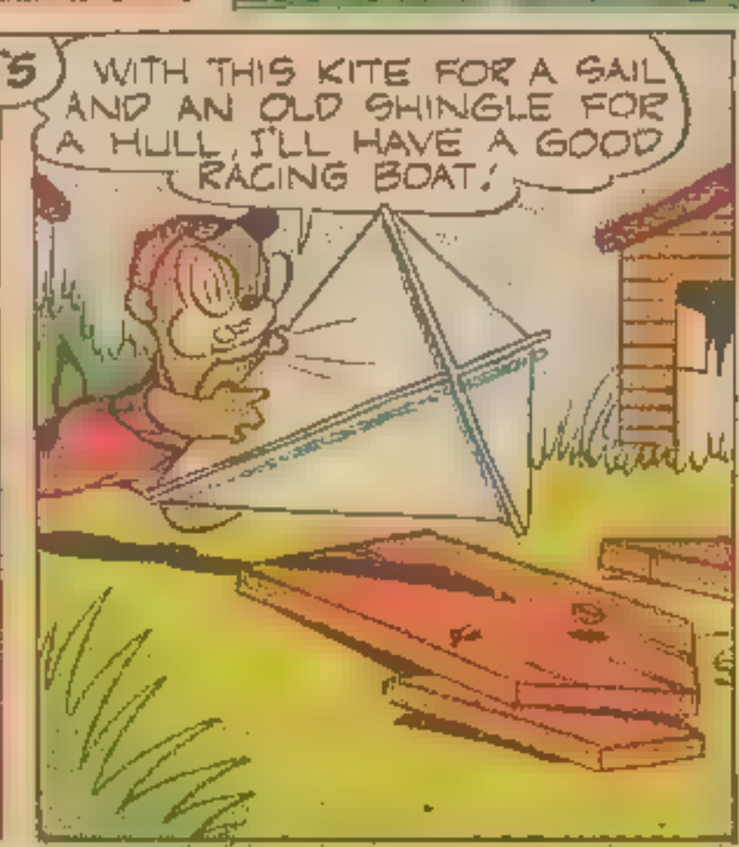

GOSH!
ANNUAL BOAT RACE AND PICNIC
THIS AFTERNOON
BIG PRIZES
EVERYONE IS WELCOME!
BUG HOLLOW EVER CLUB

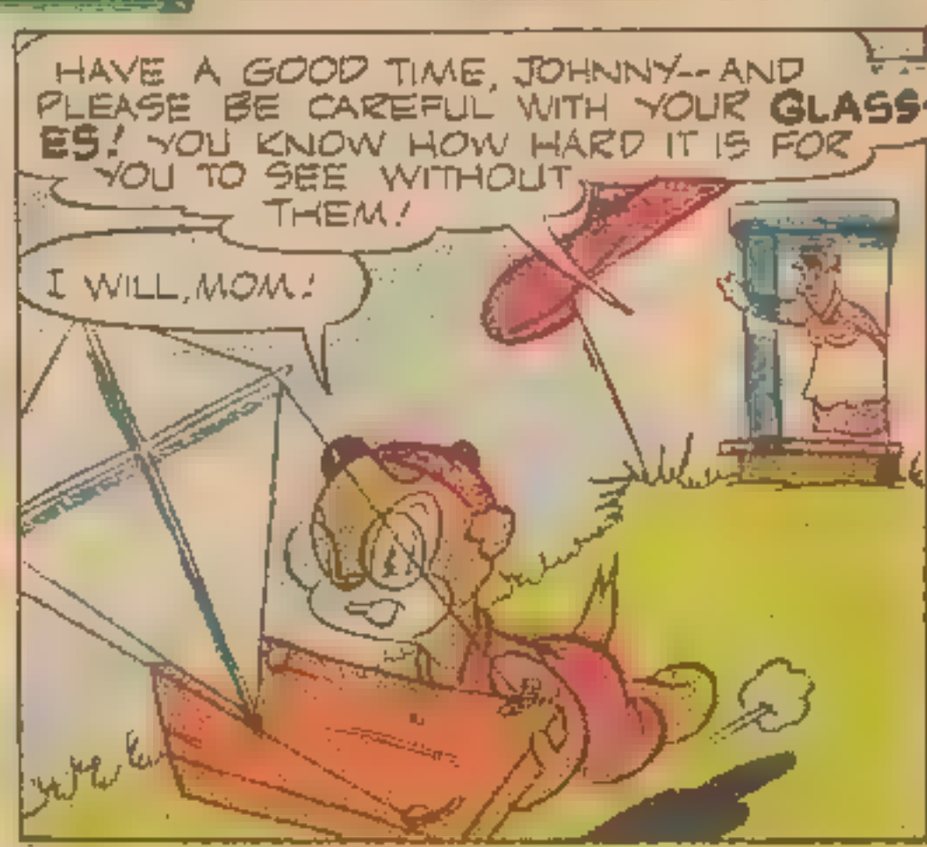

GOSH! THAT'S SWELL! I'LL RUN RIGHT HOME AND MAKE A RACING BOAT-- AND MAYBE I'LL WIN A PRIZE!

MAYBE I'LL EVEN WIN FIRST PRIZE! THEN I'LL BUY MOM A NICE PRESENT!

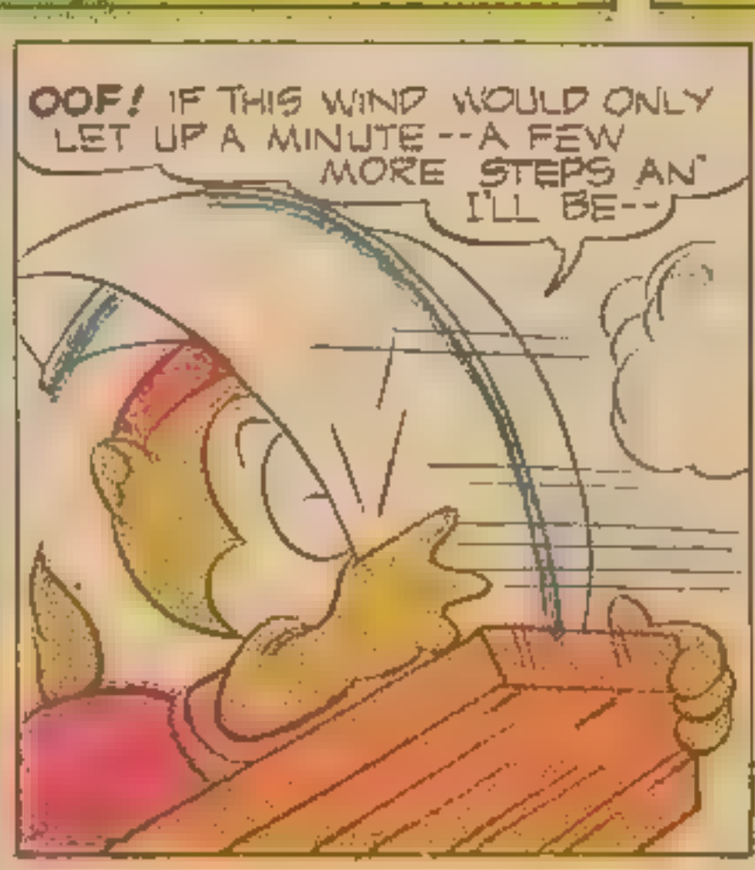

JOHNNY! FOR MERCY SAKES! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
HI, MOM!

AH! THERE'S MY KITE!

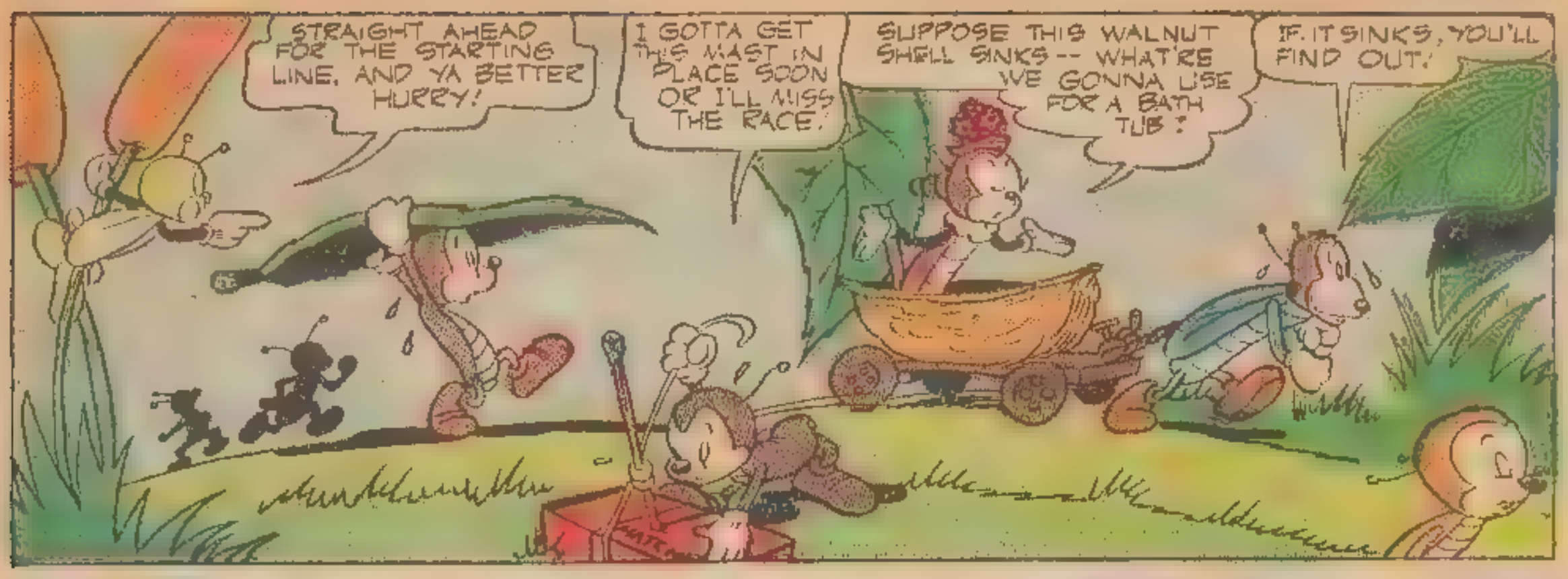

WITH THIS KITE FOR A SAIL AND AN OLD SHINGLE FOR A HULL, I'LL HAVE A GOOD RACING BOAT!

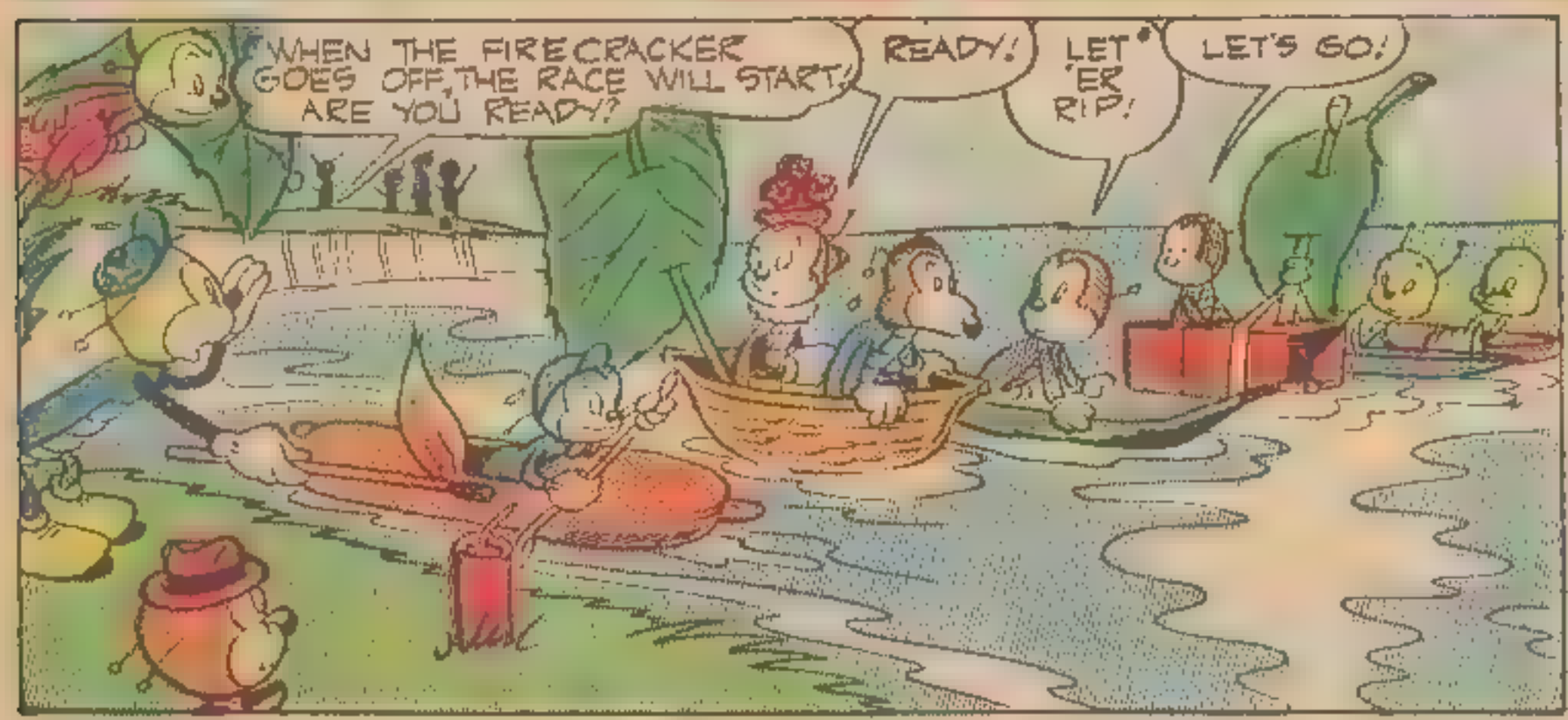

HAVE A GOOD TIME, JOHNNY-- AND PLEASE BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR GLASSES! YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS FOR YOU TO SEE WITHOUT THEM!
I WILL, MOM!

GOSH, IT'S KINDA BREEZY ON THIS HILL-- BUT IT'LL BE A GOOD DAY FOR SAILIN'!

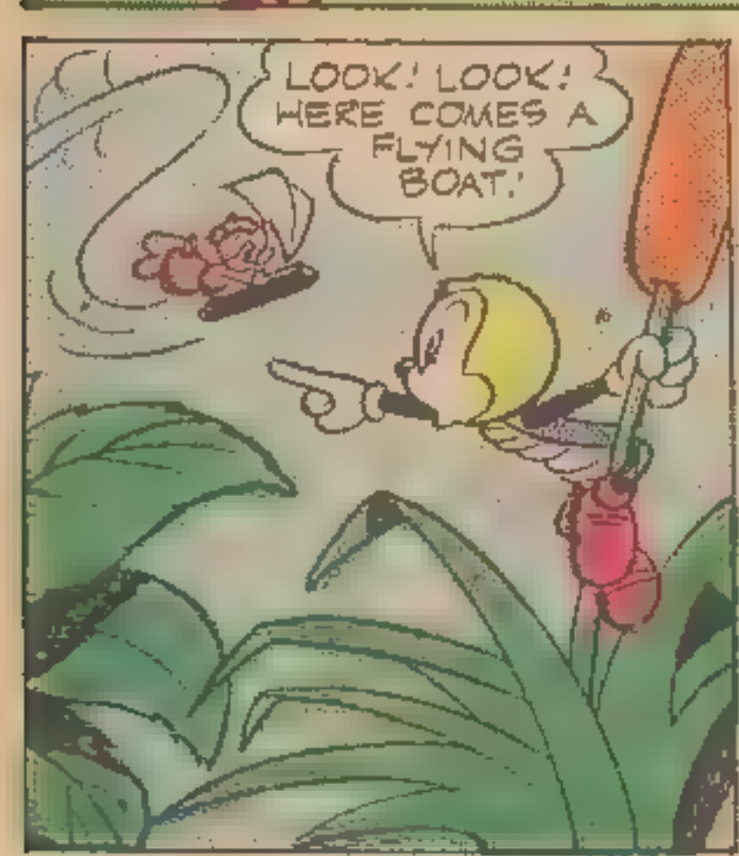

OOF! IF THIS WIND WOULD ONLY LET UP A MINUTE -- A FEW MORE STEPS AN' I'LL BE--

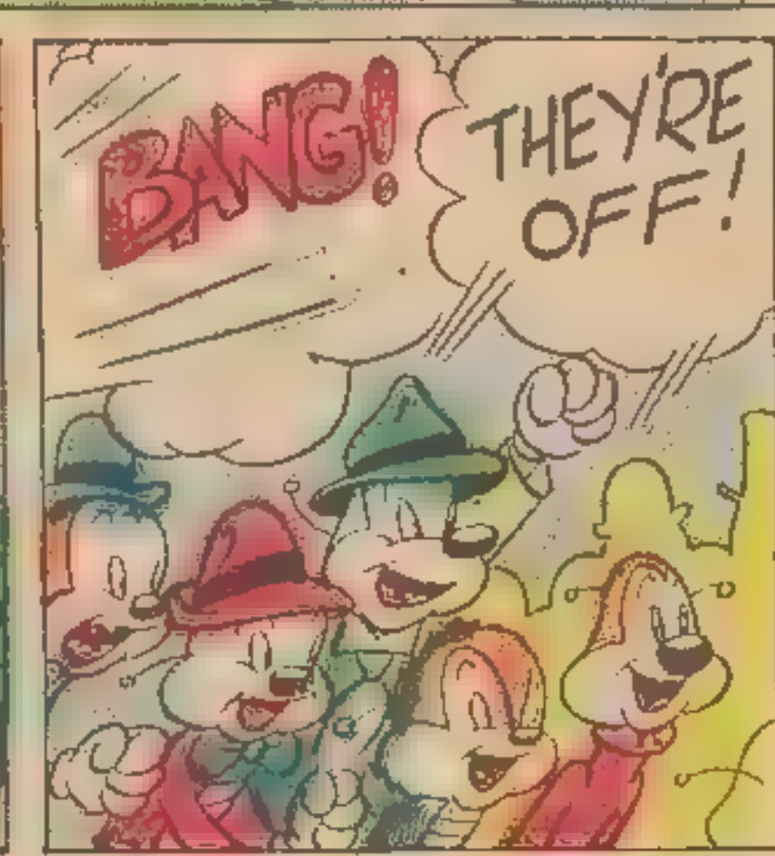
SWOOSH!

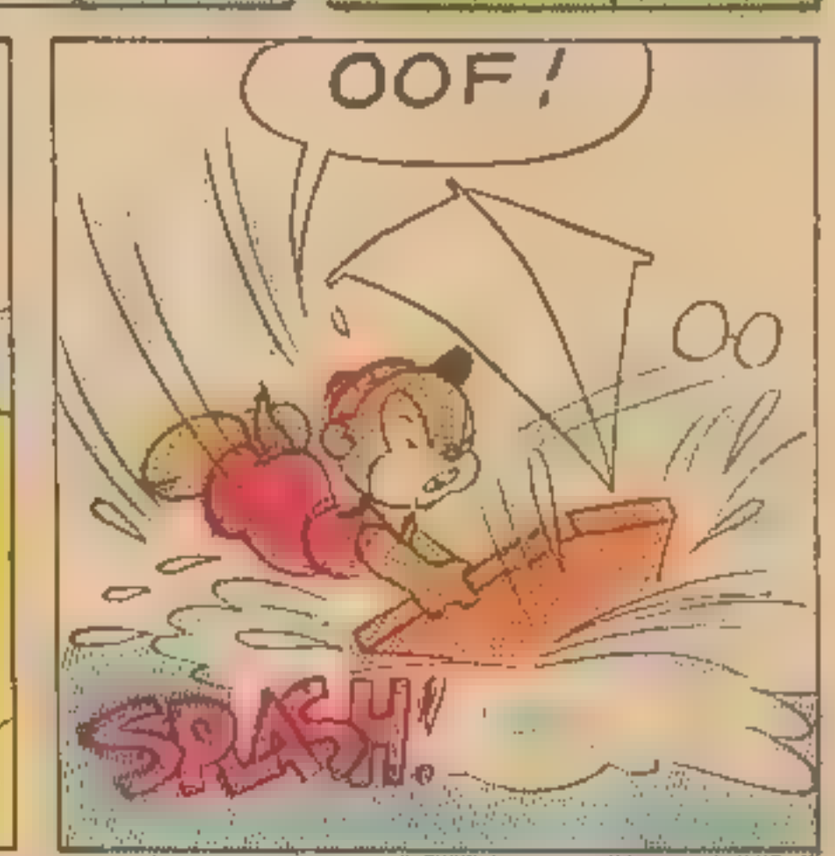

STRAIGHT AHEAD FOR THE STARTING LINE, AND YA BETTER HURRY!
I GOTTA GET THIS MAST IN PLACE SOON OR I'LL MISS THE RACE!
SUPPOSE THIS WALNUT SHELL SINKS -- WHAT'RE WE GONNA USE FOR A BATH TUB?
IF IT SINKS, YOU'LL FIND OUT!

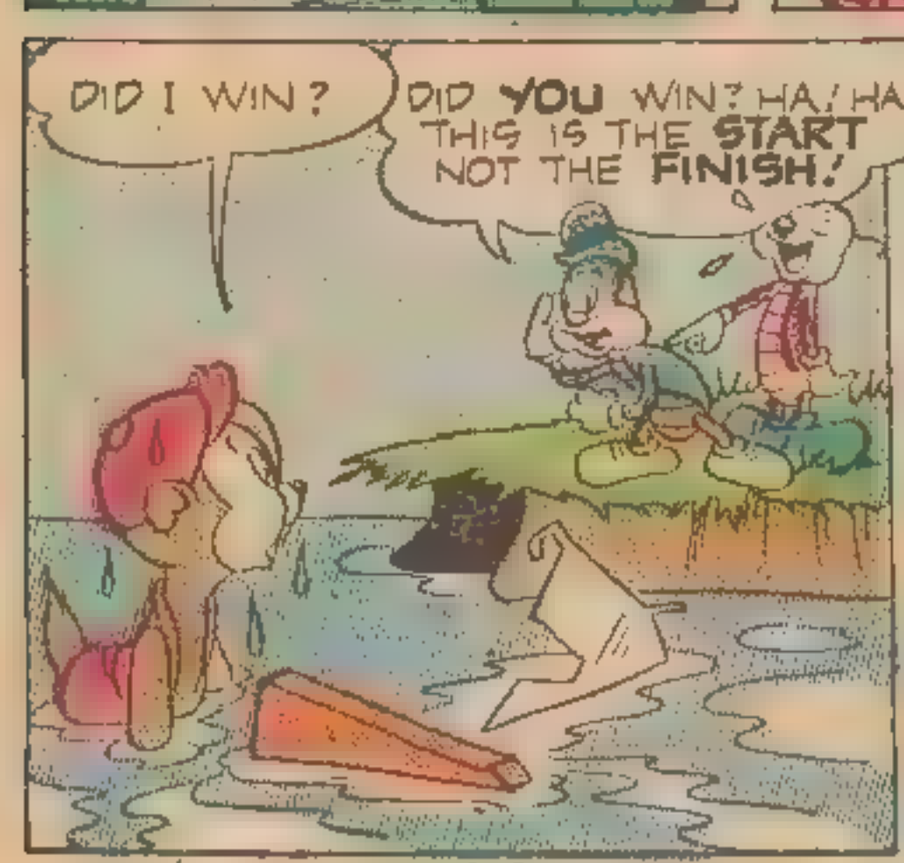

WHEN THE FIRECRACKER GOES OFF, THE RACE WILL START! ARE YOU READY?
READY!
LET 'ER RIP!
LET'S GO!

HERE SHE GOES!

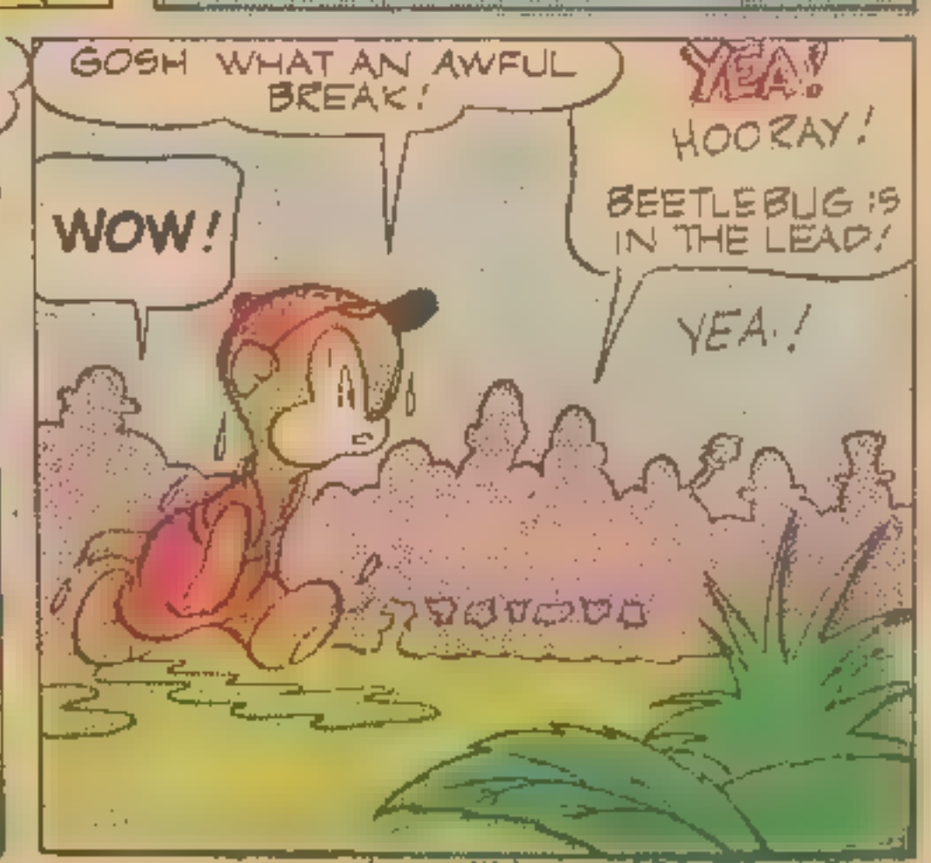

LOOK! LOOK! HERE COMES A FLYING BOAT!

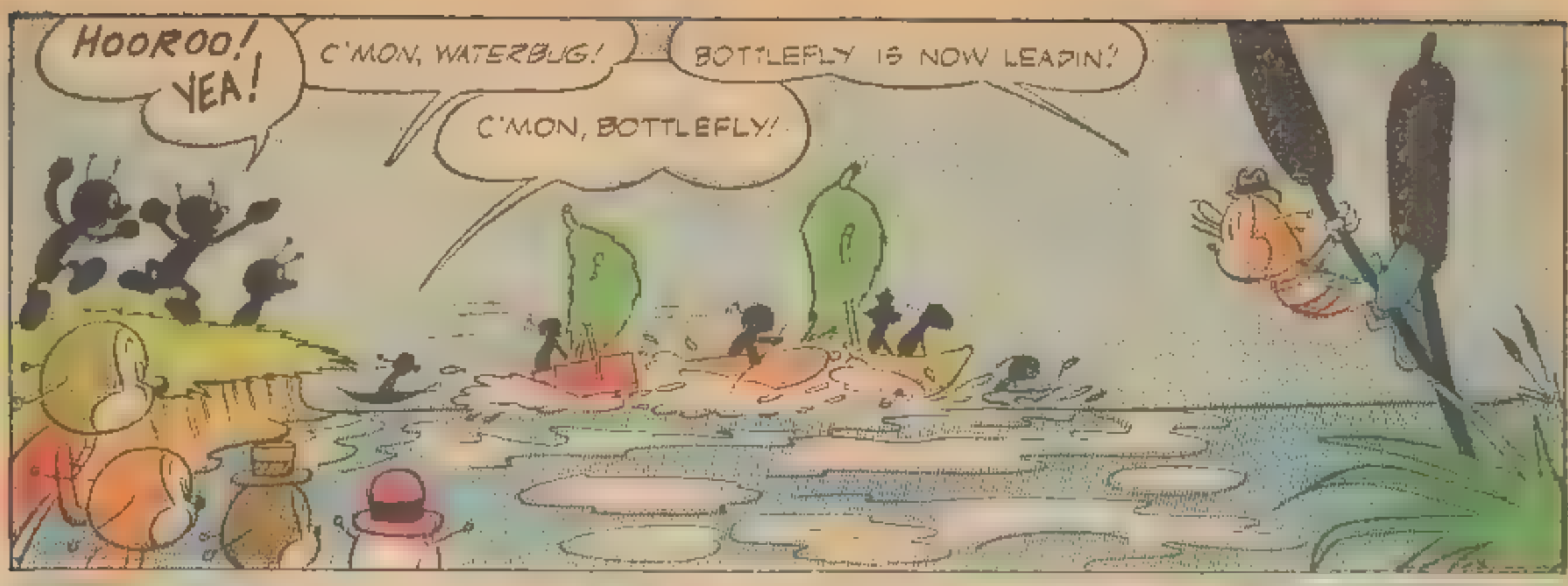

BANG!
THEY'RE OFF!

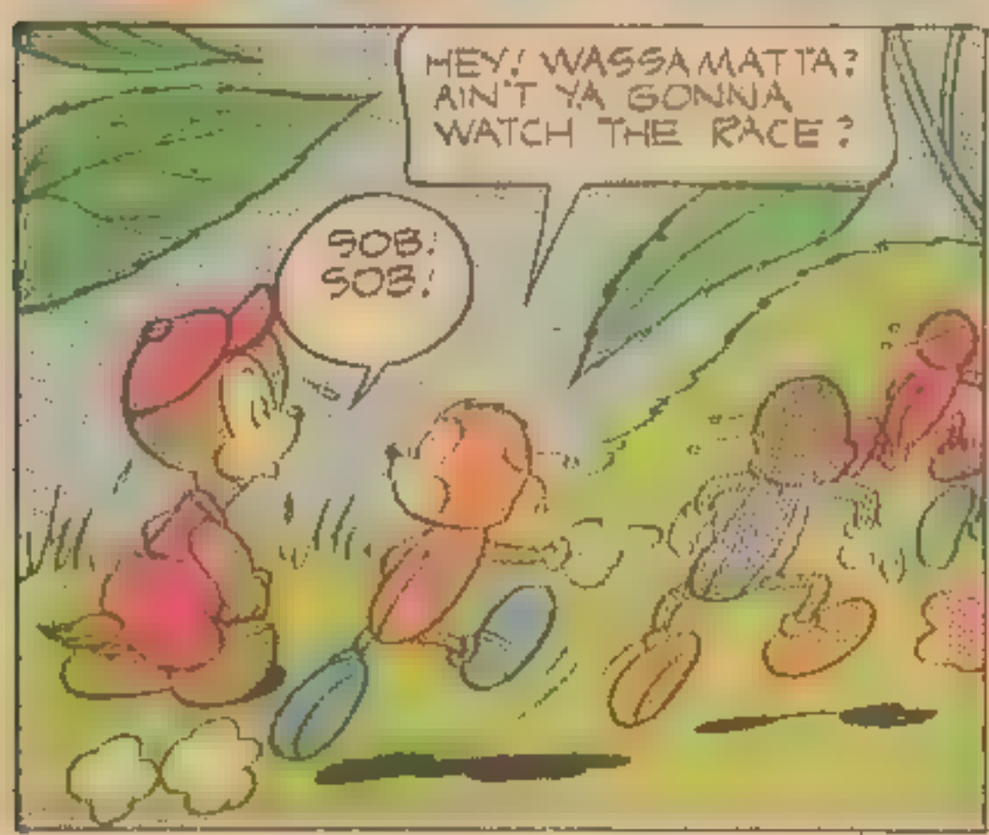

OOF!
SPLASH!


DID I WIN?
DID YOU WIN? HA! HA! THIS IS THE START NOT THE FINISH!

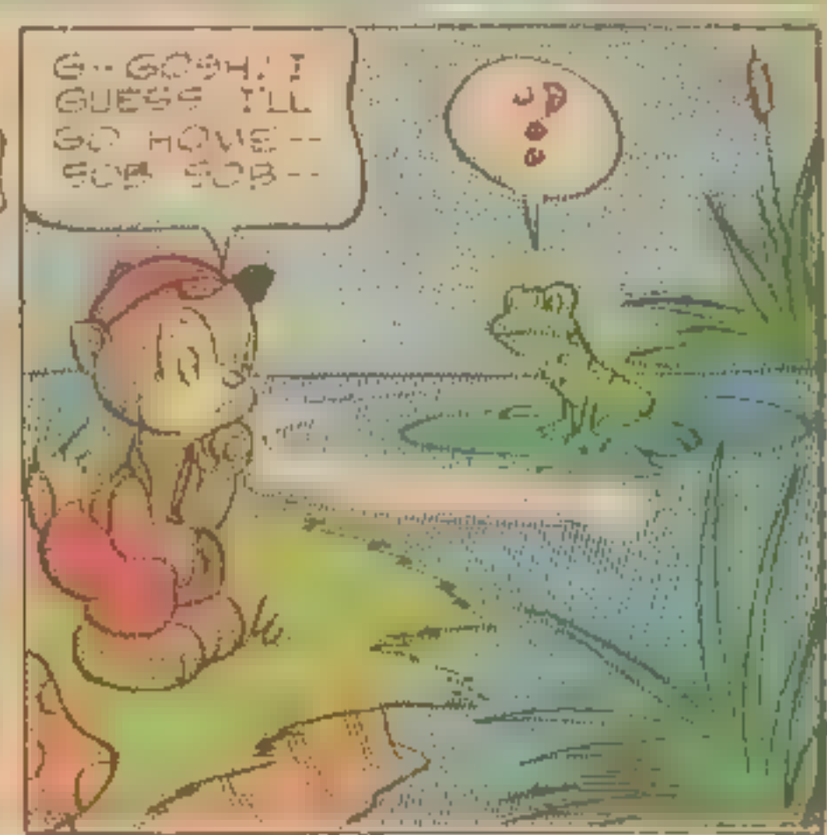
THEN I DIDN'T EVEN GET IN THE RACE?
NO! YOU MISSED THE START BY A SECOND!

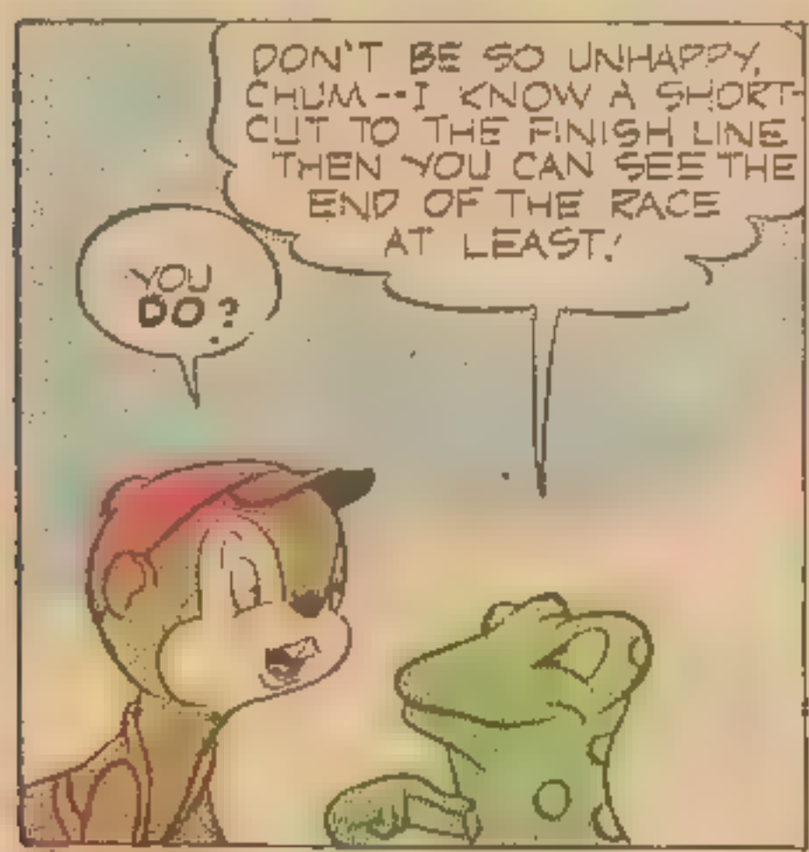

GOSH WHAT AN AWFUL BREAK!
WOW!
YEA!
HOORAY!
BEETLEBUG IS IN THE LEAD!
YEA!


HOOROO! YEA!
C'MON, WATERBUG!
BOTTLEFLY IS NOW LEADIN'!
C'MON, BOTTLEFLY!

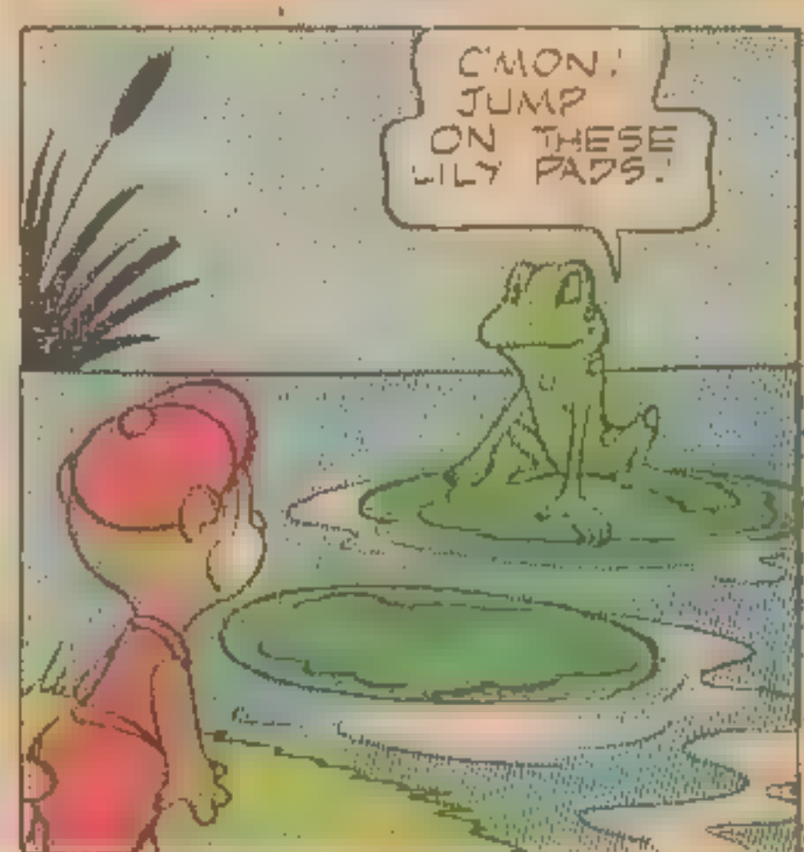

HEY! WASSA MATTA? AIN'T YA GONNA WATCH THE RACE?
SOB! SOB!

I CAN'T SEE! I--I LOST MY GLASSES!
GEE THAT'S TOO BAD--WELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!

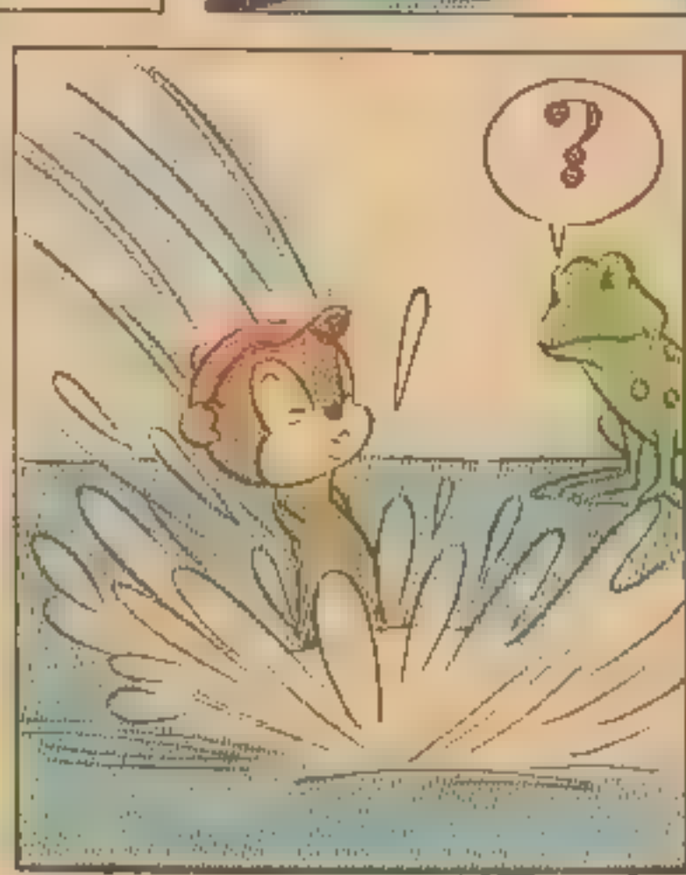

G--GOSH! I GUESS I'LL GO HOME-- SOB SOB--
?

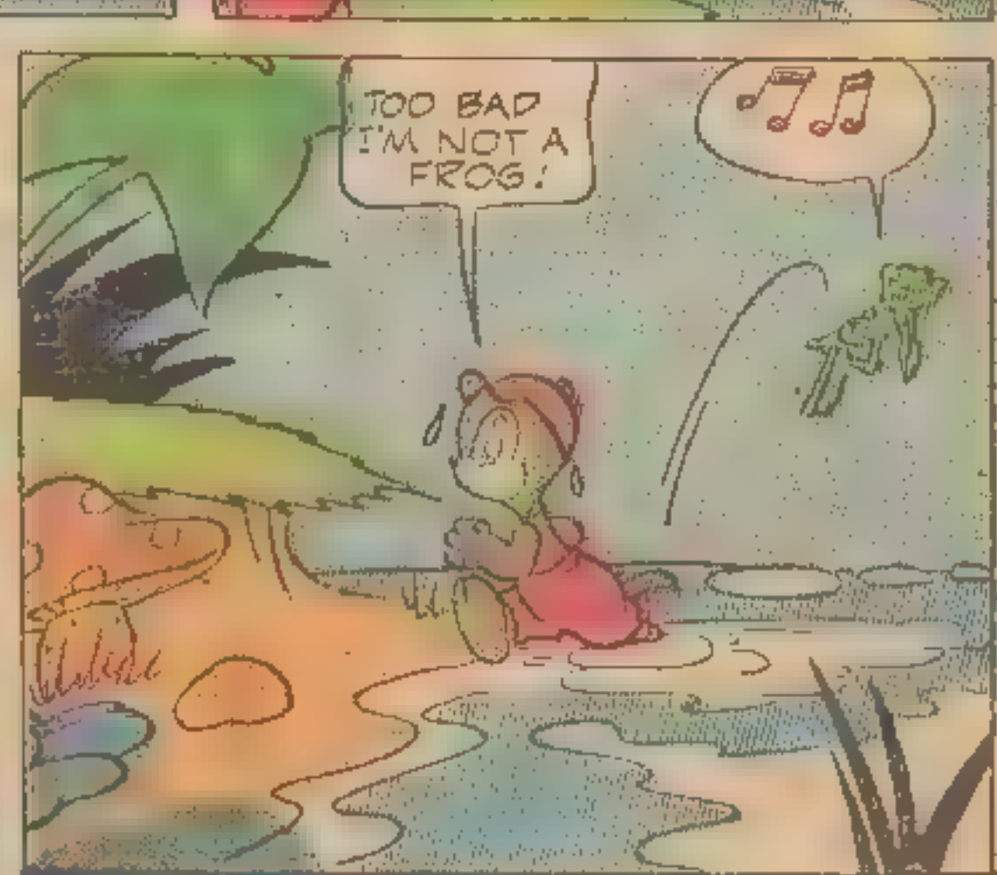

DON'T BE SO UNHAPPY, CHUM--I KNOW A SHORT-CUT TO THE FINISH LINE THEN YOU CAN SEE THE END OF THE RACE AT LEAST!
YOU DO?

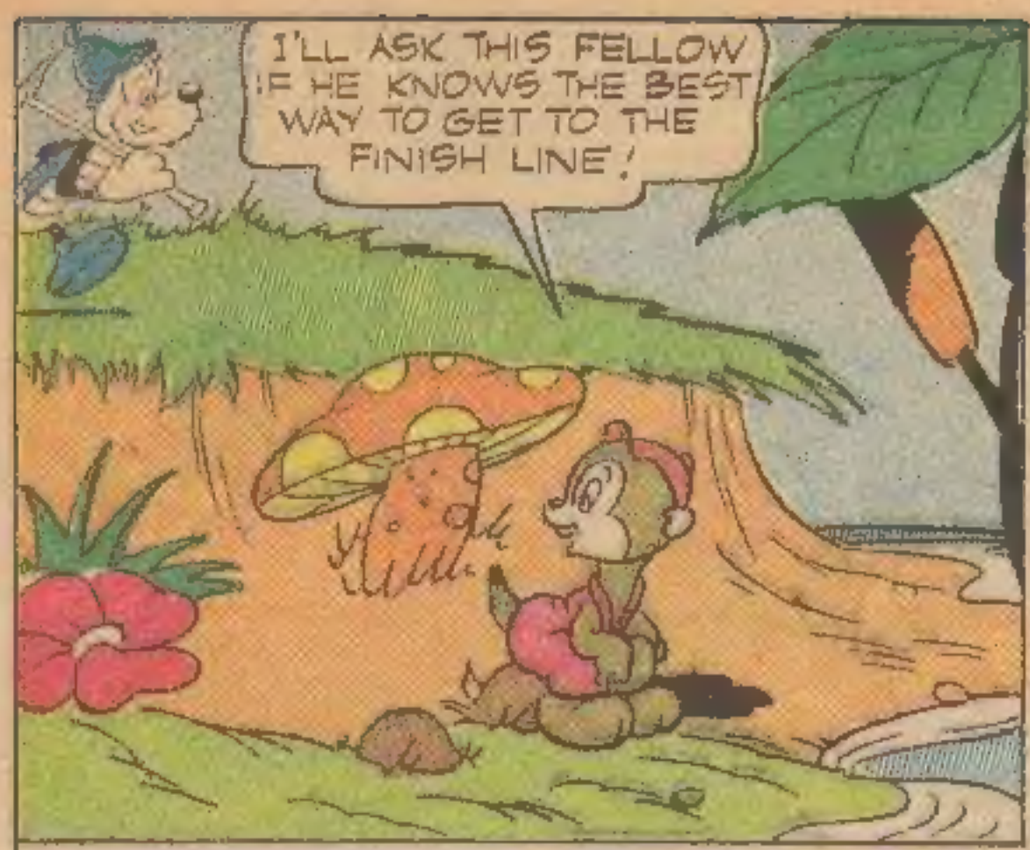
SURE!--JUST FOLLOW ME!
?

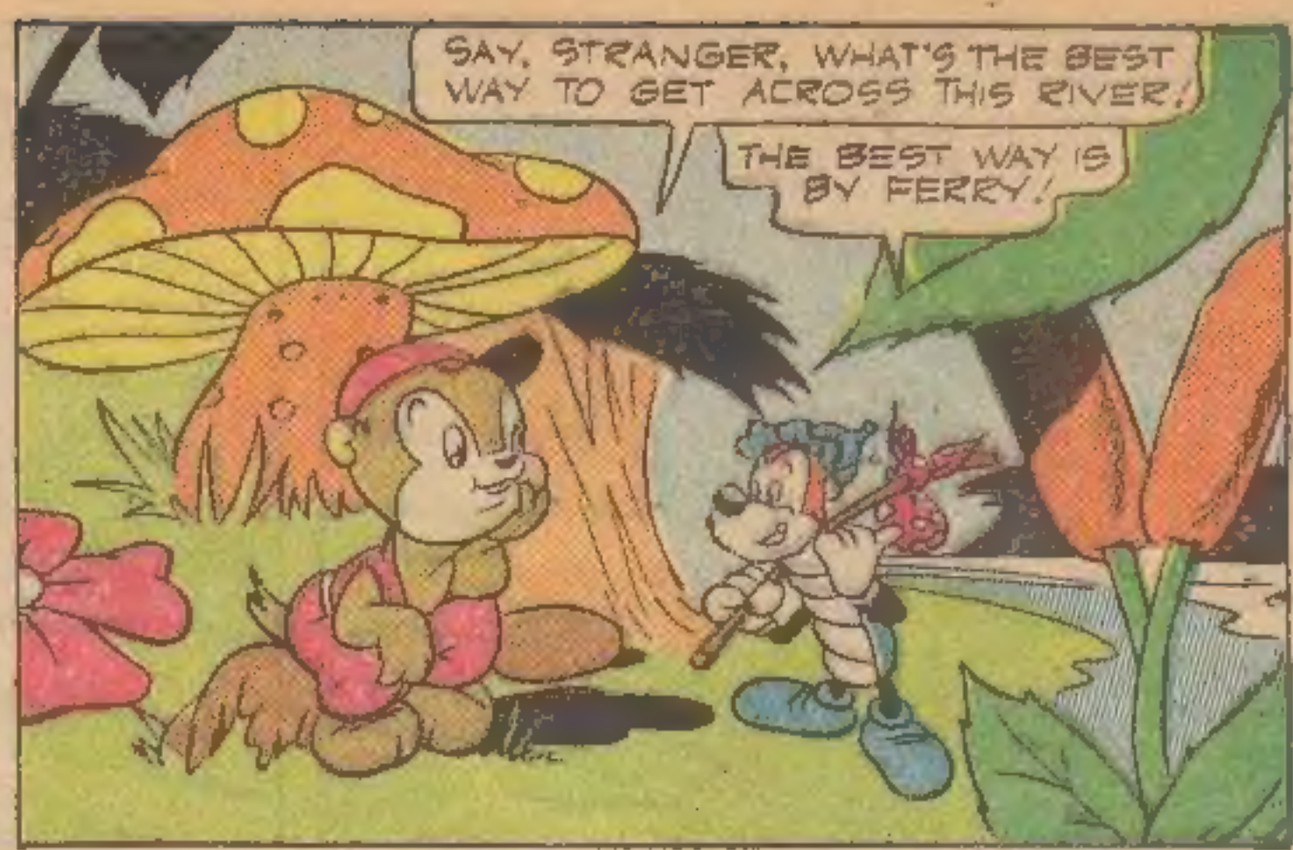

C'MON! JUMP ON THESE LILY PADS!

OKAY!

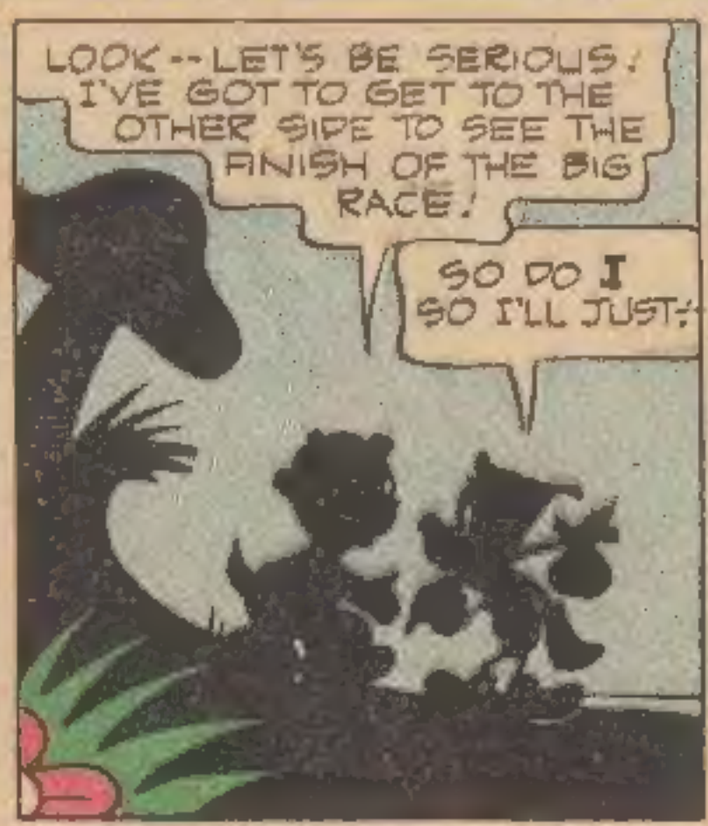

?

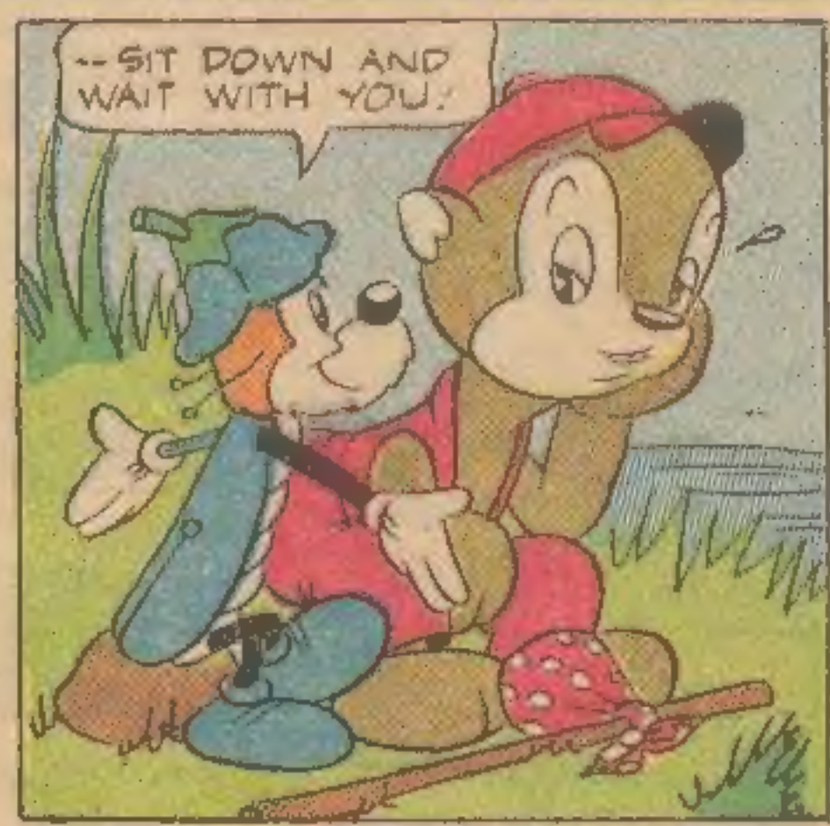

TOO BAD I'M NOT A FROG!
♫♫

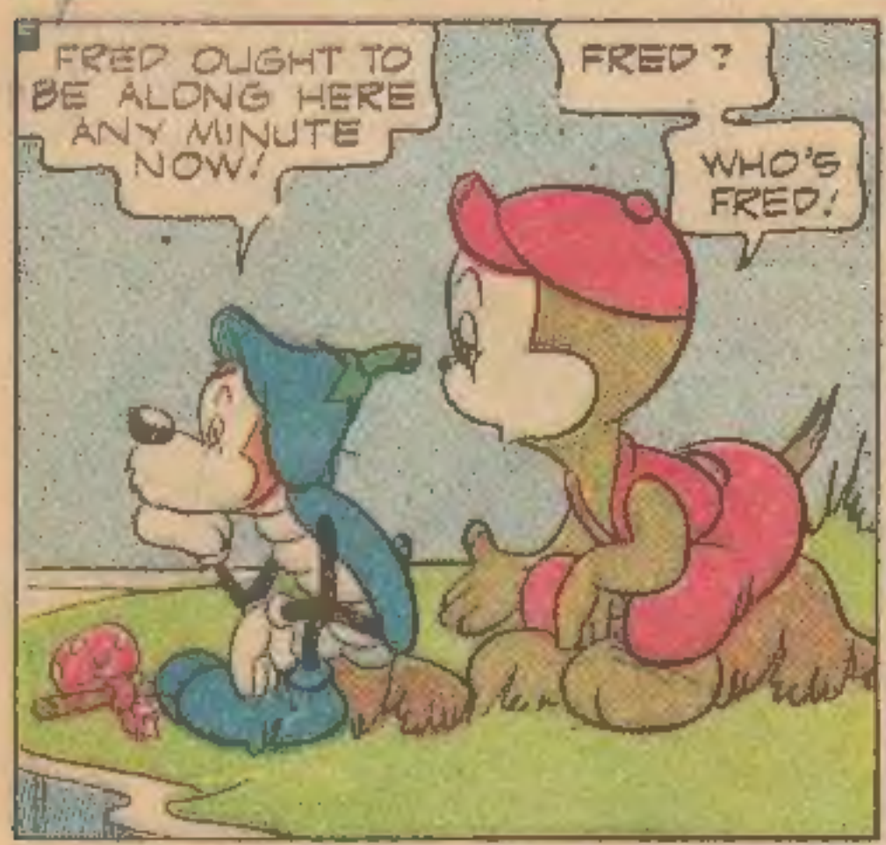

I'LL ASK THIS FELLOW IF HE KNOWS THE BEST WAY TO GET TO THE FINISH LINE!


SAY, STRANGER, WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO GET ACROSS THIS RIVER!
THE BEST WAY IS BY FERRY!

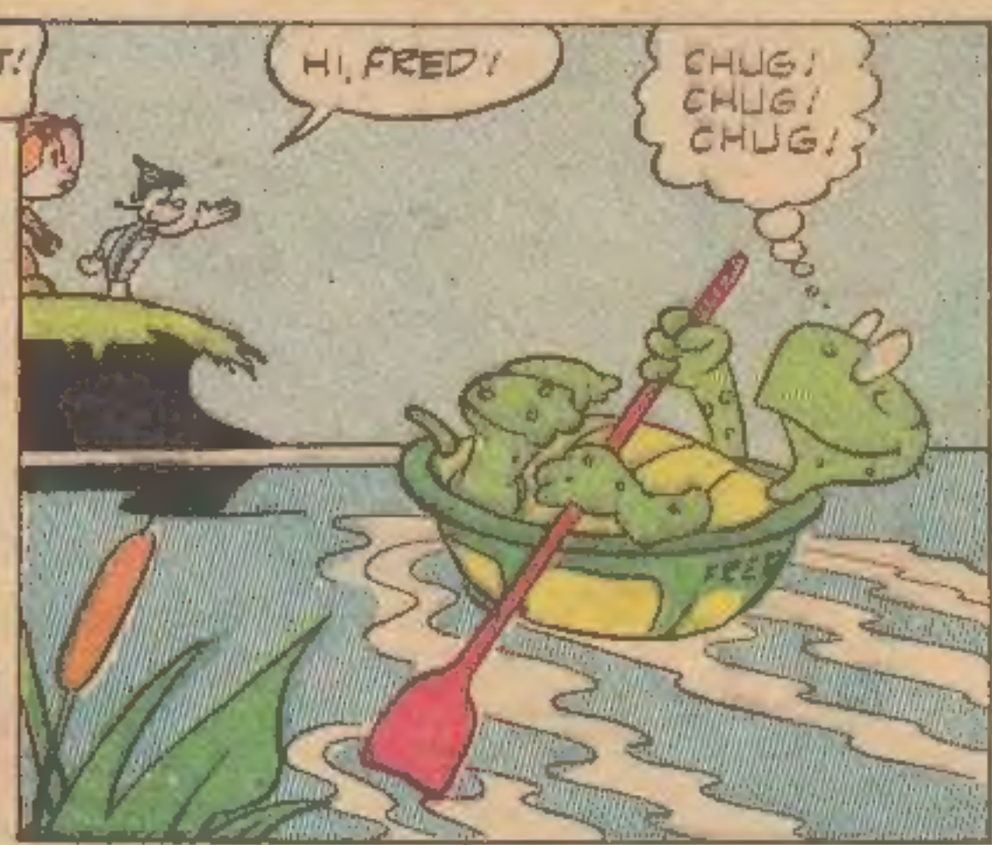
THAT'S FINE! WHERE IS THE FERRY?
I DON'T KNOW RIGHT NOW. BUT IT'S A NICE WAY TO GET ACROSS!


LOOK--LET'S BE SERIOUS! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE TO SEE THE FINISH OF THE BIG RACE!
SO DO I SO I'LL JUST-

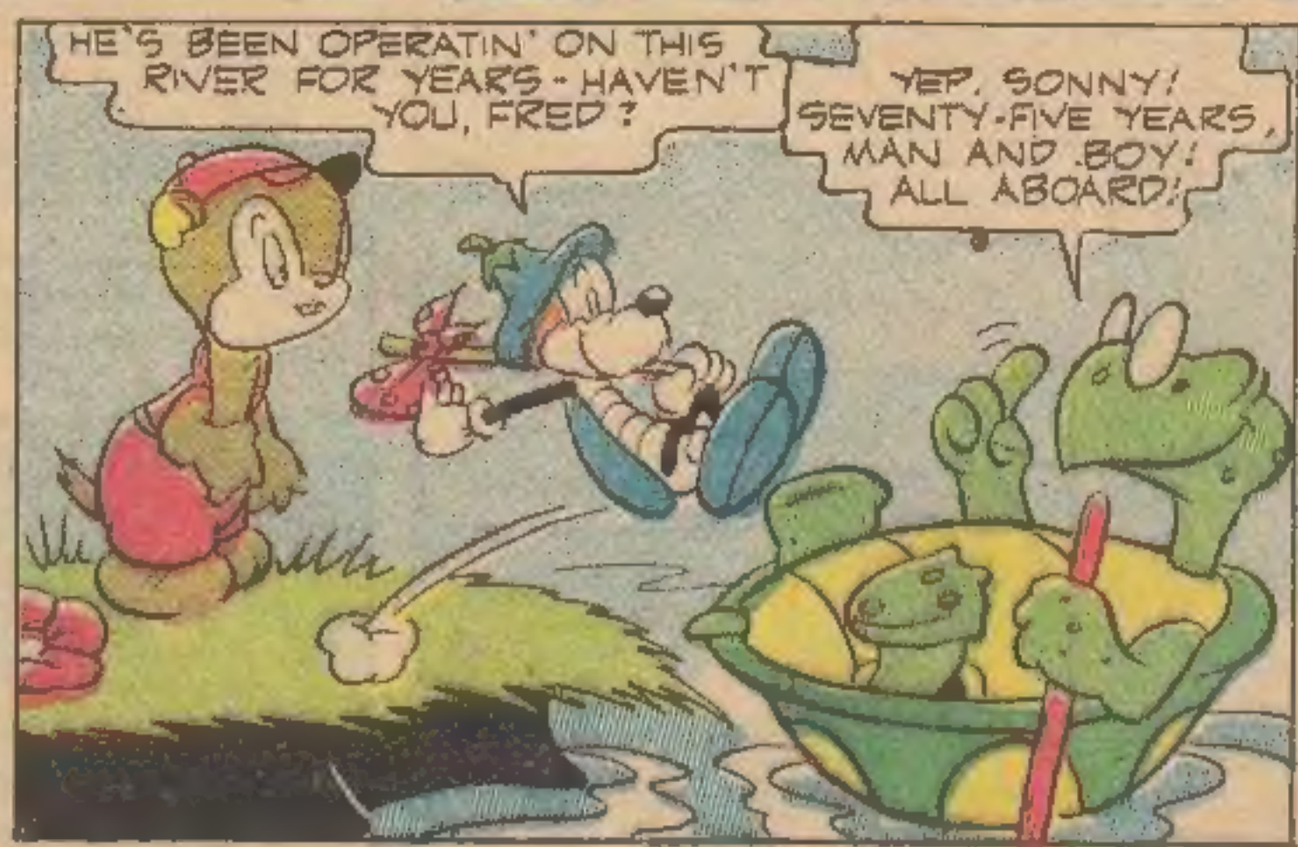

--SIT DOWN AND WAIT WITH YOU!


FRED OUGHT TO BE ALONG HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!
FRED?
WHO'S FRED!

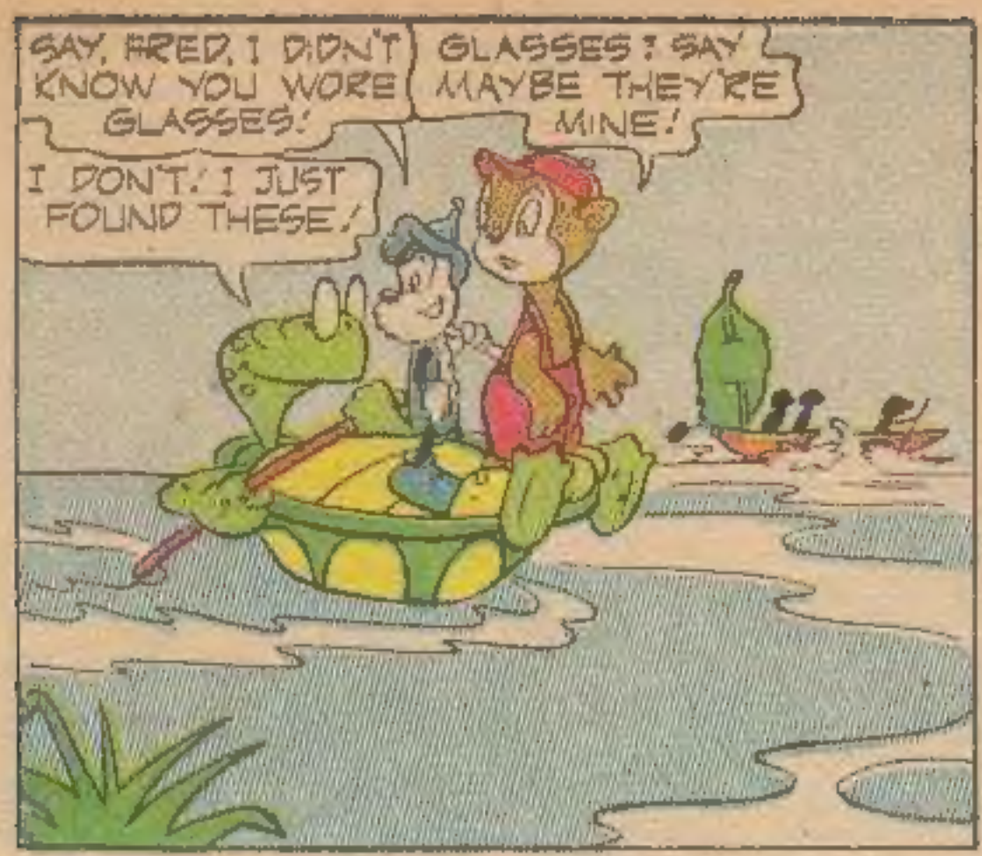
FRED, THE FERRYBOAT! SURE ENOUGH! LOOK!

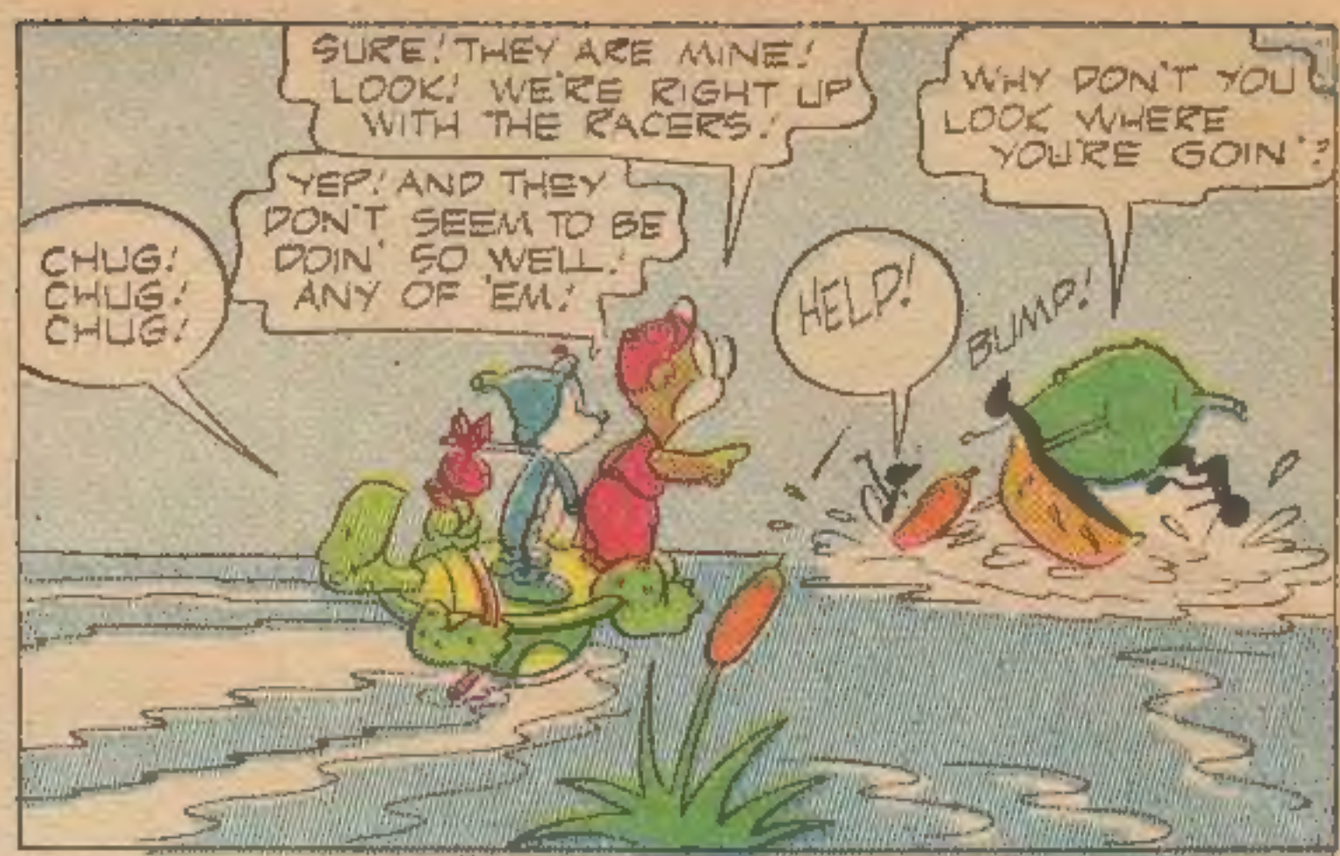

HI, FRED!
CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

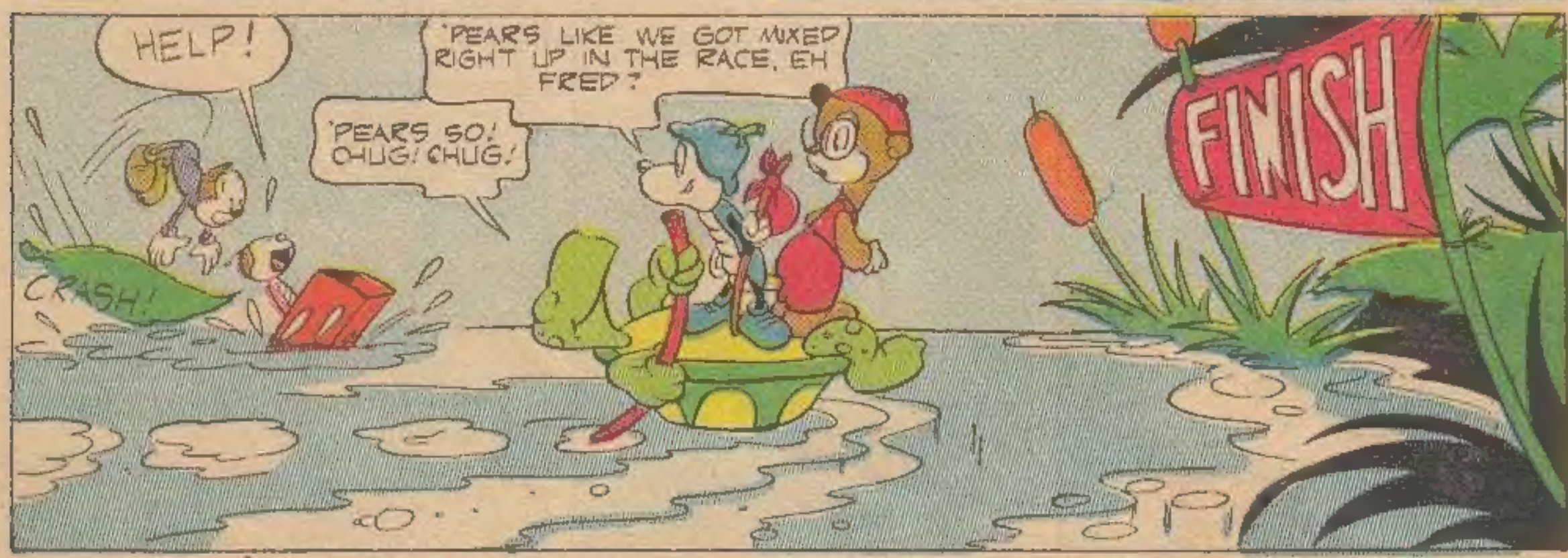
IS HE A NEW FERRY-BOAT AROUND HERE?
NEW NOTHING!

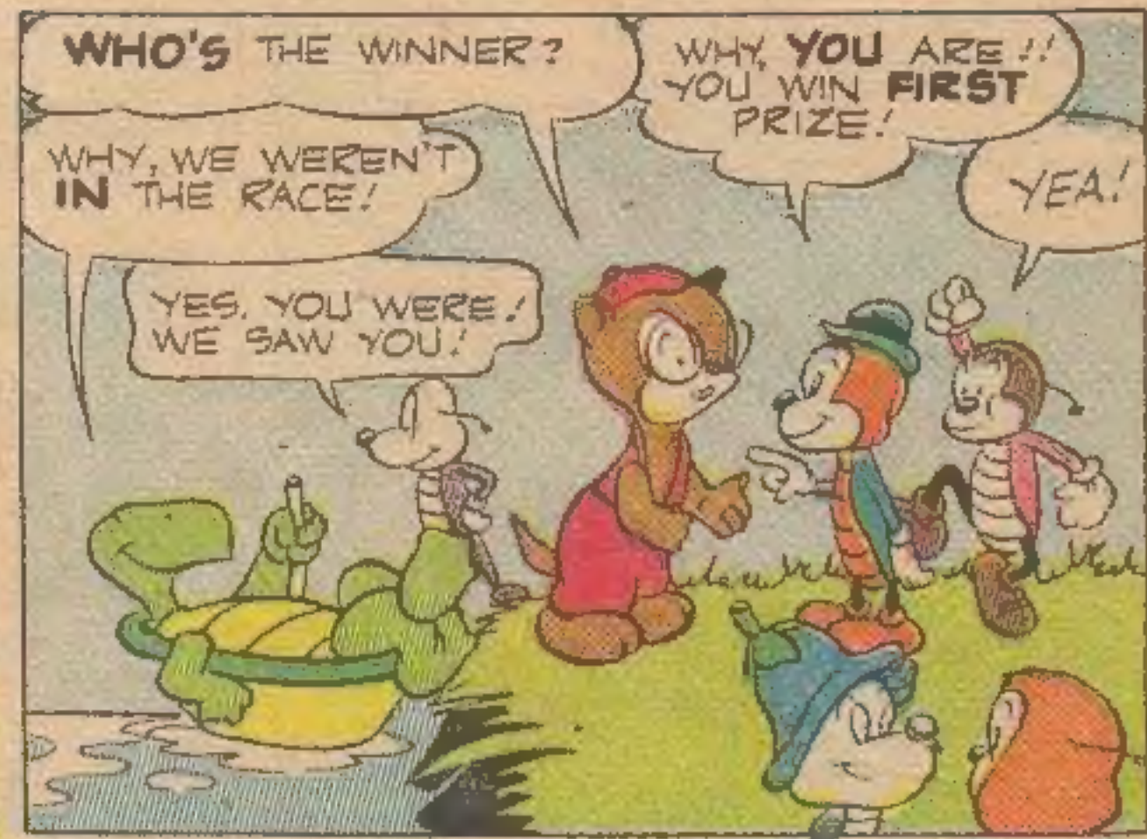

HE'S BEEN OPERATIN' ON THIS RIVER FOR YEARS - HAVEN'T YOU, FRED?
YEP, SONNY! SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS, MAN AND BOY! ALL ABOARD!

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!
WE'LL BE AT THE FINISH LINE SOON!









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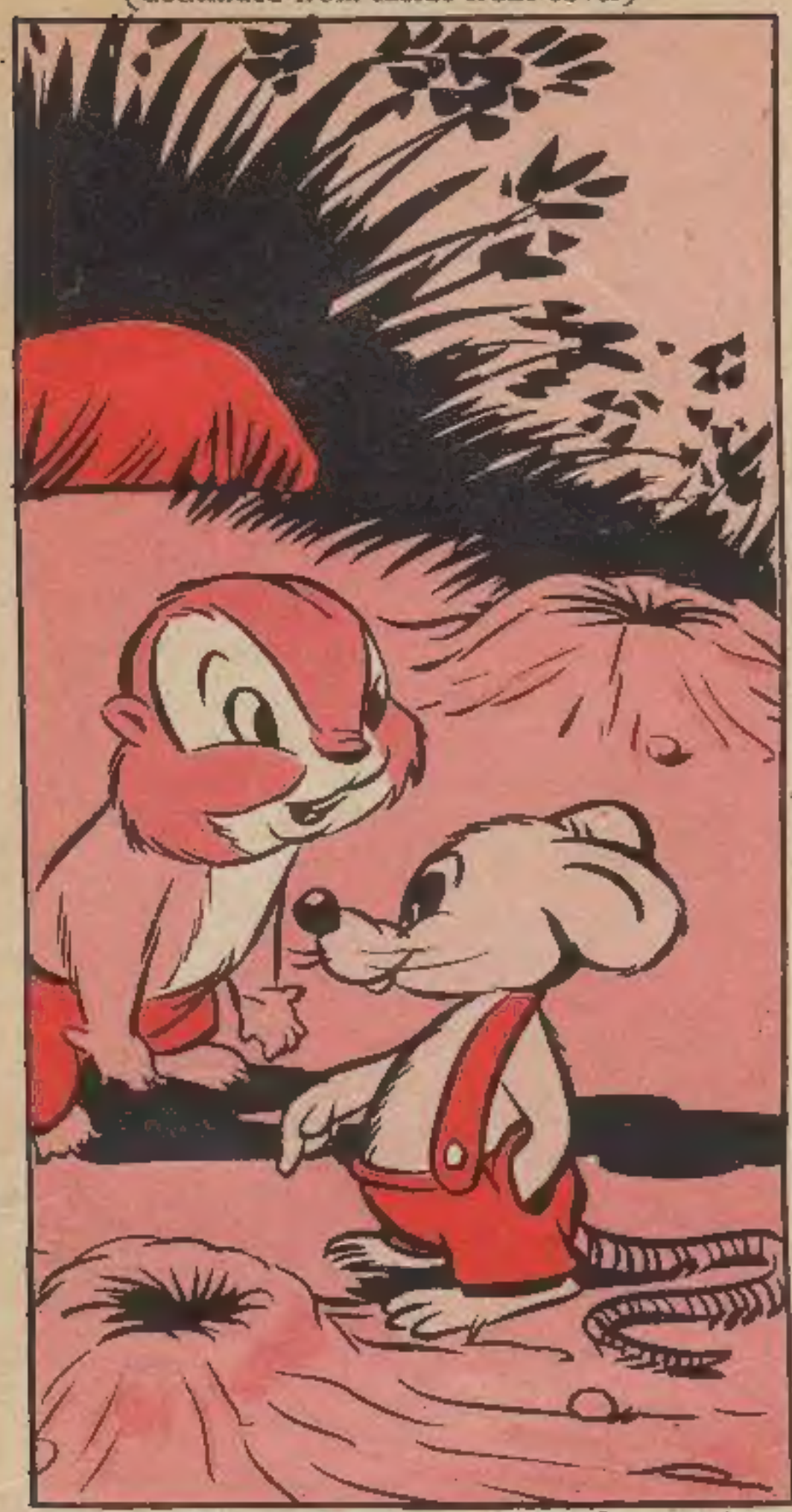
(Continued from inside front cover)



"Oh, that!" replied the trade rat. "I picked it up near an old ghost town. You can have it if you want it. This cow's tooth is a lot prettier . . . Hey! What are you putting your pick and shovel into my bags for? I'll have to trade you something else—"

"We're not trading—you're CARRYING them!" said Wuff. "Come on! You're taking me straight to the place where you found that nugget. It's a gold mine, I betcha. And I'll be rich and mayor of Prairie Dog Town."

Late in the afternoon they came to a number of old prairie dog holes in the sand.

"Here we are," said the trade rat. "I found the thing you call a nugget right over there . . ."

"But this is a prairie dog village," objected Wuff. "If there's a gold mine here, it belongs to the people here."

"Don't worry," the trade rat chuckled. "I told you it was a ghost town. That means prairie dogs USED to live here, but they don't any more."

"Ummmm!" said Wuff doubtfully. "I think we'd better make sure . . . HELLO! HELLO! ANYBODY AT HOME?"

Not even an echo answered him.

"I guess that settles it," smiled Wuff, turning away. "Now, just where was it—"

"WHO?" exclaimed a voice behind him.

"GURK!" remarked another.

"ZISSSSSSSSS!" hissed a third.

Wuff spun around to face the prairie dog holes. In each doorway was a horrid looking face. Wuff fell over backwards—and started digging. A prairie dog always does that when he is scared.

In half a minute he had dug a hole deep enough to cover him. Then, suddenly, the bottom of the hole gave way. Wuff dropped straight down into a sort of cave, with three sides made of wood and one of sand. A moment later the trade rat dropped down beside him.

"The g-ghosts!" whimpered Wuff. "Are they c-coming after us?"

"Hee-hee-hee!" giggled the trade rat. "Those weren't ghosts. They were just a couple of desert owls and a horny toad and a Gila Monster. They live here 'cause they're too lazy to dig holes of their own."

That made Wuff feel better. He started to look around his cave. It was really the body of an old army wagon that a sand-storm had buried. At one side was a pile of old uniforms with here and there a shiny yellow button showing.

"My gold mine!" shouted Wuff, grabbing "nuggets" with both hands. "Oh, boy! I've STRUCK IT RICH!"

M-G-M PRESENTS

TOM AND JERRY

HEY JERRY! TOM'S ASLEEP OUTSIDE!! THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE!

THINK IT'LL WORK?

THESE GLASSES WILL MAKE US LOOK SO BIG HE'LL BE SCARED STIFF OF US!

WE'LL LOOK POSITIVELY FEE-RO-CIOUS.

ZZZ ZZZZ ZZ..

ZZZ ZZ

EASY NOW!

HEY!

?

YOWR!

WONDER WHAT WENT WRONG?

LOOK! TOM DROPPED THE GLASSES. LET'S GET THEM BACK AND SEE WHY OUR SCHEME DIDN'T WORK OUT!

HOW DO I LOOK? FEE-ROCIOUS?

G-GOSH! YOU LOOK LIKE A FLEA! NO WONDER TOM WASN'T SCARED. THESE ARE REDUCING GLASSES!